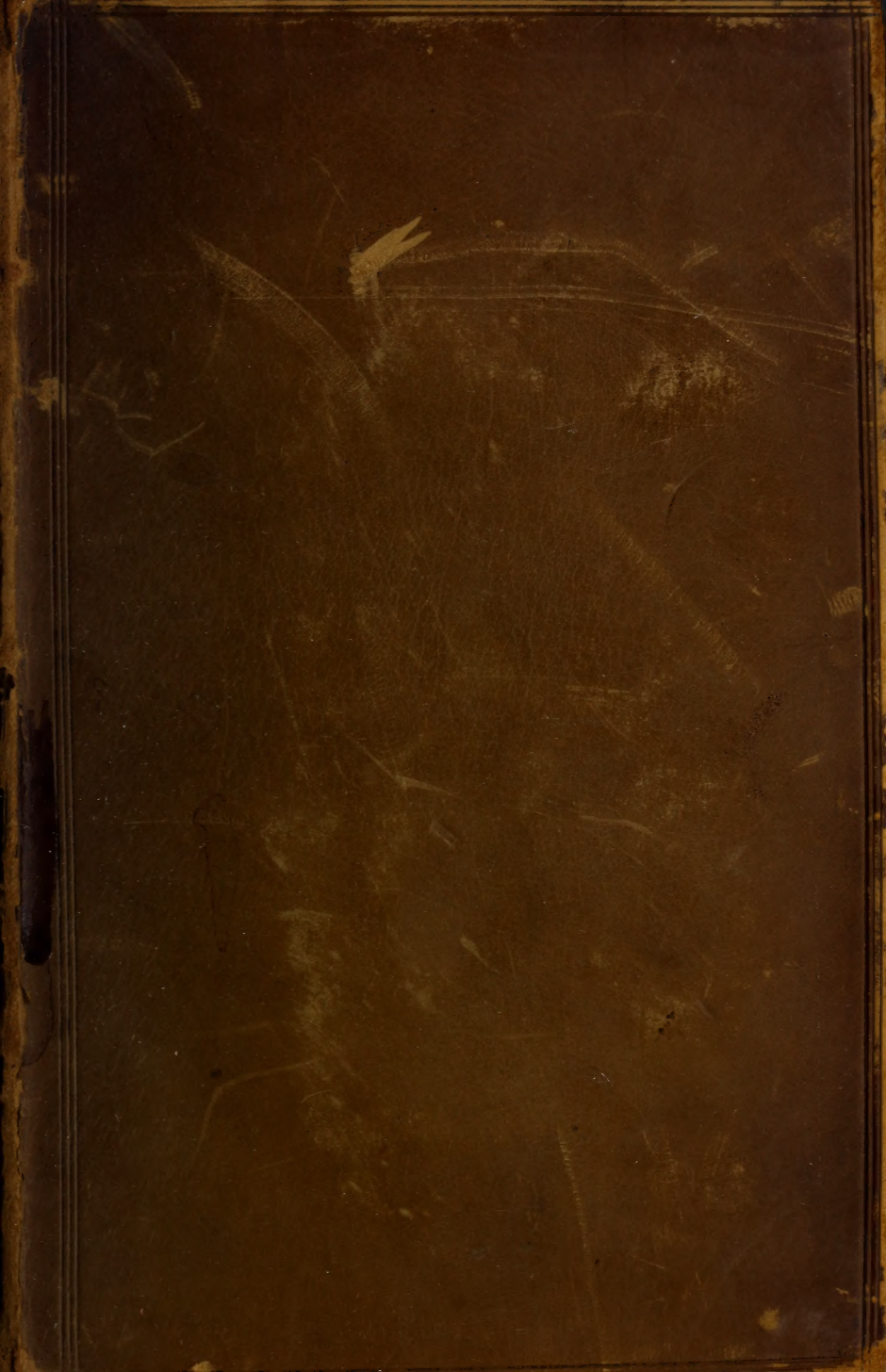


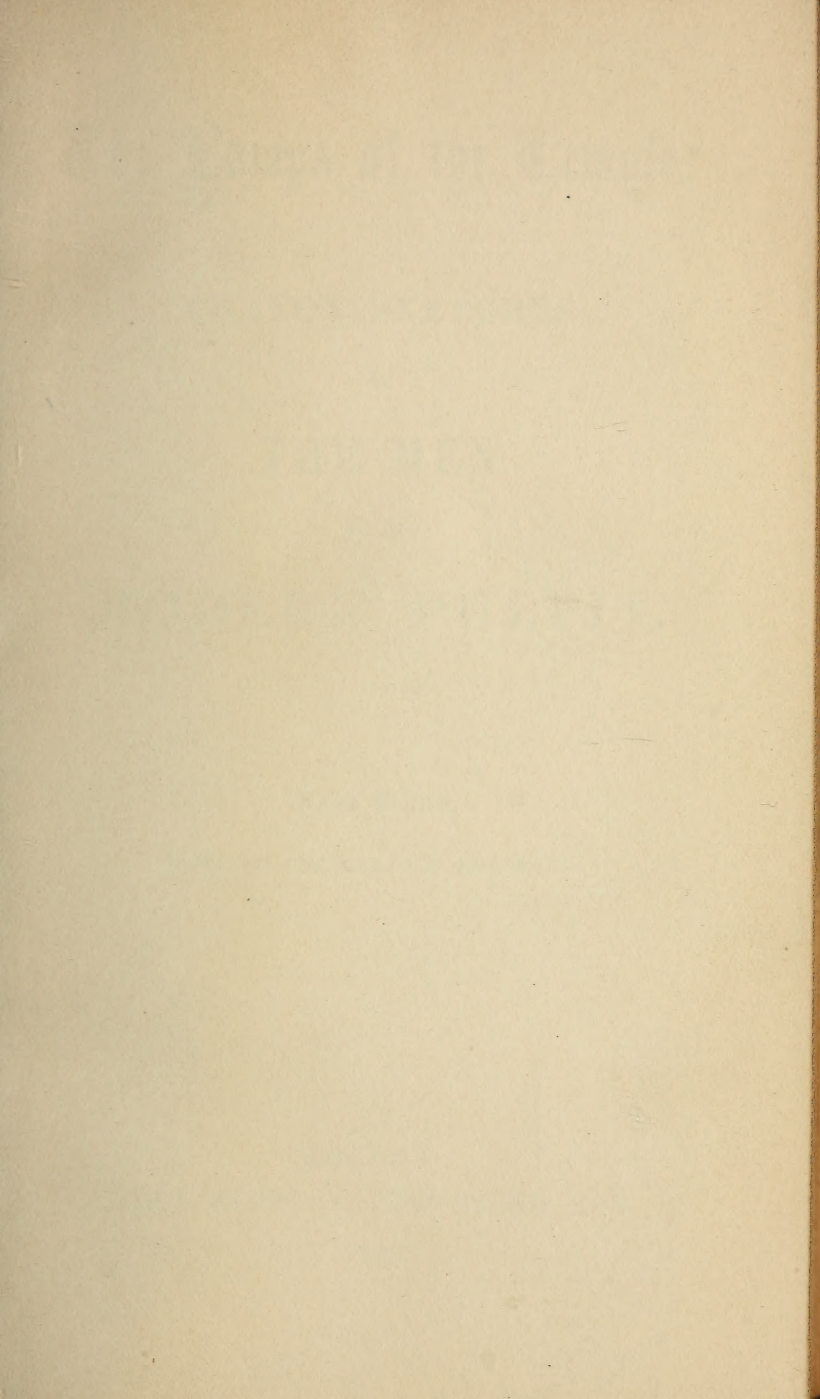


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Sketches of the Temple

CRADON SKETCHES

THE ART

MODERN ARTISTS

THE ARTIST

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

22

The Lamps of the Temple:

CRAYON SKETCHES

OF

THE MEN

OF THE

MODERN PULPIT.

Third Edition,

REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED.

LONDON:

JOHN SNOW, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1856.

BR 767

L3
1859

TO
SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, BART.,

THURSO CASTLE.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE,

YOU have kindly accorded to me the permission I have sought, to inscribe to you the present volume. You will, I know, condescend to accept it as a very poor tribute of my thorough, hearty, and unaffected regard; but I fancy that even your good-nature will almost need an apology, for the association of a book so fragmentary and ephemeral with your name.

The truth is, the volume has been partially printed before, had been some time out of print, and repeatedly inquired for, before I determined on issuing it in its present form. The sketches themselves are the accumulation of many years, and

“ The cry is still, They come ! ”

Transient as the book is, some of the topics discussed in it are not so; and I know that to you the Modern Pulpit and its position in relation to society is a very interesting subject of inquiry. It is true that I have attempted to sketch certain characters, but in doing this I have not only looked at them, but right away from them—to their influence in moulding forms of thought, and producing healthy or unhealthy states of opinion, and a mind favourable to the reception of religious and especially evangelical truth. Certainly I have been animated by no animosity or hostility towards any one: although in some instances I could not help feeling that I loved the men I was painting, I hope I have written courteously of men whom I do not love. There is a prejudice against such sketches as these; yet it seems as natural to write a review of a preacher as of an author; and

I think success in the pulpit may well elicit some inquiry into its cause.

I certainly am not desirous of provoking any comparison between my poor volume and works every way so superior to it; but if I may venture to choose my own place, without claiming any relationship in style, I would rather be thought to aim at similar characterizations to Hazlitt's 'Spirit of the Age,' Foster's Analysis of Hall, Wardlaw's of Dr. M'All, and Shepherd's of Foster, than the well-known Pen and Ink Portraits of English Preachers, or the Metropolitan Pulpit.

In the volume I have inserted one or two papers which, although not the portraits of pulpit men, have an affinity to the purpose of the book.

You will meet with many things in this volume quite censurable at the bar of taste; and to your eye of erudition and accomplished scholarship, accustomed as you have been, from the days when you sat on the school-form with Byron at Harrow, chatted with Goethe or Schiller at Wiemar, or when closeted by yourself in the library of Thurso, to apply that rule of the ancients—the canon of taste and elegance—"Ne quid nimis?" it will seem that many of these sentences might have been ordered better. Still I believe, had I written more fastidiously, I must have written for another audience than that I hope to obtain.

And now, as to all but you I still keep my visor down, I can only subscribe myself,

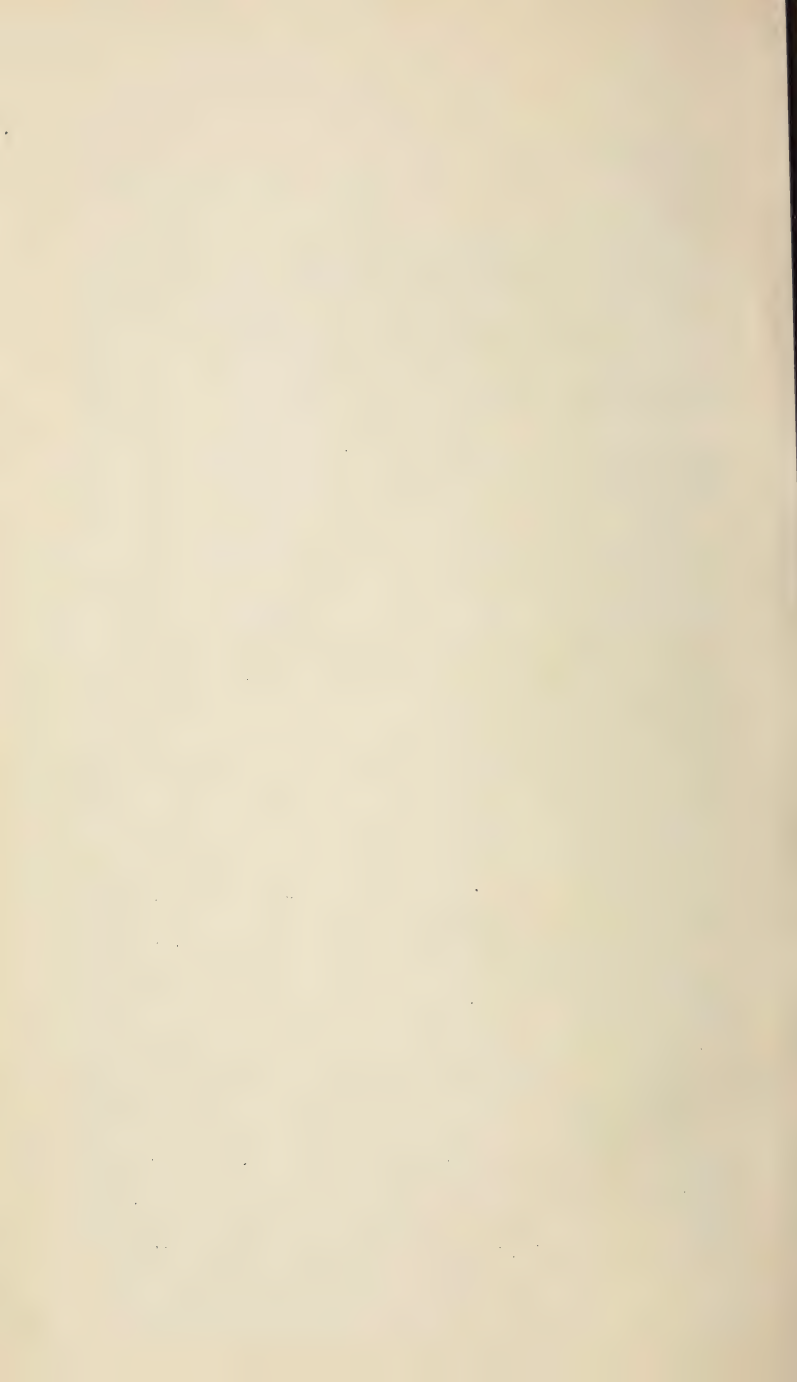
My dear Sir GEORGE,

With heartiest esteem and regard,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE PULPIT AND THE AGE.

THE MODERN PULPIT.

“ When he preacheth he procures attention by all possible art,—both by earnestness of speech, it being natural to think that where is much earnestness there is something worth hearing,—and by a diligent and busy cast of his eyes on his auditors, with letting them know that he marks who observes and who not,—and with particularizing of his speech, now to the younger sort, then to the elder—now to the poor, and now to the rich—‘ This is for you, and this is for you,’—for particulars ever touch and awake more than generals. Herein also he serves himself of the judgments of God, as of those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones, and those most which are nearest his parish,—for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others according as his text invites him, for them also men heed and remember better than exhortations which, though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them, but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them that sermons are dangerous things—that none goes out of church as he came in, but either better or worse—that none is careless before his judge, and that the Word of God shall judge us.”—GEO. HERBERT, *Priest to the Temple*.

THE PULPIT AND THE AGE.

THE MODERN PULPIT ; the pulpit in its relation to society ; the pulpit as a teacher ; the pulpit as a reformer. These are topics of no mean importance—who may venture to discuss them ? Who may venture to look attentively at them ? Who may venture to write to the world a word about them ? May not he who believes that the condition of the pulpit of a country in no mean degree represents the condition of its mental and moral society ? May not he say a word upon the pulpit, upon the men who fill it, upon its influence and its destinies, with reference to the futuré educational life of a land, who has seen and attentively watched its influence upon most of the large towns, most of the cities, and many of the villages and smaller townships of the land ;—who has had more than a passing acquaintance with several hundreds of ministers of most of the denominations of Great Britain ;—who esteems all the denominations very highly in love for their work and their influence, and believes them all to be the pioneers or the supporters of civilization and religion, while he retains heartily and earnestly his own peculiar views of Theology and Church Government ? May not such a one presume to speak upon this great fact—THE PULPIT ? Such a one is the writer of this book.

Modern Preachers—for by the modern pulpit, of course, is always intended modern preachers, differ wonderfully from the old. In the course of the following pages some of the most distinctive traits of the new style, as compared with the old, will be instanced; and if no attempt at an æsthetic analysis of the two pulpits is made, and no view of their relative influence upon society is given, yet the things said will be said for the purpose of leading the mind of the reader to form some such analysis for himself; to arrive at some just and accurate conception of this element of the nineteenth century, this great schoolmaster and apostle. It is the fashion, on all hands, to depreciate, and, even among some Christian people, to denounce, the present course of pulpit instruction. At every tea-table (and the writer has sat at tea-tables in all the counties in England),—at every tea-table—or nearly so, it is usual to hear loud complaints of the inefficacy of the pulpit; loud complaints that it has fallen from its ancient integrity, and power, and fervour, and utility. The writer is bound to declare his own conviction that the pulpit was never more sound at heart—more earnest, or more intelligent, upon the whole, than at the present moment, though he is perfectly aware of the exceptional instances—perfectly aware of its frequent impotency and decrepitude—and perfectly aware too that the sceptical spirit of the age, its almost universal rationalism and utilitarian selfishness, have coloured its teachings and life in no slight degree. On the whole, however, the sighs over the pulpit of former days are like the sighs of age over the buoyancy of childhood. Its higher excellency was ideal and subjective, for the most part derived from the heat of youthful piety in the hearer; and, doubtless, what the pulpit of former times is to some among us, our own pulpit is destined to be to our descendants.

The Modern Pulpit, it must be admitted, has been surrounded and assailed by a storm of whims and difficulties, such as have not beset the rostrum in any previous age. On the one hand it has had to address a more intelligent, watchful, sceptical, critical audience, than the Ancient Pulpit; nor can there be any doubt that the audience to which it has had to address itself, while more intelligent, has been much larger than in any former age. On the other hand, it has had to speak to and in a perfect sea of excitement. Never before was the human mind so antagonistic; and in many parts of our country the minds most active and strenuous in their prosecution of the aims of commerce have been also constant in their attendance upon pulpit ministrations.

The Pulpit has been compelled, perhaps too largely, sometimes even disgracefully, to sympathise with the excitements of the age. How few of our modern worshippers could or would listen to the prolix and tedious magnificence of Taylor or Howe! of Owen or Baxter! In an age of salient points it is demanded that sermons should have their salient angles of discourse, and the minister has to stretch his invention, and his fancy, and sometimes his energy, to the utmost, to retain his hold upon his congregation. Then, in some neighbourhoods, the idea has passed muster, that an unpaid ministry was best. It was supposed that to communicate instruction was a very easy matter; that it taxed no powers, either of body or mind. The preaching of some folks, like the part of Bottom the weaver, is "only roaring, and that may be done extempore;" and thus there has obtained, among even some good and not insensible or ungenerous souls, an impression against all paid or hired ministries, as if instruction, in the long run, could ever

be communicated without reading, and patient labour, and study!

Said we not rightly, when we said above, that the pulpit of the present age had been exposed to a storm of whims?

But, while speaking thus respectfully of the pulpit of the present age, we may also say, that we do not distribute our praise equally over all the pulpit teachers; for some, indeed, we can feel but a small measure of respect. The whole of the worth of the pulpit is jeopardied by the conduct of men, who strangely forget the character of modern intelligence, and the width and depth of modern information; the supercilious sneer, the currish, barking, dogmatic tone of some, is known to us; men there are, who fancy that their being set apart to a sacred office is a diploma and warranty for the treatment of all persons not in the ministry with insolence and disrespect. Then we have elegant lackadaisicalness,—oh, how many a head more remarkable for the hair upon it, than for the brains within it! How few have found their way to the pulpit from an irrepressible and earnest “calling,” as it was denominated of old! How few have felt the glorious agonising determination to speak the words of truth to their fellow-men at all hazards! How few have been impelled by yearnings of supernatural import, by sympathies of awful depth! Is it too much to say, that vanity, that idleness, that the idea of a life of literary elegance, have frequently more to do with the selection of the pulpit for a profession, than the convictions of the littleness of Time, and the vastness of Eternity?

Alas! alas! it is so easy to condemn! the part of the cynic is so easy; it is easy to discover defects, and there are some among us, who can so much better discover

the disease than the remedy. To pass, then, from attacks upon individual mannerisms, to notice some traits of the teaching, with reference to our times: We may notice that, upon the whole, *the pulpit in our day does not deal with deep convictions*. It is not an age of deep convictions; yet, wherever a man with deep convictions speaks, he is listened to reverently; no matter what his convictions may be, if it can be felt that he has them, and that he does not sham the having them, men will attend to him. Ah! let anybody take the theology of our age as represented in the pulpits and published sermons, and compare it with the theology of the days of the Puritans, and will not the difference be immediately perceived? Doubtless, we have gained in refinement, we have gained something, perhaps, in the surface of our acquirements, but we have lost the introspective faculty—we have lost the honesty—the rugged and sterling worth of those men; in fact, it is, ever must be so, our losses will balance our gains; it is impossible to have at once the money and the money's worth.

We are truly fearful to-day that we may utter this thing, namely, that the convictions of the sceptic are frequently stronger than the convictions of the Christian. Our Newmans, and Froudes, and Foxtons, are potent men. Yes, they too are the sons of faith, but what a cheerless cold moonlight faith it is! Now the books of these men are circulating the whole country over, are read by many of the young, thinking, purely-affectioned spirits of England; and the pulpit does not supply, what every pulpit ought to supply, a catholicon for "the leperous distilment." Most of the preachers of the present day are engaged in "seeking the living among the dead:" they are looking for the living soul

in the dead body—seeking for a beating heart beneath a fleshless skeleton. Can there be any thing more deplorable than the resolution with which certain teachers hie away to the schoolroom of dead evidences; forsaking the temple of living convictions? We have often heard the appeal which Christianity makes to individual consciousness sneered at by Doctors in Israel. I want to have the great questions of Faith settled, and my teacher stops short at the porch of my understanding. Certainly, by appeals to the understanding, no man's faith was ever kindled or made firmer in this world; the evidence which satisfies the understanding is one—the evidence which satisfies the faith is another. There is no salvation from scepticism, so long as preachers tell their auditors to believe only what can be comprehended by the sense; and yet nearly all our modern books of Christian evidence are based upon such appeals. Perpetual are the appeals made to facts connected with historic evidence; but the inner range of moral evidence by which alone the outer or the historical could be made clear,—this is slighted, and by very many teachers utterly contemned. Are we not compelled to the conclusion that such men could never have been beneath the influence of inner convictions themselves? nay, is it harsh to say to them, “You are not only unable to cope with sceptics, but you are so unable because, indeed, although you know it not, you are sceptics?”

The second great want of the pulpit, in connection with the times, is *popular sympathy*; this is almost ever the attendant upon strong and profound conviction. Popular sympathy is withdrawn from the pulpit, because the pulpit has withdrawn itself from popular sympathy. The minister has arrogated to himself the position of a haughty dictator; he has forgotten that by his very

designation—Minister—he is a Servant. He has been too fearful of his own impulses, he has been too much the servant of clique, class, sect; too little the servant of the people: he has forgotten that in the service of the people, indeed, he serves self, and class, too, the best. We hear complaints on every hand of the inefficiency of the pulpit to meet the people; it is said the working classes do not attend the ministry of the truth. Can it be expected that they will? Are they visited by the minister himself? The footman of the minister will not do, the city missionary will not do, the minister himself should call, and say “Come.” Let his sympathy go to invite them in; and when invited in, and when within, let there be the extension of sympathy in the method of the discourse; let him not scorn to be homely, affable, kindly, smiling, in the pulpit; he shall not have to complain of the lack of sympathy towards himself, if he will but extend his sympathy to the people. All power with the speaker depends upon his capability of arresting the sympathies of his audience; it is not sufficient that he shall think with them, that his information shall be equal to, or greater than theirs. The Pulpit should be a kind of Electric Telegraph office, and all the people should be so many wires in the hand of the preacher; and so they will be, in the hands of the perfect preacher—in the perfection of oratory the words vibrate thus from nerve to nerve. Oratory is the endowment of men gifted with peculiar sensitiveness and ready powers of communication. A man may obtain some temporary hold over a people by the force of the last of these qualities, but he will not retain that hold long, unless he possess at the same time within himself a spring of noble emotions, a full and deep love for humanity, and a disposition to brave all, willingly dare all, venture

all, encounter all, for the sake of his fellow-citizens or fellow-men. This perennially attaches us to men—this is the magnet by which they attract us, this holds us in thraldom to them. Who can resist? Who would resist the fascination of a loving nature? Such men “blow whithersoever they list,” they bear mankind in their arms—they are ever the prophets and pioneers of a more loving time. No man is fitted for the pulpit unless gifted with this sympathetic nature.

Yes, indeed, but the hearers—the hearers; the disposition of their minds is as important an ingredient in this view of the matter as the consideration of the mind of the speaker. The speaker cannot do it all; he cannot inspire stones; he cannot readily transform popinjays and butterflies into angels; and this he is often expected to do. A stolid audience, dead and flat as a Lincolnshire level—this we have seen, and we know that audiences like these are frequently the first to cry out, “How tame! how insipid! how lifeless!” in fact they would have all their thinking done for them, or they would have the speaker to conduct them through a perfect series of spasms and excitements. It is the sad feature of men in this age that they cannot endure silence and quiet, and spiritual rest and peace; the railway whistle is heard through the very temple itself; the shout of the engine is even in the house of the Lord; the fault is not all the pulpit’s. To many men there is no life but in storm; they have no notion of a kingdom of God coming without observation. Our heart has bled for many an amiable, gentle, beautiful spirit, wedded to its thoughts and books, unable to cope with the active energies of its times; the prey of ferocious Deacons and grumbling people. Oh, those Deacons—those Tribunes of the people! Many, many instances do

we know where the instruction of the minister is wholly subverted by a jealous spirit—a thirsting for authority, and a yearning for something new. Many of our teachers may well take up the language of one of the most luminous of our modern poets as a wail for the inadequacy of their power over their people :—

“ But we brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?
Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe.” *

And again, it may be said that the idea of a temple service has, in these latter days, changed from the spiritual sacrament to the intellectual sacrifice—from the service of the moral life to the service of the mind life. Is it well? We will not say it is well; we will not say it is not well! But the truth indeed is, that the worship of the Divine—“ the communion with the Father and his son Jesus Christ ”—occupies but a small portion of the temple duty. It is frequently a sacrifice to genius, if it is there; to eloquence, to thought, if they are there. The ancient idea of the temple was sacrifice to God. Is it so? Who will say it is so? Thus the pulpit has changed its posture, and very vital is the change. We will not say all that we think is involved in it, but we will say that the pulpit never stood before in so ambiguous a position. The pulpit—what is it? With George Dawson and William Johnson Fox it is a lecturer’s desk; with Dr. Bunting it is the Agora of the priesthood; with Newman it is a sacrificial altar; with crowds it is the

* Matthew Arnold. Poems : Second Series.

last refuge of morbid vanity ; it has been an element, it is an element, in modern society. What do you say it is ?

There is a work, in Christianizing the world, to be done by the pulpit—there is a work which *cannot* be done by the pulpit. The work of the pulpit in the present age does appear to be with the thoughtful, the intelligent, the reading men of the times, certainly not forgetting the class immediately below these men. The Rev. Thomas Binney, in an address before the Congregational Union, some two or three years since, defined, and most people will say well defined, the mission of the modern minister. Suppose we turn to the address, and read it.

“ But here again a question comes, viz. In what way can best be diffused throughout society the preparatory element—the thought, feeling, life, longing—which shall be its outgrowth of wrong institutions? Now this, I think, is not to be done by an absorbing and exclusive zeal about the spread and enlargement of our body as a Missionary Church, but by efforts to give it concentration and strength as a teacher and a witness. I would not willingly seem to undervalue the Evangelical Mission which we have to the world, in common with every other branch of the Church ; but if we have a special call in addition to it, it is right to understand it, and to understand how it may best be accomplished. Neither would I disparage any class of sincere, earnest, and useful labourers ; still I must say that the amount even of spiritual good is often small—of social influence still smaller—that we obtain by multiplying in the land little interests and little men. Our special mission is neither to the very rich nor the very poor. We have a work to do upon the thinking, active, influential classes—

classes which fill neither courts nor cottages, but which, gathered into cities, and consisting of several gradations there, are the modern movers and moulders of the world. As a denomination antagonist to others—to the spiritual errors that they uphold, or the secular institutions that uphold them—we must be strong by reason, for we can owe nothing to authority, prescription, or parade. If we have not mind on our side—if we do not secure that, with its clearness, activity, knowledge, force—we are nothing. In spite of the resurrection of a good many mediæval ghosts, making believe that men may be ruled and drilled in religion as they once were, or silenced or frightened as they once could be—in spite of this it will be found to be true that men like to have a reason for what they are to think, and that he will best succeed, in the long run, who gives them one thoroughly satisfactory. The real ruler and lord, after all, is and will be the man or body that can best influence by true thought, in speech, writing, sermon, song; that can speak to humanity, to every part of it, and to every part in connection with religion—convincing the judgment, perfecting the reason, reconciling the conscience, establishing faith, nourishing earnestness, sustaining zeal, satisfying all felt wants, or filling the future with that which shall,—with things that shall not only ‘be hoped for,’ but achieved. This sort of power is what they want, and what they ought to wield, who think that they have a testimony to give against what is strongly entrenched at once in the prejudices and the interests of society, and which cannot be affected for ultimate good but by masculine intelligence in combination with love and faith. One of the objects therefore of such a body as ours ought to be to have fountains of light and centres of power in cities and towns; to encourage and foster,

not only a diffused missionary ministry, but still more a concentrated and intense one—men of influence and men of might, of large views and generous purpose, who are up to their age, have understanding of the times, who know what to do and how to do it; who can speak to their contemporaries, old and young, as those that understand them, and are really of the same generation with themselves; whose speech shall be felt to be genuine and true—native, not learnt by rote or artificially repeated; and whose writings shall be suggestive, pregnant, creative, anticipative of the future, and not merely the everlasting repetition of antique commonplaces; men who shall so meet, guide, stimulate the young, earnest, enthusiastic, inquiring, as to swell and direct that undergrowth of force in the rising race which can best be relied upon for any great future results.”

And we dare say all this of the Mission of the Modern Pulpit is really true. It is, to be sure, a different conception to that of the Teacher sent from God—a different conception from that of the son of Sophroniscus; it bears too much upon the idea of the necessary elevation of man from the enlightenment of his intellect. There are few missionaries to the poor, and many of those who go are unfit to minister to their peculiar condition. Yet true it is this is a new condition of the pulpit in our times; and it does appear to need the intelligence, and force, and learning of the pulpit of the Puritan age, without its prolixity or its pedantry; it aims at a more catholic empire over the human spirit, a more enlightened appeal to human consciousness, a wider view of human offices, and a more generous hoping for human destinies.

The pulpit of our age need not abate an iota from the great central ideas of a supernatural element working

for man's salvation, of a Divine propitiation for the sins of mankind, of the necessity of a Divine influence to lead to God and to cleanse from sin's depravity; it need not sink to Neology or to Rationalism, and yet it may proclaim a much more generous orthodoxy, may interfere much less than now it does with the workings of individual convictions.

Then again think of THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS. This is a most important matter. Certainly the pulpit is no longer ahead of the press; it creeps feebly in the rear. What great preacher of our times and country would be acknowledged as a jurist in the courts of thought or of style? The pulpit, it would seem, has delegated its ancient authority and power to those wonderful types and fountains of thought in the printer's office. In many districts the press has quite superseded the pulpit. In all the large towns, perhaps, in the area of civilization, it is so. It is so much easier, pleasanter, and more instructive to read than to hear; and it must be admitted as an apology for this, that this is eminently an intellectual age; and the supreme intellect, genius, is not, perhaps seldom has been, in the pulpit. Let the reader think of the names of the gifted men who wield a power by their affections, by their scholarship, or their imaginations, over the minds of men; how brilliant, how versatile, how profuse in splendour of diction; how illustrious in the imperial domains of thought; and then let him think of the names of the most eminent orators or teachers from the pulpit, and he will find scarce a name worthy to be mentioned for its intelligence by theirs, or, if so, ashamed to bring to the pulpit the genius with which he adorned the press.

No, no! the pulpit has lost its hold; it no longer exercises a power over *the real* opinion of the nation; the

Book, the Newspaper, the Magazine, these powerful permeators, turn on one side the waves of voice, exercise everywhere a regal and most controlling power. The article in a magazine, how it flies over the land, how cogently though ever so silently it speaks! its words, how promptly they are transmitted to the kitchen and to the parlour; how swift they travel; how forcibly they arrest the eye! their telegraphic communication lightens along, from all the headlands of the nation, no matter how isolated or lonely,—thither, thither, those words can speak; they stream to the darkest places; silent, benighted villages, where the preacher could procure no audience; hamlets and lone hill-sides, where stands only the one cottage or farm, the press can speak there; there no pulpit could be built, thither no preacher could go, no crowd could assemble; from thence, in the old time, would they have to travel, the patriarch and the family, to hear the Word spoken. The press speaks to him by the ingle-corner—he has there his newspaper and his magazine; the idea is presented to him, his opinion is enlightened, his judgment controlled, his understanding informed.

Of eminent men of modern times who have devoted attention to the state of the modern pulpit, no man seems to us to have given so much attention as Dr. Vaughan in many essays in the ‘British Quarterly,’ as well as in his most eloquent and admirable essay entitled the ‘Modern Pulpit.’ He has discussed the question of pulpit requirements and deficiencies in a very large, genial, and philosophical spirit. His verdict on the state of the pulpit, taken altogether, is disconsolate enough. We quite agree with him that “the clerical mind is no longer ascendant in Europe, and that while religion may again be the ruling principle, the ministers of religion

will never again be the ruling class." We quite agree with him that, for the most part, "the pulpit, instead of being in advance of the times, is a pitiable loiterer in the rear of them." We quite agree with him, that "if we would see Christianity advance amidst its new struggles in this world of ours, your Christian literature must not be second in your thoughts to your pulpit, and your pulpit must become treble-fold the object of your cost and care."

What, then, is the work of the pulpit—the work of public ministration—done? Assuredly, assuredly, no! Did the men of the modern pulpit but feel it and see it, there lies before it a more glorious land of thought and imagination than any over which it has hitherto swayed; the sceptre of its genius and its power is much nobler, as it must ever be for a monarch to rule an enlightened than an unenlightened people; so much nobler must it be for the public teacher to acquire an influence over an educated than an uneducated audience. But, for the most part, it may be said that the modern ministry has given up all competition with the intellectualizing agencies of the press; and yet, let it be rightly thought on, the mission of the pulpit is ever in its degree inferior as an intellectual process; and it is so because it appeals to so much larger an audience than can possibly be brought at once and immediately within the range of a great book. But the preacher should absorb all the light which genius, or discovery, or science, will pour upon him; he should be a channel for the communication, to inferior minds, of instruction; he should fit himself to be the exponent, the earnest and enlightened exponent, of truth to the world; he should be a light-house—a witness for God. Do you think he is so?

But if he were so, his power would be as mighty as

the power of the press. To a very great degree, the inefficiency of the pulpit arises from its nonchalance and carelessness—as we have said before, its deficiency of feeling. Would you, my friend, retain your place in the pulpit? Would you compete successfully with the press? Well, it is easy to do so, only this is necessary,—take care that your hearers, take care that the public in general, have not a more perfect sympathiser in the book than in the preacher. Yes, take care of that—take care that there is not more real life in dead paper and printed letters than in real flesh and blood! For look! a man goes to the preacher, he finds him passionless and cold, idealess and dull, unread and uninteresting; he turns hastily away. He goes to a book, he finds it full of passion and warmth, full of ideas and excitement, full of knowledge and instruction; he finds the book to be a sympathising friend. He finds the preacher to be a tedious, tiresome talker. Is it wonderful that he should turn with interest again and again to the one, and turn with some indignation from the other? Now that system of pulpit ministration is quite defective which does not compete successfully with the book. In the management of an efficient man, every sermon might be made, certainly not as great as the greatest books, but as interesting as the most interesting.

Oh, consider the teeming masses of the growing populations! Oh, consider, how, with their growing education, there is a growing thirst for knowledge, for ideas, for instruction, for systematic information! Oh, consider, after all, notwithstanding the power of the press, how little they can read, and how much less they can think! Oh, consider, how a man brimfull of knowledge and power may arrest them! Consider, that through him may be poured every variety of popular

learning, the condensations of every kind of knowledge, till the Christian Temple should again be a Pantheon of all things bearing witness for God. Consider, that after all, the tongue *does* write far more impressively than the pen; that the memory takes far firmer hold of the oral than any kind of pictorial communication. Consider how inconclusive, how inconsecutive, almost all reading is, how slightly it impresses the character and the understanding. Consider the magnificent surface over which a well-charged voice can travel, that a sermon or speech may be made to enter the ears of from five hundred to two thousand persons, claiming, compelling their attention; and then, in the presence of such considerations as these, who will venture to say that the pulpit may not compete in the potentiality of its influence with the press?

Consider, again, the peculiarity of the mission of the Human Voice. Books seldom give first impulses; books have not yet touched some classes of mind at all. No, but the human voice is powerfully arrestive, nor, so far as the dominion goes, can the pen boast of a kingdom so imperial. Books are not so much the missionaries as legislators of thought. The pulpit ought never to cease to regard itself as the missionary; its office is to dig in the garden of the soul; its lofty office is to excavate a road for moral manhood, to indicate a pathway to spiritual attainments; and no book can perform the peculiar office of the pulpit. Books that attempt that office cannot so well be read. No books can so well rouse flagging and exhausted powers, no books can so well grapple with wandering convictions, no books can so well quicken generous and active impulses; the human voice dares to linger longer in draping out an idea, dares to dilate longer, to decorate more than the

pen—dares a more Corinthian and ornate discourse—a larger field of illustration, a greater variety of figures,—when all this is considered, it does appear that the pulpit may successfully compete with the press.

“Why,” says Sydney Smith, in the preface to the volume of his sermons, which we believe has never been reprinted, “Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this hyloplexia on sacred occasions alone? why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was taken from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field-preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?” *

“In short,” remarks Dr. Vaughan, “the style we want for the pulpit is that of Foster broken up for the greater part into briefer apportionments, and impregnated throughout with something of the vivacity and fire of Hale. We covet the simplicity and directness of the great essayist, but we would fain see those qualities allied with the ease, and animation, and onward speed of the great preacher.” †

And yet again, let it be thought upon how much we need a legitimate Censorship over the Press, a censorship over the newspaper press,—and most of the news-

* See Life of Sydney Smith, vol. i. p. 46.

† Essays.

papers of the kingdom are merely venal, the bought, the hired advocates of classes, of opinions. A few noble and independent instances we know of, but how few! a Censorship over the Impurity of the press—the flagrant outrages upon every virtuous idea and life; upon the panderers for impurity—the vile and reckless children of genius and of hell—whose office it is to fan the flames of every unhallowed lust. A censorship over the False doctrines and Errors of the press; over its false philosophies and perverted facts; over its ‘Vestiges of Creation’ and its ‘Constitutions of Man;’ over its Newmans and Strausses, its Lamarecks and Combes; justly treating their virtues and their truths, and clearly exposing their sophisms and their mistakes. A censorship over the Politics of the press, holding up to the ineffable light the myrmidons of tyranny and oppression; holding up to scorn the daring traducers of truth and freedom; holding up to the blaze of Christian light those who reviled its own pure beauties and gloriously liberal tenets. Where shall we look for a censorship like this but to the pulpit? Why should not the minister devote one evening in the week, or even the Sabbath evening occasionally, to a censorship like this? Devoting the morning to the more especial services of worship and experimental and spiritual instruction, standing there within the full shadow of the Cross, the evening might well be devoted to the exhibition of the catholic genius of Christianity, and its identity with every truly human thought. To object to this course (and the writer is quite aware how bitter, and cruel, and scornful will be the objections in some quarters, how wilful will be the misconception of his intention) is of a piece with the conduct of those Pharisees who quarrelled with Jesus because he restored the blind man’s vision on the Sab-

bath-day. Would the pulpit compete with the press, let it be ubiquitous, like the press, searching everywhere for intelligence, for instruction, for illustration—as ubiquitous as evil; let the voice of the pulpit follow the writing of the evil pen like a shadow. Away with the fastidiousness, the etiquette of the pulpit! We arrange our pulpit topics so nicely, and treat them so gingerly, that we act like the servants of that King of Spain who allowed their master to perish in the fire because the valet could not be found whose duty it was to extinguish it. Let the pulpit do its work boldly, fearlessly, vigilantly, and the press will be no farther a-head of it than it is natural for a fountain to be a-head of a river.

The modern pulpit has another rival beside the press—there is THE PLATFORM. This is pre-eminently an age of public meetings, and the man who can successfully work upon, and wield, the passions and impulses of large audiences, in some measure approaches to the character of the ancient Bard or Minstrel. He moves from town to town, gathering round him the thousands of intelligent and sympathetic people, as of old the minstrel gathered the crowds of baronial retainers or burgesses in the hall. There are two kinds of meetings held in the country:—there are, first, immense gatherings, like those in the Free Trade Hall or Exeter Hall, where the people go to enthrone or to inaugurate a principle; they listen to the enunciations from the platform only as the announcements of their own loyalty to certain thoughts. When they applaud, to a great degree, it may be said that they applaud themselves; cheer after cheer arises, because they behold, rising behind the speaker, their own impersonated wisdom. The oracle has declared for *them*, and therefore they applaud the

oracle. In meetings like these there is little freedom of opinion, little real freedom of speech. The man who attempts to breast that wave of feeling is borne away upon it to a perfect ocean of scorn; and, on the whole, such meetings (although a visible improvement is taking place) are studies, not of the best phase of mankind; sparks of speech touch the gunpowder of prejudice, and instantly all is a volcanic blaze. There are other immense gatherings where the people assemble to hear a man, a favourite, an orator speak, and then they are prepared to listen to anything he may say; they go to applaud the man; they go, determined to be good-humoured, determined to be inspired, determined to be pleased.

But, whatever may be the occasion, doubtless the platform is comparatively a new and influential organ of public opinion. How it intoxicates the young! what vehemency it lends to the impulses! how, like the winds over the ocean, the voices of the speakers awaken the passions and the emotions in the soul! There are few sights more thrilling, surely, either to spectator or to speaker, than the spectacle of a vast assemblage of men and women, all of them intelligent and educated, all aroused and quickened beneath the thrilling tones of a soul in earnest! How the masses heave and sway to and fro! How breathless! how hushed! how low the first muttered indications of applause—a voice in the distant crowd, irrepressible, sinking however directly—now louder—louder! Ah! the sentence is unfinished—yet forth it rolls!—that peal of energetic praise,—the speaker masters the tumult, and moves on with his argument or his declamation. You watch, while he advances, the kindling faces of the crowd. Bright eyes flash; cheeks are flushed; all is paroxysmatic excite-

ment; all the vitality of the meeting is called forth; and now you see handkerchiefs waving, and hats in the air; and the building shakes again, and again, with the loud, out-speaking thunder of the people. But the climax is not yet reached; the speaker has not concluded, and he will not drop from that altitude; he only stooped gracefully to slake his plumage in a mountain-tarn. He will bear them higher yet; His voice has attained a more perfect fulness; he has shaken away the encumberments of the understanding; He commits himself to the full heavens of Hope and Promise. See how he pours his magnetism over the meeting! and every auditor is clairvoyant—in the body or out of the body they cannot tell, for the witchery of genius is over them and upon them. Every word now becomes a shaft of light—every sentence a loud clap—a thunder-peal from the tempest of eloquence, announcing the necessary conclusion, until, as the speaker closes, they all start convulsively to their feet—the hall is rent with the loud torrents of expressed admiration: few of the audience that night will sleep very soundly, or get to sleep very early; it is an opium-dream—an enchantment—a kind of fairy-land, through which he led them; and these loud trumpet-gales, which rung *Io Pæans* around him, were the modes of the expression of deep popular sympathy.

Now we do not say that there is not much fiction in this popular ovation—surely there often is; we do not think it very desirable that these thunderings and lightnings should play off very often. We doubt how far they have a very healthy influence on the popular mind; they too are a kind of mental alcoholic stimuli, not to be taken in too large doses; and yet it is most noble and surely right to give impulses for good to man!

And the crowds to whom for the most part these exhibitions of eloquence are made, and who flatter the exhibitors, need strong excitement—can only be moved by strong excitement; and we may deplore, therefore, that the kind of eloquence, popular forensic eloquence, which would attract and fascinate the masses, seldom reaches the pulpit; all there is stately and cold. Rough crayons, which would touch the heart in their graphic outlines, are forbidden to exhibit there. The anecdote, the allegory, the warm and glowing impulses, these must not be; no, not the crayon, but a heavy antique arras, dim, slumbrous, waving folds from the halls and temples of old.

We doubt not that to some extent the mission of the platform and the pulpit are different—that the one awakens and begets a life which the other matures. We do not advocate the merging of the pulpit in the platform, but who shall say that some portion of the life, the force, and the fervour of the platform might not be advantageously introduced into the pulpit? Ah! how is it that spirits warm upon the platform are stricken with coldness and torpidity in the pulpit? How large a circle of names could we mention of men at once preachers and speakers (if we must draw the distinction between the two)—on the platform all nerve and sensibility—all impetuosity, fervour, passion—imaginative, instructive—their logic all on fire, creating as they speak “a soul beneath the ribs of death,” all eloquent, lip in its curve, eye in its brilliancy, face in its workings, arm in its uplifting, body in its motion, every member saying as plainly as possible, I *will* write this on the minds of this people, they *shall* be convinced, this *shall* bind them! And then, in the pulpit, cold and lifeless, the rounded commonplace, the formal division, no

speculation in the eye, no motion in the arm, no meaning in the lip; all the work done like a task, a talking against time. Why, when we have witnessed such things, we have thought we perceived the pulpit arming the platform against itself.

Yes, the platform is commanding in our day. Look at the men of the platform: there is ——— ———, who so eloquent as he? the very Mercury of the rostrum; so graceful; too graceful; much too graceful; yet surely whoever would study a model of Attic taste might study there. And all the physique so corresponding to the mental character—the brilliant hazel eye, the light and though scant yet flowing hair, the tall commanding form, the sunken jaw, and a mouth—alas for physiognomy!—*not* elegant—one large enough for half-a-dozen ordinary orators to talk through at once, and a tone of voice clear as a bell, ringing like crystal, once so sweet, so ample, so full of all combinations of brave sounds, although that snuff-box in his hand, even now, while speaking, will reveal to you one reason why not so sweet and so clear now; and if not so clear as in the old day, when the glories of his eloquence emblazed all England from end to end, still he cannot help that; let the blame rest upon the deep potations of brandy and water. This is a man to set nations together by the ears—literally by the ears; and there are few towns where he has not performed such feats. Was Catiline anything like him? Southampton, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, he has had his full play in them all; and America—did he not create a tempest in the States? You listen to him, and wonder by what happy chance it is that words fall so naturally, so easily, so gently into their places; all the constituents of eloquence do appear to meet in him—the flow of language not interrupted by

too deep a flow of thought, but terrible, and beautiful, and wit caustic and severe; humour, too, but not so good, because not quite loving enough for its evolution, and in discussion a very winged and fiery-footed avenger. Jupiter Tonans. Attack him; he might have been cool before, quiet and tame; but now behold him—no wonder that Brougham held him for his protégé if he heard him thus.

A very different character indeed is Wyndham Windbag, and a very different looking person too; forty is young for a man to have to look back and say “I have been;” but, in truth, he is not what he was in 1840—1850—“Hyperion to a satyr,”—thin, fair, elegant little being, delighting you with volumes of speech,—savouring too much of the lamp, and a lamp sometimes not over and above well trimmed, and smelling, by the way, rather spermy; and now, instead, a thick, rolling, tumbling, butter-firkin of a man, far too stout for the eloquence of action, full of humour though—greasy, coarse, unctuous humour; not the humour of Washington Irving, but of Ingoldsby; and when no humour, then commonplace—the exhibition of Wolfert Webber’s Potato and Cabbage Garden, warranted to close with a brilliant display of fire-works;—pity it is that, as at other pyrotechnic exhibitions, we see too much of the preparation before the display. Certainly few men have so dug up and turned over the mental soil, the surface-soil, of the nation; but he has done nothing, nothing, to what he ought to have done, with his almost unparalleled popularity. We listen to him astounded, compelled to say, “Be these thy gods, O Israel?” Now, as we listen, while our little friend pants, and puffs, and blows, somewhat like a stranded grampus, we are astonished: we hear some good sense, some rather clever hits, some ad-

mirable borrowings from "Punch,"—and be it so, our useful little man, let him work away, it is not in vain; but why not dig deeper? why not think himself? why not exert his own humour? why not use his own language? Surely it is mysterious—the most prodigious talker in England; it is long since we have been able to suspect him of being guilty either of oratory or eloquence.

Mightier by far than these—so truly great that he ought not to be mentioned with them—is Rousseau Bentham, Esq., M.P., who, years ago, descended from the pulpit to mount the platform,—a man who is wholly devoid of everything which could possibly add grace to language or delivery; who by his physique would seem to be cut off from the platform; short, very short, and what singular flowing hair, now grizzling from its deep black! and what a curious tone, so affected and penetrating! surely, then, this man shows, too, how much may be done, without the aid of external oratory, in teaching a people; full, brimfull, of knowledge of historical and biographical parallels,—of all ancient saws and all modern instances,—full to overflowing of language and the power to use it—in climax, in antithesis, in alliteration, in poetry, or in declamation; full of wit, biting wit; full of remembrances from the old dramatists, and Shakspeare almost by heart; full of love for all new good books; poetry, philosophy, politics; every lecture, every speech, heaves like an ocean wave; yet we see that, like the ocean wave, it is not only rich for what it is in itself, but for what it flows over too; and you feel, therefore, while you listen, that it is no effort to him to speak like that; he hangs the wreath of literature around the abstractions of politics, and infuses the genius of poetry into the doctrines of Adam Smith

and John Mill; he does not turn up new truths, but he labours hard to turn the arid wastes of Political Economy and Science into a flower-garden.

Or, turning from the little man, to that one somewhat taller, standing by his side, perhaps the most powerful man in England,—calm and modest, so self-reliant, and yet so open to conviction; so clear, that when he speaks, we appear to move with him through a path of light; a man all fact, all thought, all vision; the man who never did say—and to whom it appears impossible to say—a word too much; unknown and illiterate to all the graces and arts of speech, unstudied in all the accomplishments of the tongue; and yet with what a force of conviction he moves through the intellects of the people! no man more completely amazes us in this. How hushed we listen! yet he tells us only what, it appears to us, we knew before; and in a manner so rugged and plain, it seems we could have uttered it as well ourselves. Surely it is an occasion for some question, when the most plain speaker in England is also felt to be the most potential, and, upon the subject he discusses, the most instructive.

Far, very far, is it from us now to attempt any analysis of the characters of the men of the modern Platform, in succession. The subject is interesting, but it must not keep us. The great features, however, of the Platform are earnestness and adaptability. The Platform is not superior in genius, in intelligence, in importance to the Pulpit; surely no! It is superior in Objectivity; it is superior in the distinctness with which it sets before its workers its aim. The Platform has a more workmanlike character than the Pulpit. The Platform commands a nicer adaptation than the Pulpit. Moreover, the Platform is not so exclusive as the Pulpit.

For all these reasons, it is now the rival of the Pulpit. The truth is, there are many men travelling to and fro, who nightly talk to hundreds, perhaps to thousands, of persons—who are doing a work which properly devolves on the local teachers of religion to do. The Pulpit has not the adequacy, which the Platform has by some means attained, to meet the intellectual and moral necessities of the times; and yet the Pulpit has offered to it the better opportunities. There is nothing done by the one agency which might not be well effected by the other: the control of public opinion—coercion of opinion to the side of truth and goodness—the condensation of opinion to a focus of heat and light. If it be said that the Platform beholds and contains the meeting and commingling of all classes of religious bodies, it is immediately conceded, and an immense addition of those who belong to no religious class. Let the minister of religion go to them, and gather them; it is the writer's belief that they will come when spoken to as men. The truth is, there are scarcely any worshippers in all temples, compared with the dense drifts of the population. Why is this? Is it because ministers have expected these men of low tastes and habits to ascend to their scholarship and refinement? Even so. But the minister must descend to their illiteracy. Let him convey the catholicity of genius, sympathy, and religion, in a clear and lucid speech. Let him avoid the *Theologicæ Nuces* and the *Theologicæ Nugæ*—let him leave behind him the technicalities of theology—speak boldly, plainly, earnestly—speak what he knows, and testify what he feels, and he will not have to complain that, while the Orators upon the Platforms built for Time should talk to thousands, the Orators upon the Platforms of Eternity should only be able to talk to scores.

And yet on Platform or in Pulpit we have no eloquence as the masters of the art understood it. What we do not experience we find it difficult to believe in; as we have never heard Eloquence we find it difficult to believe that it ever was indeed heard, and it is quite impossible to us to realize or understand its power. Eloquence, like the highest forms of poetry, can only be felt or uttered by the tongue or heart of faith: it is the born child of belief: it is the fountain of fire shooting forth from the furnace of the soul. It may be said that in the present age we do not want it. Certain it is we have not got it, nor is it likely that for some time we shall have it. And what do we want with poetry, or song, or sculpture, or painting, or architecture? Is it not a world in which man was sent to buy and to sell, and can he not do this quite as well without the fine arts—nay a great deal better? And as to those erratic fires of human speech, how dangerous they are—how much better is the world without them than with them—how much more desirable is it to live without the neighbourhood of those passionate impulses and storms, which in ancient days shook human souls like a tempest to utter, and like a thunder-peal to hear!

Besides, we have now quite outgrown eloquence. There is something very humbling to us in going miles to hear a man talk; and there is something very humbling in the sensation of his words tingling along the blood, his eye—his tyrannic eye fixed upon us, and his words flowing over us, causing the heavy perspiration to stand on our forehead—and his ideas to arrest us with their most uncomfortable vastness, dazzling the eye and bewildering the brain—and his language, his words of arrowy light leaping along from chamber to chamber of our souls, like lightning tanging on from

cliff to cliff, revealing caves and grotts, and rousing a most unpleasant consciousness—and somehow imparting a quickened action to the blood, a new force to the will, and in fact taking up the whole man—nerves, muscles, thoughts, impulses, volitions, actions, and setting him down on quite a new moral platform to that he occupied before the oration began. All *that* we have fortunately got rid of. It is quite true that speech gives mighty impulses, but we quite prefer the impulses of common sense, a nice, quiet, ordinary, little routine world, to the impulses and world of eloquence. Orators are very “uncomfortable cousins.” What tales are told us of their eyes glancing over and round an assembly—eyes so full of magnetic power, that they have been said to be lightning and not to be withstood—eyes like the eye of Pougatscheff—so dark and fiery that people fainted beneath its lustre! When we read of such, how fabulous and mythical it all sounds! Orators do not now walk upon the wings of the wind and move aloft through the vast vistas of to them a realised ideality. Orators in the old time seemed to have some strange power over the minds of men, because they saw more than others saw, and heard more than others heard; they had unlocked the inscrutable and the ineffable. As you looked at them you felt that to them were visible waving and rustling robe-folds, hidden from their hearers’ eyes; their words were attuned to melodies which had never sounded on mortals’ ears. The orator was held to be a man whose whole communings were of a higher order than those to whom he spoke. Neither the poet nor the painter dealt more certainly with invisible forms and spiritual influences than he did. He

was frequently out of sight, and men who would see him had to look up, and to look long, to see clearly the pathway by which he travelled. There were times when the orator seemed to shake from his robes an incense and a perfume over his whole audience—when his audience no more knew the meaning of much that was said than we know the meaning of the notes that wander from the organ down the thrilled and palpitating aisles of the cathedral; but they felt that the surges and the billows of his eloquence carried them to another world; that earth seemed dark to them when they touched its confines again; that the close of the oration dropped them from the gorgeous pathway of the solar rays to the “valley of the shadow of death.” How fortunate it is for us that we have no troubles of this sort now! Happy people! we hear nothing now that we do not understand! Our teachers speak to the level of our common sense, and for *our* benefit are rather content to lag behind us than to mount before us.

Truly eloquence is fallen into disesteem! It is regarded as one of the worthless baubles of the infancy of the world. Men would be rather ashamed to acknowledge that any word of any orator, however famous, had affected them at all. We have more good sense than Julius Cæsar: that mighty conqueror was so subdued by the power of Cicero’s eloquence, that he changed his purpose and acquitted a criminal he had determined to condemn. We have now eloquence enough left to us to criticise, and we have taste enough left to enable us to act the part of critics, but we have not eloquence enough left to awe us, to inspire us, to subdue us. The orator on whom we can play the critic is to us no orator: the truest oratory is no more matter for ordinary criticism than fire is a substance for ordinary handling.

What you keenly feel, you will be little disposed critically to dissect. A man beneath the influence of some strong passions and affections—borne away on a torrent of love—is little disposed to analyse his emotions; he recoils from the attempt.

Eloquence achieves nothing while we are able to say *this* is eloquence.

“Have I inadvertently let some bad thing slip me?” said old Phocion, when once in the middle of a speech he was interrupted by unexpected and unusual applause. It was very worthy in the grim, honest, old cynic to say it; it is the token, however, of a state of mind in which eloquence is impossible. Abandonment is the necessary condition of eloquence—perfect abandonment to the subject in hand. Of course it will be said such a method is wholly inconsistent with the idea of art and preparation; and it must be said again that the highest state of preparation is prepared *unpreparedness*—heart, mind, language all well furnished—a perfect knowledge of the subject, a perfect faith, a perfect self-possession, sympathy, and loftiness of aim, and then—then let the “wind blow wheresoever it listeth,” “it shall be given in the same hour what to speak.”

I confess whenever I think of the achievements of eloquence I am never tired of contemplating St. Bernard, the last of the Fathers. I confess to the heresy. I would rather have heard the Abbot of Clairvaux than Demosthenes. Above his eloquence there does seem to gather the light and might of another world. Living in such an age it would indeed be wonderful if all his words and deeds moved in unison to ours; but it is impossible to read either his words or his works, and not feel that he possessed in a wonderful degree that commanding eloquence which will not be resisted, which

moves before men like a pillar of fire, or a pillar of cloud, and which they are therefore constrained to follow. His eloquence was, without a figure of speech, fascination, and his writings abound with every variety of eloquence. A feeble and insignificant man, barons clad in their glittering and clanging steel shrunk back afraid of his tongue. Wherever his words alighted they fell with soft but imperative persuasiveness—they operated like a charm—they wrought like a spell. How that fierce Duke William of Aquitaine felt them!—that stout glutton, that wild and rugged feudal lord!—cruel, vehement, passionate—whom no man can withstand—who is a thorn in the sides of the Church and of Bernard in the cathedral in which he is worshipping! Behold the Saint descending from the steps of the altar with the elements of the Lord's Passion in his hand, approaching the duke excommunicated by the Church as its foe and tyrant—he makes his way through the crowd—he holds before the prince the consecrated bread—his face irradiated with a mingled light of indignation and compassion. “Twice,” says he, “already have the servants of the Lord in united conference supplicated you, and you have despised *them*. Lo! now the Blessed Son of the Virgin, He who is the *Head* and Lord of the Church which you persecute, appears to you! Behold your Judge, at whose voice every knee is bowed both in heaven and in earth! the Judge to whom you must one day surrender your soul!—and will you reject him as you have rejected his servants?”—The duke has fallen to the ground as if smitten by epilepsy; he is raised by his soldiers, and falls again beneath those words. He gives the bishop the kiss of peace; nor does the effect of that wonderful hour appear to have passed away; that moment in that old church was not only the hour

of dread and terror, but of repentance too. Was not this one of the achievements of eloquence?—Wonderful being, St. Bernard! the great Christian minister of his age! I like to look at him, rising out of his time as the central man—high in the midst of the circle of popes, and kings, and princes, and bishops, and heresiarchs; but if I had the opportunity conferred on me to see him and hear him, I would not choose the moment when on the sloping hills of Vezelay before the king and queen, and barons, and bishops, he proclaimed the Crusades, while all that mighty multitude rolled high their words, in reply to his, “It is the will of God! It is the will of God!” Nor would I choose the moment when in the cathedral church of Sens, before the great Fathers of the Church and the King Louis VII., he hushed the heresy, or the voice of Abelard. Achievements of eloquence these, surely! But to hear him every day discourse to his children, his brethren of the shades of St. Clairvaux, beneath those embowering flowers and blossoming trees, in that secluded valley, those sweet discourses on the Canticles which are still with us, so full of devotion, and unction, and affection, that might almost tempt one to a monastery too. Not the less do I love to linger over that last scene of his life, when he rose in haste from his deathbed to stay the fury of battle between the burghers and barons of Metz: to the very battle-field he hastened; but found the knights elated with victory, and refusing to listen to him, fearful of being overcome by his eloquence, and he was obliged to retire. “Nevertheless,” said he to his monks, “fear not: the desired peace is at hand, although it may be preceded by many difficulties.” And so indeed a message speedily came from the nobles announcing their change of purpose, and the contending parties came and

ended their quarrels by his deathbed. Is the life of Bernard impossible now? Why do not the churches produce it? What! has that well of eloquence dried up—that pure, natural fountain—that unchecked and perennial spring? We need the achievements of eloquence no less now than then—the freedom of overflowing souls, spontaneous in their passion and their pathos—shooting out over the world bright rays of light from the vast sun of love.

My dear people, I am afraid we have few men of the St. Bernard school in our pulpits. How is it, I wonder? We talk much, but what is the worth of any quantity of talk if it be on stilts?

For, indeed, in real earnestness, we must say human speech is not a power to be despised; and if our age has no power to produce earnest tones of deep and mighty bass pealing through the great nave of ages like those voices of old, and if our age despises that power of eloquent speech—why, so much the worse for us! Eloquence is one of the dynamic forces of the moral world; it is one of the great levers wherewith God lifts human souls. And as all art, and all æsthetic taste is ennobled as it becomes sanctified by religion—as the mightiest architecture is Gothic; the mightiest poets, Milton and Dante; the mightiest musicians, Handel and Mozart; the mightiest painter, Raphael; the mightiest sculptor, Michael Angelo; as all art heaves with the inspiration of greatest ideas as it approaches the Holy of Holies, and especially as it approaches Calvary and the Cross: so eloquence is no exception to what indeed is the very law of art. A Christian Minister! Well, the work and the task are as glorious as they are wonderful—the unveiling to the world the most sublime and affecting pictures which can possibly engage human attention.

When the Bible is fairly looked at, and all its subjects, and it is recollected that the Christian Minister is to be the exponent of the idea of the Book, and all its wonderful epics of moral sublimity, the coldness and the tameness and the insipidity of Pulpit exposition are only less marvellous than the subjects the teachers are called to discuss. But surely warm love and earnest faith would create a high order of eloquence anywhere, and on any tongue. Eloquence moulded by the character of the possessor of it, in some deep and penetrative, in others sounding and soaring—in any case eloquence. Oh! if I could speak to you ministers and teachers, surely I would say, Have faith in human speech. Human speech, when it flows from an earnest and harmonious spiritual life, is one of the most powerful agents God has sent into the world. It is inferior to no art, for it may embody and comprehend every art; it is statuary in the body, it is painting on the tongue; epic or dramatic it may hold and embody both and enchant the passions of entranced auditors equally with music and song. Men possess this august and magnetic power, and affect to despise it,—and use it without responsibility and preparation! when this power would transfix human hearts like a target, and make human ears tingle and human spirits tremble.

It is amazing—amazing how men will underrate the value of oral instruction,—amazing how they will hit on the wrong method and argue all time and all eternity out of countenance that it is the right plan. Once for all, it ought to be understood, that the man who is a teacher by the tongue is expected to do something, with truth and for truth, that cannot be done by any other form or method. My friend, the Rev. Octavian Symphony, constructs all his sermons on the plan of Addi-

son's Essays, very nice little performances. And he goes into his pulpit and reads his rounded composition, beautifully written in ink made of Attic milk and water, to his congregation, over whom it all falls like the buzzing of noontide bees. My friend, the Rev. Euclid Birch, laughs heartily at Octavian. "Facts and logic," says he, "that is the staple matter of the spiritual kingdom:" and so he entertains his people with hard dialectic gradgrindings, and fancies he has changed the heart when he has bayoneted an unbeliever into a corner. Meantime, the Rev. Eusebius Polyglott laughs at both his brethren, and says, "How ridiculous is the rhetoric of the one and the logic of the other!" Eusebius entertains his audience with translations "from the original," and allusions to the Grecian games and the "Oriental customs." And I cannot sometimes help laughing at them all. As to elegant essays, I can read them at home,—better essays than Octavian can compose. Logic is very well, but it is very wearisome; it is expended, as has been said, on killing dead giants. And criticism is very well too, but bad stuff to feed on. I want a man who will do for me what books cannot,—mingle rhetoric and logic in one, and turn a criticism into a painting. Books are dead, the oral teacher should be all alive. He is to be neither a professor of logic, nor a professor of belles-lettres. He is to temper in his teaching light and fire. He is to recollect, as Demosthenes recollected, that the audience is impatient of chains of reasoning. He must show the result at the end of the links without exhibiting the chain; and only allow his audience rest or repose, in order to rouse sympathy, sensibility, conscience, admiration, more fully, and show himself a workman needing not to be ashamed.

Plausibility is the curse of the pulpit, as it is the

curse of everything it touches ; it is the shibboleth of meanness ; it is the everlasting hymn in the mouth of the moral huckster, and the Cheap John of the platform ; it is the last outcome of the twopenny-halfpenny faculty. Plausibility is always a sweet refreshing ice to impatient and passionate souls ; it is the logic of rationalism ; it always brushes the bloom from the peach, and holds up a prism to the rainbow ; it never will accept beauty without dissecting it ; it is ever engaged in giving its bald, shallow, reasonless reasons for things ; it has no mystery and no ideal—it will account for love and faith by the motions of the blood, and finds the Divine wonders of heaven and hell to be only the dizziness of the soul. This is the miserable ghost that has haunted and terrified how many of our modern preachers ! This plausibility, this pleasing everybody and satisfying everybody,—sublime wish, gratifying altitude, smiled upon by the Trinitarian, patted on the back by the Unitarian ! believed in by the Pantheist, and beloved by the Christian ! Surely this is a Catholic teaching ; and would not Moses, and Elijah, and Paul, stare at it in Christian men ?

But it must not be forgotten, that not only all men are not fitted to be preachers, but that it must certainly be the case that there will be always many men *in the pulpit* who will not be fitted for preachers to the masses of the people ; men whose thoughts and words move heavily, like the tramp of an elephant through a forest ; powerful men, invaluable men, but men without any tact, perhaps without any humour or much sympathy, linguists, logicians, mathematicians, psychologists. John Foster could never have been an *attractive* preacher. It ought to be easy to find for such men an assistant, for they serve the world as well as the lighter and more aerial forces ; or perhaps to find them posts in the larger

towns, where an audience disposed to appreciate might be secured; or perhaps to appoint them to some dusty library, where their powers of digestion might be satisfied in the dietary of books. It is not desirable to see many such men in the ordinary ministry; for its functions are certainly not those of a curator of a museum, nor a librarian, nor a professor, but a warm, active, sympathising nature, full of energy, intelligence, and sympathy.

In the ancient world no man was thought worthy of a post of distinguished honour, unless he could acquit himself well as a speaker in public. The public speaker absorbed all other qualifications and all other excellences; no work of genius was thought to require so great parts and capacity as the speaking in public. All that is dead now, as dead as a sentiment; the office of speaker commands more attention now than the speech, and all the great swelling and heaving sentiments which inflamed the eloquence of the ancients, now would be regarded only as so much bombast and clap-trap. Those spoken poems in which the orator laid all nature under contribution and command, while the pinions of his language and imagination dared and dazzled, and every gorgeous image stood forth in its mighty and vast proportions dilating over the awed and enraptured assembly: these are things of which we hear in legend and tradition, but they seem to have faded from human knowledge. Nothing can kindle them. We seldom rise beyond the dead level of common sense; our preachers can seldom rise into eloquence even when near the Cross of Christ.

For ever the same—the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness. Yet of all the achievements of eloquence, is there any like *that* foolishness?

Can there be any achievement like that which is its one great object? For whatever may be the object of the hearer of the Word, and whatever may be the object of the preacher of the Word, only one can be really acknowledged as legitimate—the turning of the heart to God; and this is so wonderful that the Scriptural phraseology, foolishness of preaching, is literally correct. Amazing that a man should be such a medium! that any human creature should be an agent at all in so stupendous an event! It is amazing that there should be power in man to turn the current of human opinion at all! Amazing to think what has from time to time been the consequence of spoken words! Amazing to think what words have been spoken! The orations of Demosthenes on the Crown; the impeachment of Hastings by Burke and by Sheridan! Very amazing was the power of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, who, when he preached in the early church, was greeted with clapping, stamping, shouting, and leaping, the waving of robes, garments, and plumes, and the cry of “Hail! worthy of the priesthood! thirteenth Apostle! Christ hath sent thee!” Very wonderful were the words of the Friar Narni, a Capuchin so remarkable for his eloquence that his hearers, after a sermon, cried out for mercy in the streets as he passed along to his home; and thirty bishops, starting up under a discourse, hastened away to their respective dioceses. We have ten thousand incidents like these on record, but beyond them all must ever be reckoned the amazing fact that words may so influence human emotion and human thought that the careless heart shall be arrested in its folly, and the spirit drifting to perdition be attracted back to God! It is amazing—a human voice on the headland of time attracting and fascinating a spirit to a happy eternity!

The pulpit needs more of moral dynamics.* Preachers are afraid of force in the pulpit. There is no real eloquence without force—vehemence. The calmest flow of the river needs somewhere the rush of the tide or the cataract to give it health and beauty. Vehemence—force—are as compatible with tenderness as with denunciation; they are as constituent a part of the tear of love as the tear of terror. The invective of Chatham, the pause of Patrick Henry, the gorgeousness of Burke, the strength of Webster, the march of Fox, all bear testimony to the same truth—that the force in your own mind is the secret of your command over the minds of others. The force of speech, balanced and held by the great laws of mind and character, is the oxygen of the whole composition. It is the purifying wind—it is the tidal stream; and if you cannot put force of some kind into your speech, it can have no character, and you can never be a speaker.

“Our fathers cast their works in brass, we scrape ours upon glass.” So says the Viscount de Cormenin in his commentary on the eloquence of Mirabeau; but the order of eloquence, however great its achievements, is an order we never desire to see produced or reproduced in the pulpit. We are persuaded that eloquence in the pulpit misses its appropriate field and method when it becomes a cataract of fire shooting forth from the intellectualised, but still selfish animalism of the orator. Such is not its work—far different indeed. True, our English pulpit has not had many such men; the fewer the better. It may be almost questioned whether that stormy and boisterous eloquence ever effects anything in the long-run for the cause of truth and holiness. Cer-

* See a very able article on the American Pulpit, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Vol. iv. No. 14.

tainly it can only effect this by the Word of deeper power beneath it. Still let it be said the world has two gospels—the gospel of sound and the gospel of silence. George Fox was truly enough the apostle of the first, as really as Whitfield. Isaac Pennington was the apostle of the last, not more than Madame Guyon. That preacher is indeed powerful who can stand in his pulpit as in the cleft of Horeb, and make his people alternately shiver with the strong wind and the rushing flame, but shall rely for the fulness of his power on the utterances of the still small voice. There is a lower nature in man to be preached to, as well as a higher. Perhaps there is a deep meaning in that ancient superstition of the Romish Church, that the devil once entered into a monk, and appeared in his form in some of the cities of Italy, and preached with an effect so marvellous that amazing conversions followed his mysterious ministrations. No doubt it is often the case that to reach the highest, preachers must aim at the lowest. They will frequently find the spiritual man, and strike him, while they are aiming at the carnal man. It is our low and animal nature that demands a speech more proportioned with its present degradation than its possible dignity.

You have not forgotten the fable by which Luther rebuked some of the hearers of his day. The lion made a great feast to all the animals, and among others invited some swine. The lion provided for them all manner of dainties; but the pigs, when they were set before the dainties, asked for grains. It is of no use attempting to feed a being beyond its ideal, and beyond its power of digestion. My friend, the Rev. Tasso Taylor, has been for years entertaining his people with panoramas of the loftiest Himalayan chains of thought and language. I am sure many of his people have wanted more grains.

A serious defect in the pulpit method of our day is, that it does not present vivid paintings. Colouring is not sketching, and many persons in public foolishly suppose that the laying on the canvas of glaring colours charms and delights. Even if it did this, still the question would remain, what is the use of it? But, indeed, a very vivid picture may be presented to the eye without any commingling of colours. Mere colours can never interest. Except for scientific purposes or ultimate uses, one great object of the preacher should be to interest his audience; not merely to win their attention, not merely to win their heart, but to hold their intellectual and moral nature captive. In all ages and countries men have agreed that this is an object best effected by narrative. The power of parable is very great, and parable and proverb have ever been closely allied together; indeed, are and have been identical in their signification. There is nothing that can interest the human heart or human understanding of which the preacher may not avail himself. Dramatic composition is held to be the highest and most difficult style of literature; it includes every style; it uncurtains the human heart; it sweeps along on the clouds of descriptive imagery; it is narrative, and by pathos and by smiles can rivet human sympathies; it includes wit and humour, as it paints age follies, or launches shafts of scorn upon its vices; it lays language under contribution, and by the nervous fibres of speech it is at once sensitive and strong; and then, to crown all, it inflates the whole with the actor's mighty breath and vehemency of feeling. Now, in all this we have mentioned no single particular unsuited to the pulpit; nay, these are the characteristics needed for the pulpit. The preacher should be a dramatist; he fails in effect merely by aim-

ing at that which is more difficult. If he would unaffectedly describe a scene in a cottage, if he would particularise some incident from a bedchamber, or a parlour, from a workshop, or a garden, or a corn-field, from a factory, or a workhouse, he would win more attention than by lingering long over some abstract proposition, and then, in attempting to put it before a congregation, winning for himself a character of learned dulness.

Did you ever hear how Jonathan Edwards first had his attention directed to the importance of style in the pulpit? That stern granitic genius, than whom no man ever seemed farther away from the floral wreaths of fancy and the pictures of poetry, read Richardson's 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and that book convinced him that it was necessary to be careful, not merely for the truth, but for the style in which the truth is presented; not merely for the diamond, but the setting; not merely for the painting, but for the frame. I think what Jonathan Edwards did not disdain to do, you preachers may study a little. The novelists! Look at the writings of Bulwer, especially 'The Caxtons' and 'My Novel.' Look at the writings of Dickens, especially 'Bleak House' and the 'Old Curiosity Shop.' Don't tell me they are novels. I know they are called so, and I know you read them. Now close them, and tell me how it is that books like these have an audience so vast and wonderful. My impression is, gentlemen, that you might carry the method of the parable, the vivacity of narrative and dialogue, into the pulpit—put your great truth into a form in which the multitudes may apprehend it.

In reply to all which, it will be said, you set your standard every way too high. In the first place consider, it will be replied, that that inventiveness of

genius which can construct parables and invest abstract principles with the attractive graces of narrative is very rare; in the next place, remember that the people are not usually far in advance. Do not attempt too much, or all good designs will prove abortive. Replying to the last item first, I fear there can be no doubt that the pew is in the main before the pulpit; this has been the mistake of the pulpit for ages—the suspicion that it was amazingly in advance of the pew. Let the pulpit, however, treat men and subjects with true high human interest, and it will never have to complain of want of appreciation. Mediocrity, it is most true, is the characteristic of the multitudes, yet “the common people heard Christ gladly,” because he spoke in pictures, and adaptation should be the study of the preacher; his aim should be to present something for every mind and taste, and if he be fitted for his station, he will be able to do it.

It is also true we have no right to expect more than respectable mediocrity in most ministers. We have no right to expect great fancy, great imagination, great profundity, or great breadth. Well, we will now venture to give utterance to what will seem to many a piece of moral delinquency. Let the minister who feels his own deficiency, who longs to present clear pictures before his people, but finds his mental inability, study to become an accomplished thief; let him study well the beautiful fables of Krummacher and Lessing, and ponder well the delightful verses of glorious George Herbert. He will most likely be able to translate from their easy Latin the ‘Sentences’ of St. Bernard. All of these are richly suggestive. Surely he knows that noble old folio, Adams on Peter, full of quaint suggestion, and allegoric allusion, and practical application. To mediocrity we

would say, never mind Jeremy Taylor, never mind Burke; their gorgeousness and learned allusion will be useless to you and to your audiences. Stick to Adams on Peter; he will do *you* and *yours* more good than South or Barrow, and infinitely more good than Robert Hall or Dr. M'All. You will obtain pictures and ideas which will stick upon the memories of your villagers, and lead you away into many another analogy which shall be wholly yours. Elnathan Parr is another of those old writers whose fulness informs minds that desire piously to present a truth which yet they cannot altogether beat out. Arrowsmith is a writer capable of instructing all, and his method and his figures are very pertinent and suggestive, while John Smith of Oxford (not of Cambridge—he is a man of another mark) will supply any ordinary preacher with parables for a lifetime. Yes, there are many men to whom we should say, be accomplished thieves; to know how to steal gold and work it up into jewels, is only second to the art of digging the gold from the vast mines of thought. The humble preacher who seeks only to enlighten his own audience, whose sermon uttered is done with, may use materials which he must not use who occupies such a position that all his words are regarded as absolutely his own, and who perhaps carries to the press the words spoken on the sabbath.

Suppose, then, we had the advent of a Gough into our English pulpits. What would that do for religion and the churches? In the first place, we have to say we are not pleading for any abnormal, excited, and spasmodic action. We want a course of teaching sustained, dignified, and influential. We travelled two hundred miles on purpose to hear John Gough, and we heard him—and heard him to advantage—heard him repeat

all the good things we had read twenty times before. By all fairness of criticism he must be tried by a very high standard. Who ever before achieved such a fame as he in the most intelligent and cautious nation on the earth, in the most intelligent age? He has in every town spoken to thousands of persons, the charges for admission being as high as to the most respectable theatres. If the greatness of the audience be any test of the greatness of the man, then John Gough is the most eminent orator the world has seen since the days of Whitfield. We speak in no captiousness—in no unkindness. We are thankful for all the truth our orator has spoken in our country to so many—perhaps we are not exaggerating when we say—millions of people. Still our inquiry now is with this as a method of public teaching, and it is obvious in the first place that the discourses of Mr. Gough are merely recitations. If during his residence in England he has spoken five hundred times, it is certain that he has not given a dozen separate lectures; they merit the character of powerfully acted and telling anecdotes. What has most amazed us—after the most amazing fact that a man with his heart fully alive to his subject, and feeling its importance deeply, which we do not for one moment doubt, but most cordially and thoroughly believe, should be able to repeat—again, and again, and again, for probably thousands of times—the same stories, without serious deterioration to his whole moral nature;—After this we are amazed at the absence of all spontaneity—that such an impulsive nature as an actor's may be supposed to be, with language at command, should never find it surging or heaving for utterance before those mighty and magnificent audiences who have hung for hours on his lips; and we have been amazed too at the absence of all the higher forms of

power for which the greatest orators have ever held a reputation, and which so especially distinguish our own speakers — Brougham, Lyndhurst, Canning, George Thompson, William Fox, Thomas Binney, Edward Parsons. With any of these great speakers how preposterous would be the comparison of John Gough! All circumstances being equal, select any one of these, and let the two speak together, Gough reciting one of his old melodramas, and it is possible that his might be the palm of praise, though we doubt even this under *such* circumstances; but let him stand by the side of any one of these men to pronounce a new oration or an impromptu speech, and there is not one before whom his fame would not be shrivelled and parched up like a scroll: and surely variety, adaptation, and impromptu power are among the tests of popular oratory? No wit, no imagination, no flow of eloquent words, no power even of verbal painting,—it is incessant and most exaggerated action. We have no objection to action,—we would that in its proper degree we had more of it; but the true orator will not only have his moods of vehement physical action, he will also have his moods of mighty passion, when, like the air before the thunderstorm, a profound silence will presage the tempest—when the leaves will scarcely seem to stir—when like himself the audience will feel the stifling heat of suppressed sensations, and know that the hushed and subdued manner is indeed the prelude and promise of swift, arrowy lightnings, and crashing, fiery bolts.

It is true that “action is eloquence,” but not always; silence is eloquence, but not always; but feeling is always eloquence. Mighty effects have ere now been produced in pulpit and on platform by a subdued manner. It has been usual to commend action for effects which in

fact were the result of feelings which gave vitality to the action. Coleridge remarks, "Schiller has the material sublime to produce an effect: he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower; but Shakspeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow."* May we not say indeed that, in proportion as the orator has occasion to tax physical energies to give effect to his words, his words are deficient in the true divine afflatus and breath? Well, we do not dogmatically assert this, but it is true, with some slight reservation. A truly wonderful orator was the great Jonathan Edwards! It seems difficult to conceive it, but he was an orator beyond any we have perhaps heard speak. He stood motionless in the pulpit, resting upon it the arm whose hand held the little manuscript book close to his eyes, while the other made the few gestures in which he ventured to indulge; but he could keep an audience assembled to hear a morning sermon, rapt and unconscious, until the rays of the setting sun streamed through the church windows. Wonderful are the instances related of his power. Once, when he was discoursing of death and the judgment, people rose up from their seats with pallor in their faces, expecting to see Christ descending through the opening roof of the church and the parting heavens. Cold indifferentism was roused from its careless apathy when he preached. Once, on being requested to discourse at Enfield, where he was a stranger, and the assembly so indifferent to religion as to be even regardless of the decency of silence during his prayer, he had not half finished his sermon before the startled sinners, having already passed through the valley of silence, began to wail and weep

* Table Talk.

so bitterly that he could not go on for their distress. "These," says Rufus Greswold, "are triumphs of eloquence not dreamed of by such as deem themselves masters of the art from reading the foolish recipe ascribed to Demosthenes." *

But we may be sure of one thing: in Edwards, if there was no action there was feeling. Action is as often the simulation of feeling as the reality of it; but where there is neither reality nor simulation, there will be no effect. Carry ice to ice, and ice remains; but if you even rub ice against ice, the friction will produce heat: so sometimes a cold soul in a heated body has roused other cold souls, but without heat of some kind never yet did any

* George Gilfillan says of this great man, "He reminded you of Milton's line, 'The ground burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.' A signal instance of this is recorded. A large congregation, including many ministers, were assembled to hear a popular preacher, who did not fulfil his appointment. Edwards was selected to fill his place, principally because, being in the habit of reading his discourses, he happened to have a sermon ready in his pocket. He ascended the pulpit accordingly, amid almost audible marks of disappointment from the audience, whom, however, respect for the abilities and character of the preacher prevented from leaving the church. He chose for his text, 'Their foot shall slide in due time,' and began to read in his usual quiet way. At first he had barely their attention; by and by he succeeded in riveting every one of them to his lips; a few sentences more, and they began to rise by twos and threes; a little farther, and tears were flowing; at the close of another, particular deep groans were heard, and one or two went off in fits; and ere he reached the climax of his terrible appeals, the whole audience had risen up in one tumult of grief and consternation. And, amid all this, there stood the calm, imperturbable man, reading on as softly and gently as if he were in his own study. And, in reading the sermon, we do not wonder at the impression it produced upon an audience constituted as that audience must have been. It is a succession of swift thunder-claps, each drowning and deafening the one which preceded it. We read it once to a distinguished *savant*, who, while disapproving of its spirit, was compelled, literally, to shiver under the 'fury of its power.'"—*Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men*. London, 1845.

mortal kindle a hearer. And Gough has dropped two or three hints which ought not to be thrown away upon us. He has shown to us the force of physical earnestness—he has shown to us the power of narrative and anecdote. We have no fault to find on the score of bad taste, bad grammar, or any other of the bad things which are of an inferior order in influencing the public mind: let all these go. It is true we think that we have had in England, for many years, many men who have been in the habit of speaking quite as well as John Gough on the same subject, and, all circumstances considered, perhaps very much better. In looking at him we can learn how impossible it is to convey adequate ideas of living and speaking orators to future ages. Actors and orators “die and make no sign.” Gough is Whitfield reft of his inspiration. Were he inspired more he would act less. We heard him, and certainly he never made us shiver or shudder. We followed the bubble up Vesuvius—it was admirably done. We saw the boat go over the rapids of Niagara—the ripple and the roar of the mighty hurricane of waters—the shout from the banks—the flow of the mighty tide of death! We greatly admired the whole scene. The terrible struggle of the poor spell-bound spirit pawing his hands to keep off the demons in delirium tremens. It was very effective and scenic, but what detracted from it was that we knew it all before. Everything said commended itself to us. Many of the strokes were very powerful, but nothing appeared to us of a high cast of oratory. We have known while listening, the shiver and the shudder, the creeping of the blood and the tingling of the nerves, the swaying of the senses and the blood, the boiling of the brain and the heart, but we sat unmoved while our actor was striding to and fro; and mentally we had resolved, that however taking

the style might be, for ultimate efficiency nothing could be conceived more useless than the style of J. B. Gough.

I know one man, a most Socratic teacher—I wish I could say I know many such, but I only know one. Everybody loves him, but nobody suspects that he is great. He seems to reach celestial goodness without labouring along the tramroad of the intellect. I think Nature has given him little besides an overflowing heart, but God has poured into the fulness of this overflowing heart a wonderful portion of his own Spirit. All this, and perhaps nothing more. Yet it is very astonishing what power there is in his words, and the words are always flowing—flow, flow, flow, always flowing; they have no richness, no arrangement, no mental method, but they are always flowing—as freely in the street talking with a poor old woman as on the platform—as freely in the cottage, beneath the shade of domestic sorrow or the light of domestic joy, as in the pulpit. This man does not think that best words should be kept for best occasions. He uses fitting words on fitting occasions, and uses them without an effort; and I must say, spite of all the talk of profound preparation, that that discourse must be greatest that leaps unbidden to the lips, and starts forth without effort. He has travelled much in many kingdoms and parts of the world, and there are few towns in England in which he has not preached; and I think he never spoke without opening the great fountains of tears;—but what I marvel at is, that this constant play on the fountains of tears never mars the innocence and simplicity of his own nature. He is as natural as a flower or a child. Some people say, “Ah! but how simple he is!” Would to God that all the Lord’s people were simple! I am sadly afraid that is a fault that will never be laid at your door or mine, brother.

And then he is as wise as a serpent, too, with all his simplicity—a very frequent combination, that of great shrewdness with great open-heartedness. Now I will tell you how he preaches. You shall hear two or three sermons:—

He was walking on the banks of a canal, and a boat had been dragging wearily along, and now for some reason was stopping.

“Good morning,” said my friend to the bargeman.

“Good morning.” (A rather gruff reply.)

“Well, to-morrow will be Sunday—a day of rest for you. I suppose you don’t work Sundays, do you?”

“No! hang it all! we work hard enough, but not quite so bad as that.”

“Ah, well, I’m glad to hear it. You have a little rest. You read a little, now—the New Testament, I should think?”

“No: can’t say as I do. I reads the newspaper a bit.”

“Well, the newspaper is very interesting, isn’t it? And what do you like best in it?”

“Oh! I looks over it all. I like to see how things go on everywhere a bit. There’s the Duke of Wellington’s dead, and heaps o’ things.”

“Well, now, my friend, do you know I know you? and I have formed a bad opinion of you?”

“Well, what for? I don’t know that I care much about it though.”

“Why, because you’ve behaved badly to your Father. Now, not to say any more, there’s the letter your Father wrote to you, and you’ve never opened it and never read it.”

“Well, I don’t know who you be; but that’s a lie, anyhow. Why, I never had but one letter from the

old man, and I read that ever so carefully. I couldn't spell it very well, but I made it out; and I got the old man's letter now."

"I can't help what you say, my friend. I say you've treated your Father badly—never read his letter, and such an important letter too!"

"Well, I don't know who you be, and I'm sure you don't know who I be, if you say I treated father badly. Why, I looked after the old man as long as he lived, and I tried to do my duty to him."

"Ah! my friend, I'll tell you. God's your Father, and the New Testament is God's letter to you; and here you tell me you spend Sunday in reading newspapers, full of things in which you are not at all interested, and neglecting the New Testament, so full of all that must do you good. Think of your Father's letter. Shake hands. Good morning. Don't forget your Father's letter."

Another time he was walking down the streets of a city. He heard a man swearing very badly; he stopped, took a little book from his pocket, went up to the man:—

"My friend, will you have a little book?"

"No; I've got no money for books."

"But I'll give it you, if you'll accept it."

"Oh! well, I don't mind then."

"Is that your wife?"

"Yes."

"Will you allow me to give her a little book?"

"Why, you're very good; yes, if you like."

"And have you got any children?"

"Yes; two."

"Now I should like to give you a book each for them."

"Well, it's very kind of you! What are you giving away these books like this for?"

"Why, I'll tell you: it's because I heard you speaking very shamefully to a Friend of mine."

"Come, master; you're wrong there—I don't know any friend of yours."

"Ah! perhaps not; but you spoke very badly to him!"

"Well, I don't believe it!"

"Why, God is my Friend—the loving God; and you were calling on Him just now to damn you, and to damn your wife. God is my Friend. Now, I'm going to ask you to do something."

"What's that?"

"Try not to swear again."

"Lor, bless you! it's no use tryin. Bless you, I couldn't leave off, no how."

"Try—come, try to leave off swearing."

After a time he said, "Well, I'll try."

"That is right; now, remember, there are four witnesses—me, your wife, your heart, and *our* Friend! Shake hands—Good morning!"

Another time, staying in a town for a few days, a gentleman said, "We have a number of Irish here, and we have Irish Testaments, but we cannot get at them to distribute: now do you come with us, and try and preach." So they went, but it seemed they were likely to go in vain. They were a rough race, and they wouldn't hear a word. "Qhat do you mane," they said, "be comin' to the likes oo uz? Go and prach to your own; they want it bad enuf, and bad luck to you!"

Another said, "Now, if the gentleman's got a showl in him he'll go up and see poor Katie Donovan; shure

she's lost her man entirely." So up stairs he went and said a good word to the poor widow and gave her a shilling. Presently he came back again, and it had got wind about that he had been kind to poor Katie; and he tried to speak, and was very likely to get a hearing: when one, more pertinacious than the rest, shouted out, "If we hear ye spake now, sure, can ye tell us what was the first word that Adam ever spoke?" "Well," said our cunning friend, "perhaps I can tell you that too, if ye'll wait a bit. Wouldn't it be Erin go bragh?" said he.

"Hear him—hear him!" said they: "this is the *right* potato—this is a broth of a boy! Sure he's Irish altogether!"

"Now," said our friend to the gentleman who had been most annoying, "can you read Irish?"

"Shure he could do that, anyhow!"

"Would he read a bit of real illegant Irish?"

"Yes!"

And so he inveigled him into reading a chapter from the New Testament, which he expounded to them when the reading was over.

Now this is a power to be envied—this easy homeliness of manner: all admire it, but few possess it. Yet this is the most useful gift. We dare venture to say, that a man who has this vital and organic and unstudied aptitude constantly about and in him, will achieve more than the greatest masters of rhetoric; indeed, rhetoric in its highest forms is only an attempt to reach this—this power to leave an impressive word on the memory, and to speak such a word in the faith that it does contain the elements of real power—power to arouse consciousness—power to produce conviction—power to recreate the whole character. Nor are such men unfitted

to deal with a higher order of mind. There is, and there is in our friend, a principle of instinctive adaptation. Sympathy is instinctive in its law and in its operation; it finds its way by stretching out its feelers; for it is all eye, all touch, because all heart: while that bright intelligence that you expect to do so much is often horny-eyed because horny-hearted. It may be difficult to address great multitudes of persons on some ordinary topic in an ordinary manner; it is still more difficult to address children, or simple and lowly natures; but the most difficult thing is to address all people at all times—in streets and in lanes and cottages—and the man who can do this efficiently is a model preacher.

But every one in his own order. All excellence is not of the same order, although on the same level, and in the same world. Thus for instance—how widely divided stands ministerial success from oratorical power! How many instances crowd upon us in which mediocrity conjoined to pastoral ability leaves genius without it far behind! Indeed, nearly every name of any exalted worth and command in the pulpit seems to be at any rate quite as remarkable from its association with *solidity* as with *brilliancy*. You see everywhere the power of speech alone is a very poor faculty. In the senate, speech alone will not avail without practical ability. In taking the command of any movement, speech is of little import *in comparison* with the organization and the working *behind* the platform. Can any sensible person suppose that this is not as certainly the case in the ministry and its offices? Speech is great. But admiration for speech is kindled and excited from the belief that it represents more; that great speech is the representative of great energy—swiftness of logical consecu-

tion and apprehension—wide-hearted and generous sensibility. Great speech is admired because it has always been supposed to be the index finger to all these. And so these may all exist without any power of rhetorical speech.

Thus, then, try JOHN ELY. Excellent as were his sermons for pulpit delivery, they are scarcely the sermons from which quotations may be made. You should have heard them; they were very graphic and forcible; they were pointed; every word was intended to tell, and every word told; the diction was not great, but it was better—it was useful. These sermons will never be referred to as masterly specimens of English composition, or as illustrations of acuteness or profundity of thought; but they are good models for young preachers, and they who shape their discourses from these moulds will neither want audiences to address nor results to follow their teachings. Still the interest was unquestionably in the pulpit. The preacher introduced so many softening and elevating strokes and touches he did not preserve, *could not* preserve, in his penmanship: he excelled in detail: he loved to fill up a picture: this is wearisome when attempted in the study, it is most interesting in the pulpit, to the man who finds, as Ely evidently found, his home there. He had not a seductive imagination, leading away from the simple views of his subject: he threw in strokes which all could recognise and feel to be forcible, and he aided the force of his strokes by method and arrangement.

One of the great excellences of Ely, too, seems to be in this—that he did not attempt to do what he was unfitted for: he was unquestionably a man of mediocrity, but he knew it, and lived up to the gifts and powers with which he was endowed; he laid out his powers;

he did not attempt any learned criticisms ; he did not attempt any metaphysic disputations ; he did not attempt any flights of extraordinary eloquence ; he never felt the rush of those fine impulses which the higher orators feel ; his blood was ever calm—his mind ever clear—his speech a uniform flowing river, never deep nor loud, but bearing him and his hearers pleasantly and happily along. He “funded” all he read ; he gathered from reading, never scholastic, the allusions and images most familiar to his hearers. An industrious, active, severely conscientious mediocrity,—these were his characteristics, and they made him one of the most useful ministers of his denomination and age. His noble temple, thronged with intensely interested hearers, was very instructive to the observer ; it illustrated powerfully in what direction to look for the qualities most conducive to pulpit success.

One of the characteristics of Ely was symmetry, arrangement. All parts of his discourse stood in perfect order and harmony. Others might prepare as much, and go into the pulpit with the outline and order of thought as complete in their mind ; but there is an unsymmetrical symmetry, there is arrangement which is not order, and plan which is not method. Unity is the test of character, it is the gauge and proportion of all usefulness ; it is better by far to be endowed with limited resources of mental wealth, and to be able to make them all available by fusing them down in the clear, bright furnace of life, or laying them out in the varied markets from whence they may speedily forward a quick return, than to possess the most vast powers but to find them lying from their very vastness in uselessness and disproportion. Many preachers, and others besides preachers, remind us of Bishop Berkeley's famous

question in the Querist, "Whether in the wastes of America a man might not possess twenty miles square of land, and yet want his dinner or a coat to his back?" In mind and pocket it is possible to have what Horace calls "*Divitias operosiores.*"* The value of all wealth is its availability; the value of all mental resources is in their availability or their use; the highest mind is the unifying mind, the mind that can use all things. It is not only necessary to get wealth, but it is also very necessary to know what to do with it. It is of no use, my dear young preachers, fabricating the bow of Ulysses if you only intend to put it in your study or your museum. Better by far fashion for yourself a plain, ordinary, useful bow, level to your strength. Saul's armour may be best for Saul, but it certainly is not best for David. When I inquire into the perfect greatness of a man, I first ask, Was he a unity—was he in harmony with himself? The world allows nothing to live long that has not the stamp of unity upon it, and it allows some things to live, though small, because they have this internal and organic unity. Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' may last as long as Milton's 'Paradise Lost;' and this wonderful badge of highest genius, unity, which is the light by which we know Cromwells, Shakspeares, Chathams, and Marlboroughs, is what we cannot give to ourselves. The more we labour for it, the farther we are from it; and, mocking the palace, and the studio, and the library, it very often settles down in the lowest cottage, and makes it a perfect Idyll, and in the village chapel, it transforms it into a true Shekinah. Now John Ely had this unity.

* Perplexing riches.

"I wish," says Lord Ashburton, in his address to schoolmasters, "I wish to familiarise to the youngest among you this important truth, that no knowledge, however profound, can constitute a teacher. A teacher must have knowledge, as an orator must have knowledge, as a builder must have materials: but as in choosing the builder of my house I do not select the man who has most materials in his yard, but I proceed to select him by reference to his skill, ingenuity, and taste; so also in testing an orator or a teacher I satisfy myself that they fulfil the comparatively easy condition of possessing sufficient materials of knowledge with which to work. I look, then, to those high and noble qualities which are the characteristics of their peculiar calling. There were hundreds at Athens who knew more than Demosthenes, many more that knew more at Rome than Cicero; but there was but one Demosthenes and one Cicero."*

In this book there are men of far greater mental calibre than John Ely, and we have not touched them tenderly at all; but when we approach his honoured hearse we feel that he has claims to something more than cold criticism, in fact defies criticism as an eagle defies the tempest by the force and upward bearing of its own wing. How can you coldly criticise a man who sits down to the whole business of life as to a sacrament—who touches all the functions and offices of life with reverent fingers? Conscience crowned the life of John Ely; every action was filtered through the purifying medium of a fervid spirituality.

How different a man to John Ely is Robert Vaughan! Ely was born a Pastor, Vaughan was as essentially born

* Quoted in Life of Sydney Smith, vol. i. p. 35.

an Orator. But then it is oratory of an order that would command rather by its dignity and presence than by its sympathy. His sermons—how wholly unlike those of Ely! how much more like the voice from the Professor's chair! His description in the pulpit of the Coliseum of Rome, of the early Christian wending his way to one of the streets of Ephesus, and the meeting of one of the early Christian assemblages in one of the upper rooms, remind one of his thrilling description of the battle of Salamis, and some of the fine groupings in his Lectures on the Age of Louis XIV.

Everything that Dr. Vaughan does bears the impress and seal of dignity. There is about his presence and speech in public, and the compositions of his pen, the bearing, the dignity, not of the courtier, but of the man. His style, in either instance, may be compared to a march not by any means light and easy, frequently the very reverse of this. We know not that we should use either the term graceful or felicitous, as expressive of this diction: grace and ease do not always indicate, even in the noblest genius of composition, the highest character. The 'Areopagitica' is neither easy nor graceful; yet strength can always be easy, for it contains ease and majesty—graceful, for it includes and contains grace. Sometimes we have thought the Doctor reached, both in pen and speech, some of the highest efforts even of majesty and strength; and that he does so would be more spontaneously admitted by all hearers and readers, at all times, if his composition abounded more frequently in those lines of light which no one knows better than he how to introduce. But it must be admitted that he is frequently heavy; the wood is of a most noble quality and texture, but it is unmistakeably heavy, at any rate occasionally. There is not a more

chivalrous tongue or pen; he can dare to say strong things. Whether he addresses himself to the exposition of continental affairs, or to the internal polity of Great Britain, or to the exposition of the position of the denominations,—his words and tones are alike intrepid and clear. See him on the platform yonder! his head thrown back, his eyes and his voice directed to the farthest extremity of the spacious building, his grey hair plentifully falling from the back part of his head; his voice not shrill nor full, its tones, however, though occasionally thick, answering well to that countenance and mouth so capable of expressing either smiles or frowns,—and there are few speeches in which they do not chase each other rapidly over the face. In such a time you cannot think of him merely as an Independent minister. He stands more like the descendant and representative of a line of Vaughans, the noble standard-bearer of an ancient house, or like one borne onward by the popular breath, the captain and commander of the people. Such was the moment in Huddersfield, when he said, “The civil magistrate can indeed lay your property and person under interdict and death in this world, but *the priest* can follow you with unswerving malignity and fellness of purpose into the life to come.” Such was the wonderful moment in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, when he extended his hand to Kossuth in the name of that mighty and most peerless assemblage. What a thunder-peal was that which shook that renowned though ephemeral building to its foundations! Never was an audience more completely transfigured by the simple grandeur of unadorned and probably unstudied, but most highly-finished, rhetoric. In that innate and Coriolanus-like dignity of speech we fancy the Doctor stands quite alone among the

modern masters. He takes you captive by the impression that he is not attempting to speak, that he is not working himself up to a pitch of phrenzy; his manner is quiet, very quiet, even when relieved by action. All ornament he disclaims the use of; his only ornaments are the veins in the marble or the oak, ornaments growing and developing themselves within, not wreathed and hung upon the subject. And these are the only ornaments which do not encumber the movements of the orator. We cannot resist the temptation to extract the following noble passage as especially illustrative of the structure of the mind and style of Robert Vaughan—his grasp over utterance and thought, his power of picture-painting, the comprehensive diffusiveness of his language. Who would not rather read one such passage than the whole three volumes of the sermons of Robert M'Al?

“We cannot admit that the mystic beauty and power are nowhere felt as among our Teutonic neighbours. If not greatly deceived, we too have our seasons of converse with something ‘which lies concealed behind all natural appearance.’ Through all laws, and through all time, thoughtful men, and especially devout men, have been wont to look, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, knowing that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. The prophet and the sage, the poet and the saint—all have dwelt in their ideal world. The outward and the immediate have never satisfied them. The most ideal book on the earth is its one Inspired Volume. In no other volume is the work of God so constantly and powerfully dwelt on as being only so much disclosure of the mind of God. All the charm and worth which its authors throw around

'the natural appearances' they derive from the concealed mysteries which lie beneath. All visible existences are seen in their relation to Him who was before them, who is above them, and will survive them. In the meanwhile, the existing is to us a thought,—an idea from the mind of the Infinite, the Changeless, the Everlasting! All created forms, and hues, and sounds, and relations, are as the stream of the Divine thought, ever passing before us. The universe consists of these embodied ideas—is as the ever mystic utterance of them. It is now in its great or small, as the utterance of the Eternal has been in respect to it from everlasting. The things which come to be, are the things which with Him have ever been. All created appearances, the tintings of the flower and of the humming-bird, the sounds and silences of nature; our feeling, consciousness, moral thought, moral impulses—all are parts of the one great idea of the Creator as to what should be as the created. It is his voice which comes upon us from the far off depths of the stars, from the dread solitudes of the earth, and not less from its most crowded scenes. The ever-changing seasons are only as the new foldings of the vesture in which he has arrayed himself. All things are of him, to him, through him. Everywhere the material exists for the sake of the spiritual, the intellectual for the moral, the present life for the sake of a better life to follow. And man, as being above all a thought from God, has this higher being, that he might be the one existing nature which shall survive the visible, and be the godlike, in his fellowships, his duration, and his happiness. Of this idealism the Scriptures are full. All the men who have come under this inspired influence have been thus inspired. This instructor has taught the peasant at his plough, and the artisan at his wheel,

to live thus to the supersensuous, the holy, the eternal. It has lodged this idea in the soul of the meanest as no philosophy ever lodged it in the soul of the mightiest. It has done this in the experience of millions, where philosophy has done it only to the solitary man. There are systems of philosophy, which would be beyond doubt greatly amended by a strong infusion from Transcendentalism, but the religion of the Bible has nothing to learn from that source. The Divine thought of the universe is given in that Book, and nowhere else is it given with so much fulness and power.”¹

We will not quit this more introductory and tedious chapter, without a word upon the two distinct characters of the ministry, namely, THE ORATOR AND THE TEACHER. These two are very rarely combined. Why not? The Orator knows his power, and so long as he can bind his auditors by the spell of his speech, of his imagery, of his action, he disregards the remainder. The Teacher knows that he has solid and substantial worth to communicate; he scorns the artificial, has an utter disregard of all manner, and thinks only of his ideas, and likes them best in the most unadorned vestments. Ever, of course, the Teacher merits most of our homage; but even his word might be made more weighty, if it were delivered with some deference to the human character of his audience. The Orator, perhaps, in the highest sense, few men can be; but every man, inducted into the office of the ministry, *ought* to be a teacher, or he has no business in that office. True enough, indeed, some men are neither orators nor teachers; but it is quite cheering to believe that there are, in any circumstances, more teachers than orators. The mere orator—the man

* Essays, vol. i. pp. 174, 175.

of talk—all talk—mere talk—who wastes his whole life upon the pronunciation and utterance of words—this is of all men a most pitiable and useless man. In most instances the moral worth of the talker has been upon a par with the utility of his profession. For the orator, in the pulpit, we have usually felt an emotion of real pity. Oh, it is terrible, to carry a gibbering monkey or screaming parrot to amuse the fleeting fancies of a dying man! and surely it is still more terrible to approach immortal and perishing souls with the floral tints and gewgaw flowers of rhetoric and elocution! We have marked the studied action, we have noted the upturned eye, we have watched the affected expression of the face, and all told—all told on the senses of the auditors. They were all felt to be very fine; but let the young minister remember that all this affectation is hypocrisy. The simulation of feeling, in the pulpit, is horrid sin; nor, indeed, can it be said to be real oratory: for obviously it is not a real heart-speaking—it is not life-speaking; it is only the oratory of the vanity, of the pride, of the ambition, of selfishness. Alas! the orator has usually been only the actor, frequently in the pulpit, as well as elsewhere; an automaton—a whispering tube for nobler men—a Roscius—at the best a Kemble. By himself and alone, the orator is not a poet, philosopher, or statesman; he is a speaker, a gatherer and disposer of words.

We have grown suspicious of orators, especially since we long ago found that the most frivolous of them secured the most extensive and profound attention. We do not remember that we ever loved an orator, but many are the teachers we have loved; and, perhaps, our objection to oratory as an art, is founded not remotely upon the maintained idea, that the man in public

should be a different man to the man in private ; there is a priming of the cannon that it may go off. We question very much, whether any orator has been a great man to his wife, or his valet. Why should this be? We plead for Nature: let the man be himself! We plead for Nature: why should he, in order that he may reach men's imaginations and hearts, robe himself in a frigid exclusiveness? He cannot do it without impairing the healthy functions of his own nature ; he cannot do it without injuring the moral health of his hearers. The Orator should be great, in virtue of the continued attitude of the soul ; he should not mount a pair of stilts to excite the wonder of the vulgar. We confess we have never been able to see why there should be an elaboration of manner and matter for the pulpit or platform, which would be scorned in the parlour or the drawing-room.

Or, if you like to re-apply the term "Orator," we have no objection to it ; we only beg that it may cease to mean a man upon stilts and crutches. If it mean the man who has acquired, by his more lofty and genial sympathies, the power of speaking to the thousands in public with the same ease, the same familiarity, the same clearness and force, with which he speaks to his friends, by his own fireside—the man who makes his subject and his thoughts transparent—the man who can, in virtue of a more simple nature, enter readily into the minds of men—we can, if this be the meaning of the term "Orator," have no objection to it, but is it so? This it is for which we plead, for honest rhetoric, for manliness of speech, for plainness, and a determination to make the thought in hand known and felt ; to put it in its largest and lowest relations ; to set it in the framework of a most simple diction. The secret of all oratory,

in the genuine sense, will be, to be alive to the subject and dead to self, and this is possible : and when these requisites blend in the speaker, it is needless to say, the Orator and the Teacher are one.

And now in this Introduction I have nothing more to say, but to relate a little incident.

One Sabbath evening at about ten o'clock, I had occasion to enter again a chapel at which I had been worshipping ; I held in my hand a light, and being by myself, I sat down to soliloquise a little. The place was wrapt in dim mysterious shadow ; the Pulpit stood in the distance ; but now its bright velvet was covered up, and its glittering gold and morocco Bible was not to be seen. As the writer sat there, he looked, and looked, and looked again ; for behold, by the dim, hazy light of his candle, the place was filled with shadows ; shadows which he trembled to find were ghosts and spirits of hearers, who at that hour haunted the spot. Yes, surely enough, there they all were ; the writer was in a very ghost land, a perfect Hebrew Sheol. And they were not only the spirits who had been listening that day, but the spirits of half a century past ; there was old Bigsby, the wealthy brewer, with a large, pompous-looking nose, who was wont to throw himself back in his pew and sleep or doze out the sermon, of whom the young minister stood in awe, who eventually was obliged to leave his post through the persecution of Mr. Bigsby's gruff voice. There was Mrs. Simper, the lady who kept the Circulating Library, and who always had the young students to stay at her house, seizing upon that as a golden opportunity to talk sentiment and scandal. There was Glibwell Blindwell, Esq., who sat in the ten-guinea seat ; and who, without possessing any piety, managed to hold, in the church and congrega-

tion, nearly all the authority; and there were upwards of two thousand ghosts all around, a large congregation. So also the Pulpit and pulpit-stairs were crowded with Preachers; some meek, modest creatures, too mild and characterless to have left much impress behind them; some noble, manly, earnest faces, full of fire and life; some bold, impudent-looking beings, who, in their preaching day, had not failed to create some sensation by their noise, if little by their wisdom. All these were there, and I clearly comprehended that in every Pulpit, and in every Pew, a real spiritual life and destiny goes on and is wrought out; and that if the building crumbled to dust, through all after-ages the spot must be haunted by the ghosts of the actors in the great spiritual tragedy performed there.

But while I sat there, in the very centre of a crowd of spirits, and attempted to decipher the individual characteristics, I heard a low, spiritual under-tone, and found that the Pulpit was holding a conversation with a Pew just beneath it; and indeed that the conversation related to the services of that day. I made a note of the conversation at the time; here it is:—

Pew.—Yes, I liked the service of to-day well. I think the man meant it; he talked to me—firesideishly. I'm sick of this dividing and subdividing. You Pulpits treat your subjects as medical students do dead bodies—it is a mere cutting-up business with you. Now, I liked him; he was warm and fluent; and it was quite easy to see he knew more than the stilted scholar you had last Sunday. I want a man to talk to me—I want a friend to get into my heart.

Pulpit.—Yes, yes, my dear Pew; but think, oh let me entreat you to think, on the dignity of the Pulpit.

Pew.—Well, so I do think of the dignity of the Pulpit,

and I think I won't stand it much longer. The dignity of a fiddlestick! The most dignified position in which a man can stand, next to holding intercourse with God, is to be gifted to hold intercourse with the greatest number of his fellow-men. You ought to feel yourself dignified in being able to talk to me. But I tell you, Mr. Pulpit, I don't understand you; why, whenever did we have a piece of plain English conversation together, like what we are having now—eh?

Pulpit.—My dear Pew, you take a wrong and very exaggerated view of the matter. It is absolutely indispensable—the requirements of scholastic life demand, and the refinements of society suggest, the propriety of adopting a tone of discourse more exalted than the colloquial.

Pew.—There you go, you, sir. Why did you use all those great words, and Gog and Magog sentences? However, I understand you; but I don't believe you,—no, no. I tell you we don't want it; be plain with us, treat us like men: and I tell you what, my fine fellow, you'll never really be treated like a minister till you *do* treat us like men.

Pulpit.—I say, Pew, your manners are deteriorating.

Pew.—Are they? I hope not. But what I mean to say is this: we want you to know that your dignity consists in having the best farm;—he's the most respectable farmer who farms the greatest number of acres; that is the best Pulpit which does most good to the greatest number of people. Now, you have tried the dignified method long enough; you've been desirous of being a gentleman-farmer, and you know very well that you're nearly a pauper-farmer.

I thought I saw a scowl of indignation pass over the pulpit-cloth. I could very well conceive Pulpit

did not well like that last rap at all. But Pew went on:—

Pew.—Besides, I don't like your going on at all, I tell you. You are doing very little good now. I saw you look at old Bigsby, and Mrs. Simper, and Squire Blindwell. You mayn't like to hear it, but those are the customers you've been looking after: you've been knocking up a nice little conservative establishment, and calling it a church. Why don't you proselyte? I say, if our Master had acted as you are doing, the world and all in it would have been damned. Now when do you mean to rub the rust off and set to work? Suppose you go down with me to Felon Court, and form a Ragged Church.

Pulpit.—Pew, this is not the first time you have taken horrid notions into your head. A Ragged Church! Really, really, this is too bad! Now, you know, I've my own church to look after! It is very exhausting work preaching to the poor—the very poor! Besides, we have our city missionary. He attends to all that sort of thing. Then think of the degradation! I tell you, Pew, you have no conception of the dignity of the Pulpit!

Pew.—And I tell you, Pulpit, that you have no idea of the dignity of the Pew. I tell you, if Christ had reasoned as you have done, we—you and I—had all been damned. Degradation! Fudge! I tell you a pulpit should know no degradation but in sinning and in laziness. Christ must have been degraded enough; for he was holy, and our world was very impure. I tell you, goodness can stoop to sinfulness without contamination. It is goodness alone can do so. I tell you again, if you do not leave off carrying your coals to Newcastle, preaching to people in old stilted style, of a

technical, unknown tongue ; if you don't leave off your elegant platforming and parading, I shall leave you, and form a Ragged Church for myself.

I found upon this that Pulpit became very indignant ; indeed to what height the controversy might have risen I know not ; for I was aroused out of my slumbering colloquies by the streaming of other lights down the aisle of the chapel. My friends came hurrying to look after me, surprised at my long detention, little suspecting the companionship I had kept, and the conversation to which I had been a listener. You, my friendly reader, may make what you like of the vision.

Finally, before we draw up the curtain we will relate an anecdote, which may be also a parable. The good St. Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and laying his hand on the shoulders of a young monk, "Brother," said he, "let us go down into the town and preach." So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man. And they walked along upon their way, conversing as they went. They wound their way down the principal streets, round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town and to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again. Then said the young monk, "Father, when shall we begin to preach?" And the father looked kindly down upon his son and said, "My child, we have been preaching ; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen—looked at ; our behaviour has been remarked ; and so we have delivered a morning's sermon. Ah ! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach unless we preach as we walk."

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.

“What was said of Socrates, ‘that he first humbled the towering speculations of philosophers into practice and morality,’ so our Perkins brought the schools into the pulpit, and, unshelling their controversies out of their hard school terms, made thereof plain and wholesome meat for his people. For he had a capacious head, with angles winding and roomy enough to lodge all controversial intricacies; and had not preaching diverted him from that way, he had no doubt attained to eminency therein.”—THOMAS FULLER, *Holy and Profane State*.

“AND let me beg you to be quick about it, sir, for ministers are soon forgotten,” said Dr. Winter Hamilton to the printer as he handed him the last sheets of the *Life of Ely*. He who spoke it is an illustration of the truth of it. Hamilton has passed rapidly out of sight, and from the mind, and from the memory; and his biographer, Dr. Stowell (who could do anything not only well, but next to best, if his patience in performance only proportioned his power), has done more than any one else to hasten him on to forgetfulness and oblivion. That rag of a book, the professed memoir of one of the most accomplished preachers of our age, reminds us of a torn surplice hung over the limbs of a saint of Michael Angelo. It is not enough to say it is a bad biography; it is not going too far to say it is the very worst biography of an eminent, of a glorious man, we ever read or saw, always excepting the memoir of the illustrious Wordsworth by his nephew. If a biography should be a literary likeness, to preserve to the survivor the lineaments of a beloved teacher, or to hand down to other

days a full-length picture of distinguished mental worth or moral excellence, who, in the name of all crayons, daguerrotypes, pens, or pencils whatever, could ever make out from this book what manner of man Hamilton was? Impossible! You look vaguely around you—you miss everything—you find no features delineated; you have heard of Dr. Hamilton's conversational powers, but no illustrations of the lively vivacity, the sparkling wit and humour, are to be found here; you have heard of his scholarship and literary reputation, but you find here nothing that informs you of the books he most loved of his library; nor do you gather much information touching his general attainments: you can form no idea of him as a preacher. The work of Stowell is most worthy as a delineation of Hamilton from the fine characterisation of Dr. Harris, which leaves us in profound regret that his pen, much better fitted for biographic painting than theosophic speculation, was not employed in perpetuating the memory of this eminent man.

But enough of the book: only this may be said, that it comes opportunely enough in the day which has produced the *Life of Arnold* by Stanley, of *John Sterling* by Carlyle and Hare, of *Foster* by Rylands, of *Buxton* by his son, and others equally worthy, to show to us that it is yet quite possible to write a very bad biography of a very great man. Will Stowell ever forgive this criticism? We hope so; in which case he will prove that he is a very good man, although a very bad biographer.

Ministers are soon forgotten, but there must be interest enough felt yet in Hamilton to make some sketch of him interesting; for his position as a preacher was most unique, and perhaps his power on the platform was greater than in the pulpit, for there he unquestionably felt a larger amount of freedom, and his was a nature

that pre-eminently desired to feel its freedom, and could only in its freedom express itself completely. In the pulpit he ever felt upon him the weight of office; to those who had beheld him on the platform, his thoughts appeared to move in shackles, his manner was constrained, it did not possess that exultant elasticity which gave to his manner and his speech at public meetings a wonderful comminglement of sublimity, set off by shafts of wit, of playful humour, and glowing language. But in the pulpit he was a different man, and he evidently felt that to be different ground. His fame in his ministrations was most ripe at the period of his death. Dr. Harris says of him, "He was himself a myth." So he was, and for the greater portion of his life there hung about him a mythical character; his popularity was great, or rather his notoriety—he was talked about; but from earliest days we associated with the name of Hamilton the character of a vendor of obsolete words, a large purveyor of classical quotations and allusions; we thought of him as a quaint retailer of every-day philosophy, bound up, compacted, and condensed in the form of aphorisms, or set off and illuminated by a string of brilliants. We were about fifteen years of age perhaps when one of the first performances of Winter Hamilton fell across our path—young and inquisitive, with a capacity to see funny things and to moralise upon them. That performance was the ill-fated Sermon before the London Missionary Society—a sermon of which it is difficult to pronounce whether it was attended with more woful consequences in its delivery or on its publication: certainly a series of dread events awaited it in the first, and most emphatic was the doom pronounced upon it in the last event. It was a mammoth of a sermon, and frightened hosts of those who heard it. The preacher had

intended to deliver it extempore, but failing in this he had to produce it from the pocket beneath the folds of his gown. This was not easy, nor was it very easy to find the place, taking up the thread of his discourse. The lights were dim, but the preacher held on for a space of something better than an hour, when, to the utter dismay of his auditors, he uttered the words, "And now, after these few preliminary observations, I shall detain you with the following topics of discourse." At those dread words our informant, then a student at Hoxton, declared to us there was heard a rustling through the mighty host, troops of people left the building, and the discomfited preacher was under the necessity of curtailing his sermon of many of its fair proportions. But a lengthy review of this discourse fell in our way, and to us it seemed so radiant with the hues of fancy and of history that we ceased not to stir ourselves until it was in our hands. Our trousers' pockets in those days might almost have been dispensed with; our stock of cash was small, we could not buy it, but we borrowed and waded through it by the aid of Lemprière's Classical and Johnson's English Dictionary. Fact, we assure you; and the introduction therefore must appear rather jocular, in which our preacher says that "the sermon was intended for popular impression. He was determined, though surrounded by learned and eloquent preachers when he delivered it, to sacrifice all pretensions to learning and eloquence himself. He affects not the *concio ad clerum*, his appeal was *ad populum*. His only fear is, that in the attempt to renounce all ornament, and to disclaim all effort, he may have fallen into a simplicity too meagre, and contented himself with statements too trite." !!! And yet surely enough the discourse abounds with historic, mythic, and classical references; and in its delivery

could only weary those who heard it. Brilliant as it is, it supposes so much previous knowledge and thought, that it not only completely failed in its object as a popular performance, but received from most Reviews a complete and merciless maltreatment.

The impression produced by these circumstances upon our mind was that produced generally throughout the country: our preacher was regarded as a pedantic book-worm, with capacities for wit and eloquence buried beneath a pile of classical and etymological brutalities. This was undoubtedly a wrong opinion, but then our Doctor was himself responsible for it: he could be simple, but it was only at home, and among his own people. Everywhere else he was attempting, and never surely did any preacher before him adopt in his attempts such a high-sounding phraseology; his words were all forty-seven pounders; they were all too big for the sentences they appeared in; they were large pictures cut down to fit small frames. The organ of language is sometimes the result of large acquaintance with literature, sometimes of strong and irrepressible genius in the use of words. Dr. Hamilton had not the last. Like all men of defective power in verbal expression, he made up the loss by a more complicated mode of utterance; and his language was not Saxon, it was classical: not that it flowed and arranged itself after the models of antiquity, but that the user would any time reject a plain-spoken, gruff, independent Gurth the Saxon, for a polished, bright-spoken Atticus or Cæsar. We know indeed one gentleman who went to hear him when his sermon abounded especially with these customary barbarisms of learning; and he said, upon his return, that the language was neither Grecian, Hebraistic, French, nor Latin, but simply the Hamiltonish dialect, composed and com-

pounded in a very unusual manner of all these. The following translation of our beautiful twenty-third Psalm, into what may be called the Hamilton dialect, is very characteristic. It was circulated for some time as an imitation of his style, but it is in reality a very old performance. It is not too much to say that it affords a tolerable specimen of the method in which he not only spoke, but thought; at the same time the implied satire is obvious:—

“Deity is my Pastor; I shall not be indigent. He maketh me to recumb on the verdant lawns; He leadeth me beside the unrippled liquidities; He reinstalleth my spirits, and conducteth me in the avenues of rectitude, for the celebrity of his appellations. Unquestionably, though I perambulate the glen of the umbrages of the sepulchral dormitories, I will not be perturbed by appalling catastrophes; for Thou art present; Thy wand and Thy crook insinuate delectation.

“Thou spreadest a refection before me in the midst of inimical scrutatations; Thou perfumest my locks with odoriferous unguents, my chalice exuberates.

“Indubitably benignity and commiseration shall continue all the diuturnity of my vitality, and I will eternalize my habitation in the metropolis of Nature!!!”

A mode of discourse like this could scarcely be popular. It sometimes seemed that Dr. Hamilton *could not* express himself simply; nay, the more simple the thought, the *less* necessity there would appear for a cumbrous toga—the more certainly did he seek some strange lingual paraphernalia as a channel for its utterance; it appeared as if he would not come to the point. A friend of ours, the secretary to a College Committee, wrote to him touching the character of a young man about to be admitted to the College, a member of the Doctor’s church.

“How happy,” began his reply, “I am, my dear brother, that you do not inquire of me touching the quadrature of the circle or the nature of fluxions, but on a matter so simple as this!” And the letter closed with inquiries whether our friend were still a Teetotaler—the Doctor averring his determination to adhere to his glass of small beer, “at present the extent of my vinous bibulations.” And yet, frequently in private, who so simple as he, until you struck the awakening chord? although perhaps never giving that loose to the reins of his language which characterised his writing and his speaking. We well remember, in the educational controversy of some years since, laughing heartily. Some unfortunate grammatical slip of Dr. Vaughan provoked him: in his reply he signed himself, “Yours, my dear Doctor, in all bonds, save those of Priscian.” He dearly loved of all jokes a classical joke.

The nature of our book does not however admit of our concerning ourselves so much with the literary character of the preacher, and still less with the detail of private character. It is with the preacher we have to do, and even here how much depends upon our own personal sympathy! Dr. Hamilton never appeared to us as an orator; his character was rather bardic; his words did sweep forth as Vatic words; they were too high-wrought for ordinary discoursing—too magniloquent and pompous—but this was more marked from the sudden jerking of his sentences. They reminded you of soldiers falling upon each other's ranks; the sentences stood up five foot high, all properly pipeclayed and polished; they gave to you now the idea of fellows most uncomfortably close together; the word to halt had been given in such a hurry that they had not time to get into their places without inconveniencing each other. And yet we say

the character of the matter of those sentences was perfectly bardic—they stood up like ancient warriors girt for battle, but clothed with Druidic vestments, and crowned with the oaken fillet wreath. The English language has no style like this. It is indeed “barbaric pearl and gold,” but it is barbaric. We muse and wonder, startled and amazed that the reader of Horace and Virgil should ever come to this. He may have admired Tacitus, but the brevity of the historian could never have induced this style; it is most unnatural, and therefore most inelegant. You cannot escape from the idea haunting you that there is affectation too; it struck you in the manner of the preacher: until the more sobered and quiet delivery of later years, he stood like an impersonated Bodleian Library. We thought we heard the chuckle of the scholar in almost every sentence; and in our younger days we were wont to call him Bentley Hamilton, or Busby Hamilton. Nay, perhaps, to our young imagination, he was a very Porson; he stood, head slightly inclining over the right shoulder, ruminating his words—big words, some of them large enough for a Red Indian—uncommon words. We needed often to take old Bailey, and ask his advice and direction. We knew none such. In those days he seldom spoke without classical allusions and Horatian quotations, Hellenic derivatives, and Latin proofs. Then they appeared to fill his mouth, for his enunciation could upon no principle of rhetoric be regarded as graceful; the words seemed to be pronounced while eating; there was about them the jaunty appearance too of careless scholarship; there was pre-eminent ease and self-assurance, but it struck us as if Professor Porson should appear among us dressed as Beau Brummell. We could never escape the idea of pedantry, and yet, by all accounts, we were somewhat mistaken. His

memory so instantly started some significant antique allusion, and he could not forego the pleasure of it. "Give him a gossamer," says Harris, "and he would float away on it to infinite space."

In these later days, when judgment had ripened in us, and when, perhaps, Hamilton had dropped, as useless incumbrances, some of the more gaudy of his feathers, he reminded us more completely than any man we have been privileged to see in the pulpit, of the men of the old theology and the old pulpit—the theology and the pulpit of the times of the last Stuarts, and, perhaps, we may mention, the first of the Georges; the men who thought in folios—whose combinations of words were like heavy-armed artillery—their learning was ponderous—their attainments immense. They took it as a matter of course that all their audience comprehended Greek and could read Euclid. As you read their sermons the last words you feel disposed to quote are, "to the poor the Gospel is preached." You feel that the poor had little concern in the matter: Plutarch's are morals christianised; Plato is made the mouthpiece of a higher lore. Their preaching reminds us of those Grecian philosophers who confined all their teachings to the inner gardens, and never condescended to the portico, far less to the market-place. Those men were a kind of Christian Stoic; their times demanded it, and they fulfilled the conditions of their times; their theology was stern, for they reversed the order of things. They did not attempt to impress Hebraism with Christian truth, but contrariwise, they sought to inflame Christian forms with Hebraistic ideas and sentiments. It was the fault of those times and of the men of those times that they had more faith *in*, and a clearer perception *of*, the lightnings illumining the

clefts of Sinai than the blood-drops that trickled over the stones of Calvary. Most tenderly we write it, as we believe it, without any invidious or unkind feeling to the holy men long since gone to God; they preached a Christianity subservient to Hebraism—not a Hebraism subservient to Christianity. To that theology “the veil of the temple was” *not* “rent in twain.” To those men the dispute *was* vital “whether in this mountain or at Jerusalem men should worship the Father.” Venerating as we do much in the genius of the pulpit of the times to which we refer, we do desiderate catholicity. The Old Testament was more frequently referred to than the New, and the New was steeped in a light caught rather from the schools of Greece than the Divine Paraclete; and that was an exclusive and but partially human gleam, like the source from whence it came.

The mind, and theology, and style, of mental communication adopted by Hamilton belonged to the age and school of those men; to the school of Barrow, and Howe, and Tillotson, and Charnock; and, in a greater degree than may be at first apparent, to Jeremy Taylor. The sweet catholicity of Taylor’s soul in no way interferes with the generalization we have offered above. Hamilton in spirit might have written the ‘Liberty of Prophesying,’ and Taylor the great poem on ‘Missions.’ Nothing that Hamilton did, unless we make a solitary exception for the delightful little volume on the Sabbath, the ‘*Horæ Sabbaticæ*,’ had a popular stamp upon it, or a popular life within it; all his words are clerkly, all his works are fenced round with a *chevaux de frise* of distant etymologies and topics of thought. The last subject upon which we heard him discourse was ‘On the Existence of Moral Evil as a Necessity in the Order of Divine Government.’ It was not an extraordinary

occasion, it was a usual Sabbath morning discourse at his own chapel, from the text "Shall they prevail by iniquity?" and it was a reply to some assertions of John Foster, of Festus Bailey, of Milton, and Pope. The order of thought pursued was perfectly abstract and metaphysical, and neither preacher nor people appeared to regard the sermon as an unusual one, either in topic or method. And upon the preceding occasion, when we stood within the walls of Belgrave chapel, he was pursuing an argument for the immortality of the soul, from the Eastern conception of transmigration and metempsychosis. His method of treatment of the text, "The Mystery of Godliness; God manifest in the Flesh," which is among his printed discourses, is also an illustration. We have not read it, but we heard it, and well remember the flood of light which appeared to fall from the text as the preacher identified the allusion with the Isiac or Eleusinian mysteries, and the meaning of the homage to Ceres or Démêtêr, to the mind qualified to receive the instruction of the discourse, was indeed rich. Every sermon contained a large quota of learning and thought; the mine was full of precious lore; yet we do not remember to have heard Dr. Hamilton upon any occasion when we did not feel some regret that he did not rather appear to occupy a chair of theology or moral philosophy in a university than fill the office of pulpit ministrator. And this feeling did not so much arise from the thought that topics so full of instruction as these were beyond the range and reach of pulpit effort, but that they were invested with so little popular sympathy in their delivery.

There is a doctrine which many both wise and holy men have held, and which, we believe, more hold than wish to avow it—the Hindoo doctrine—the doctrine of

the Druids—of the Romish Church—of many English clergymen, namely, that of the propriety of reservation in teaching—of the unfitness of all minds to receive the whole truth—in fact, of an exoteric and esoteric doctrine; and at the risk of shocking some prejudices and offending some notions of conscientiousness we may say, that it appears to us that much may be said in favour of it. Was it not a principle of Christ's teachings? and therefore he spoke to the people in parables: "I have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now." What did the apostle mean by "milk for babes and meat for men"? Unquestionably there are doctrines underlying all others, absolute and indispensable. But even those are beheld by advancing minds and growing experiences in light wonderfully different to the feeble glimmerings which revealed them to the eye in the first birth of the soul. As the soul advances the sense of infinity expands, and sin, law, atonement, sanctification, are seen to be far more infinite than at first they appeared to be; but then, this we have especially to guard against, and this is difficult—that our exoteric doctrine and our esoteric shall not contradict each other; the one must include the other: in fact, the preacher should talk to his auditors from the light of a past experience and use a rude speech—the language of a land he dwelt in once—a language he was once compelled to speak, but which he has now relinquished for one more lofty and refined. We may attempt to conceal it, but it is a fact, that theological language in our country is very arbitrary. You may use a phrase confessing one meaning to it, but your friend confesses, not indeed to another, but to one much larger, and far more inclusive. This is the state of things. We very much fear that in some instances it is even worse than this: that the doc-

trine is absolutely disbelieved while preached, and that the reserved doctrine is a direct negative to the verbal one. This is sin ; but short of this is it not right to say, "Lead on your pupils by degrees ; they cannot rise at once to you ; you did not rise to that place by a single beat of the wing, but you can descend to them !" It is the quality of superior minds that they can run back again through the phases of a former experience while conducting others on and up to the higher regions of faith. Do not kill the soul with too much light—do not crush the spirit by forcing too much upon its convictions. You have lived in every mental climate and now have ascended to the clearest, but remember the days when *your* faith was also in the fens—when you beheld the things so bright now, through a misty exhalation—when your prospect was bounded by a low flat level, and not by distant prophetic mountain peaks.

Now the impression upon our own mind by the sermons of Dr. Hamilton was, that he too held this reservation of doctrine, and that in its fullest extent. It is difficult to reconcile apparent contradictions ; his admiration was strongly excited by the men and the deeds of antiquity, and by the choicest thoughts of the great men of profane literature. The 'Nugæ Literariæ' and other performances of the same stamp reveal a kind of mental battle between the narrowness of received opinion and the fulness of subsequent vision. It is delicate ground, and we would not willingly utter a word which might throw a false colour around the Doctor's memory, but the fact is certain—his pulpit discourses present a very different impression of doctrine to his own literary life. The terms in which, at the close of the lectures on 'Future Rewards and Punishments,' he cuts off the holders of the modern doctrine of the annihilation of

the souls of the wicked from Christianity, from Christian fellowship, and, by implication, from salvation too, are very dreadful. With that doctrine we have no sympathy—emphatically none; but that condemnation appeared to us to have no Scripture warrant, and to partake of a spirit which only caused us to mourn for its association with so much that we honoured and esteemed. But Hamilton's character was two-fold: the man in the pulpit was not the man in the lecture-hall: you could not but feel (it was certainly the case with the writer) that he perpetually aimed to contract his views to a limited standard of thinking, that the horizon of his vision was larger than that of his congregation, but that he dreaded lest it should seem so. Something of this is admirably expressed by Alfred Morris in his funeral sermon for him:—"He might possibly have been improved had the generosity of his general literature more copiously baptized his doctrinal conceptions." Thus we have two men—we have the broad and catholic understanding freely expatiating through all the fields of truth, and we have the more narrowed and contracted apologist for creeds: and here, we confess, there has appeared to us the weakness of Dr. Hamilton; his religious attainments and his ministerial character did not enclose his literary and his lectoral character—the one looked askance at the other. We have thought of him as we have seen Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy—his literature was something apart from his religion. Passionately attached as he was to the pursuits of literature, he appeared half ashamed of them in connection with his religious life and character, and thus there was imparted to that character an apparent inconsistency, and to his theology an apparent harshness very unlike his own more soft and genial spirit.

We are perfectly aware what a wide topic this is for discussion, and that there must be two views upon the matter, arising from ideas utterly different upon the nature and design of the ministry. In our conception of the matter, without bating a jot of our hearty faith in the great fundamental doctrines of the Christian theology, it appears to us that all that can be done to refine the tone of the popular taste, to elevate the ideas and conceptions of men, to enlarge and widen the foundations of their understandings, to fit them for the perfect law of liberty—all that can be done by ancient or modern poetry—all that can be done from literary lecture-halls or the political hustings—all that can be done by criticism or eloquence, it is within the sphere of the Christian minister to do. If he possess energy sufficient to attend to half-a-dozen duties instead of one duty, he is fully justified in attending to the half-dozen; if he brings the proper spirit, the mind of intelligence, and piety, and love to his duties, let him fear no charge of inconsistency. The lazy and the illiterate will say otherwise; they will shake their cap and bells, and bray: but the men of a similar spirit to himself will hail him on, and he will feel that, while his views of humanity widen and his experience enlarges, his conception of the meaning of Christianity, its grandeur and its necessity, will widen too.

Now it appeared to us that Dr. Hamilton did not feel this, and it may also be said, perhaps, that very few ministers do feel it. The ministerial duties are looked upon, for the most part, as merely sectional and hortative. They are not regarded—ministers do not regard themselves—as the guides and directors of general opinion. Politics, morals, and literature are not looked upon as parts of religion, as tributary streams to the great ocean of religion. The minister of religion is set

apart to the maintenance of his creed, to the perpetuation of a round of observances, to the conquest of impulses in himself, and to the deprecation of them in others. For the most part he is the soldier hired to fight against individualism in life and in thought. If he be, therefore, a man of large intelligence, he is frequently placed in collision with contending ideas of duty, and it not unfrequently happens that the universal and catholic is compelled to yield to the local and sectarian. With a very deep and hearty respect for this truly glorious man, we must say we are compelled to seek for the cause of Hamilton's inadequate sympathy in some principles like these; or could it be that the intellect was so much more generous than the heart?

We have already intimated our opinion that Dr. Hamilton bears some resemblance to Jeremy Taylor. To no one else, certainly, can we look as the Taylor of Nonconformity; for while in the sublimity of his conceptions he was often equal to Howe, in the play of fancy, and in the ready grasp of all learning, he possessed aptitudes which we do not find in that illustrious man. Those readers familiar with Taylor's 'Contemplations on the State of Man,' cannot fail to institute a sort of Plutarchian parallel between the two writers. We notice the same severity of sentiment, frequently exaggerated, the same profusion of imagery, the same love for classical allusion—although with Hamilton it seldom went beyond allusion, while with Taylor it was very frequently illustration, the same disposition to use an obsolete phraseology. Then, who does not recognise the same affluence of trope and figure? Poetry of the highest order, in Taylor, flowing, like a river, through the discourse—in Hamilton, sparkling like torchlight reflected in the stalactical structures of a cavern, or the

angles of crystals of some hoary rocks: this is the great difference between them. The style of Taylor was ovaler; that of Hamilton was angular: the one measured, and steady, and equable; the other sharp, hurried, pointed, broken. Taylor's style shone and reflected back forms and figures, like a mirror; in Hamilton the same mirror was shivered into a thousand fragments. May we say that it usually reminded us of a workman, capable of great things, frittering his time upon little things,—what Johnson says of Milton's 'Sonnets,' "carving heads upon cherry-stones"? All that he did was fragmentary; the curious criticism and scholarship of the *Nugæ Literariæ*—the magnificent Pindarics of the 'Essay on Missions'—the comprehensive arguments of the 'Essay on Education,'—of all his books that which has the most practical relation to the times, since in it he may be said to close the argument touching the parties responsible for popular education: still all appears to be fragmentary. Sermons and orations only impress us the more with the idea of the immense resources of a mind never taxed to its utmost; we exclaim, after reading, "Oh, that there had been given to him some great suggestion,—some all-involving idea,—some master-thought which might have absorbed his powers,—have made a more ample drain upon his scholarship, his eloquence, and his arrangement of plan!"

If we refer to the sermons of the preacher, that to which we should be most disposed to look for illustrations of his method and his power would perhaps be the Bicentennial Sermon at Stepney Meeting House, 'The Influence of the Pious upon the Age in which they live.' How it may have affected those before whom it was delivered we have no opportunity of forming a judgment; but truly to those capable of feeling

the impressions descending from a lofty spiritual ancestry, the influence must have been most potent and stirring; there is in truth little of what we include in the idea of a sermon here, little of exposition, little of the imitative; it is the didactic of sectarian history; and if the mode of the sermon had been cast aside, it might have been mentioned as no unworthy companion to Macaulay's 'Essay on Milton.' He took the Lollards, the Puritans, and the Nonconformists as types of classes of religious reformers; but, omitting the reference to the interior portion of the discourse, our readers shall read the exordium and the peroration, for both, and especially the last, are eminently illustrative of that broken, notched, and ragged style in which he delighted to indulge:—

“And ‘one generation passeth away, and another cometh.’ There is nothing constant but vicissitude. Nothing abides but the great law of change. It is with melancholy reflections that we mark those ancient convulsions of our planet in which whole races of the inferior animals, once inhabitants of it, have perished, leaving but their frail shell or huge skeleton behind, embalmed as in their very destruction. But how far more sad and solemn is the thought that entire successions of our fellow-men, at numerous given points of time, have been swept into the dark recesses of the earth, and have been reconverted into its dust! They lie not in the integrity and the inviolate security of such lower tribes; in majestic chambers, in the sarcophagus of deep-hid, incorrodible alabaster and marble. Our graves are not built like theirs, of the everlasting rocks. Our forms do not retain the impression of our habits and proclaim the history of our lives from untold ages. Man, in comparison, quickly sees corruption; yet,

though his physical relics do not survive,—though the granite and porphyry rest not as tombstone over his remains,—though he asks but a little earth, and that almost upon the surface of his dwelling-place, he leaves memorials which attest his superior greatness. Other creatures have perished, and some of their kinds have not been renewed. But the human being lives on, however his generations disappear. Still every one in those generations has found his time to die, and his place of rest. This is an overwhelming meditation! When we wander among the ruins of olden cities,—when the excavation brings to light the traces of their life and the arts of their invention,—what a lesson does their present silence teach! What a dread sensation strikes from their depopulated solitude! Here the craftsman plied his toil! here the sage pursued his abstraction! here the merchant accumulated his wealth! here the noble paraded his pomp! here rose the clamour and swarmed the multitude of the undistinguished masses, in their meanest conditions and humblest homes! Where are they all? the once busy, crowding actors of this deserted scene! And this is but a contracted field for observation. It is only a small specimen and instance. Ye who ever saw the sun, who ever lived on earth, who ever breathed this vital air; ye mighty men of old, men of renown,—ye nations, which have not bequeathed a name,—ye kingdoms, which have not retained a shadow,—ye buried hosts, ye vassals of oppression and victims of cruelty,—who can count your throng and conceive your number? Ye are to us unknown and unnoted as the exhaled dew-drops of the morning, as autumn's fallen and withered leaves."

And the following is the peroration of the same discourse:—

“ You are surrounded by holy dust. Ye are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses. Others have laboured, and ye have entered into their labours. The heir-loom is only in your keeping. Yours is but a trust. Remember them who have borne rule over you. Live in the past. Revolve your period. Live in the future. Renew your youth. Forecast your age. Shame not your fathers. Rob not your children. Centuries this day speak to you with their awful voice. They open to you their dread remains. Their shadow now revolves upon your dial! They find an index and circle in the legend of your history! Learn from them how short your individual time is, and how frail you are. Make your own day and generation memorable. Weave a bright link between the century which now closes and that which now begins. Let that new age find more earnestness in the past. Arouse every energy. Grapple every difficulty. Let the mantle of your fathers rest upon you. Be baptized in the room and instead of the dead. Coeval as you have been with strait and with danger, so shall you be coeval with fulness and triumph. Though former ages rose around you as dark and stormy billows, the future shall glide at your side as the soft swells of a summer sea.”

In some of the sermons of the Doctor, it would seem as if nothing could add to the brilliancy of the effect produced by the combination of images; and contrary to rhetorical rule and usual custom, he sometimes was in the habit of placing the most dazzling array of fancy in the very foreground of his discourse. Many of our readers must be familiar with his exordium to the Sermon on the Last Judgment:—

“ Suffer me to relieve emotions which the recital of words like these cannot fail to raise, by an allusion to a well-known fact.

“When Massillon pronounced one of those discourses which have placed him in the first class of orators, he found himself surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The temple was not only hung with sable, but shadowed with darkness, save the few twinkling lights of the altar. The beauty and the chivalry of the land were spread out before him. The censers threw forth their fumes of incense, mounting in wreaths to the gilded dome. There sat majesty clothed in sack-cloth and sunk in grief. All felt in common, and as one. It was a breathless suspense. Not a sound stole upon the awful stillness. The master of mighty eloquence arose. His hands were folded on his breast. His eyes were lifted to heaven. Utterance seemed denied him. He stood abstracted and lost. At length his fixed look unbent; it hurried over the scene, where every pomp was mingled and every trophy strewn. It found no resting-place for itself amidst all that idle parade and all that mocking vanity. Again it settled; it had fastened on the *bier*, glittering with escutcheons and veiled with plumes. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man ‘at his best estate,’ of the meanness of the highest human grandeur, now made plain in the spectacle of that hearsed mortal, overcame him. His eye once more closed; his action was suspended; and, in a scarcely audible whisper, he broke the long-drawn pause—‘*There is nothing great but God.*’

“It would be in vain for me to attempt his power of impression; but it may not be wrong to covet his depth of feeling. And while these words are yet vibrating on your ears, and are harrowing up your souls, I take the abrupt and sublimely affecting sentence, and mould it to the present theme—*There is nothing solemn but Judgment.*

“*The thunder-storm is solemn*; when the lightnings ‘as arrows shoot abroad;’ when the peals startle up the

nations ; when the dread artillery rushes along the sky. But what is that to the far-resounding crash, louder than the roar and bellow of ten thousand thunders, which shall pierce to the deepest charnels, and which all the dead shall hear ?

“ The sea-tempest is solemn : when those huge billows lift up their crests ; when mighty armaments are wrecked by their fury ; broken as the foam, scattered as the spray. But what is that to the commotion of the deep, when ‘ its proud waves ’ shall no more ‘ be stayed,’ its ancient barriers no more be observed, the great channels be emptied, and every abyss be dry ?

“ The earthquake is solemn : when without a warning cities totter, and kingdoms rend, and islands flee away. But what is it to that tremor which shall convulse our globe, dissolving every law of attraction, untying every principle of aggregation, heaving all into chaos and heaping all into ruin ?

“ The volcano is solemn : when its cone of fire shoots to the heavens ; when from its burning entrails the lava rushes to overspread distant plains and to overtake flying populations. But what is that to the conflagration in which all the palaces and the temples and the citadels of the earth shall be consumed ; of which the universe shall be but the sacrifice and the fuel ?

“ GREAT GOD ! must *our* eyes see—*our* ears hear—these desolations ? Must *we* look forth upon these devouring flames ? Must we stand in judgment with Thee ? Penetrate us now with thy fear ; awaken the attention which thy trump shall not fail to command ; surround our imagination with the scenery of that great and terrible day. Let us now come forth from the graves of sin, of unbelief, of worldliness, to meet the overture of thy mercy, as we must perforce start then from our

sepulchres to see the descending Judge. Judge us now, that thou mayest not condemn us then. Let thy terror persuade, that it may not crush us."

And those who have heard the Doctor will remember how deep and truly touching occasionally was his pathos, both in sentiment, expression, and utterance; notice the following description of a departing saint:—

"And oh, the immediateness of this joy! There is not a computable point of time. It is not a sand-fall. It is scarcely the twinkling of an eye. There lies my friend. He hastens to depart. Death is upon him. The change has well-nigh come. How little intervenes between his present humiliations and his awaiting glories! I tremble to think what in an instant he must be! How unlike all he was! How extreme to all he is! I bend over thee, and mark thy wasted, pallid frame! I look up, and there is ascending above me an angel's form! I stoop to thee, and just can catch thy feeble, gasping whisper! I listen, and there floats around me a seraph's song! I take thy hand, tremulous and cold—it is waving to me from yonder skies! I wipe thy brow, deep and furrowed—it is enwreathed with the garland of victory! I slake thy lip, bloodless and parched—it is drinking the living fountains, the overflowing springs of heaven!"

Vain would be the attempt to bring within the limits of these poor pages any adequate review of the beauties of Hamilton; yet we propose to ourselves something more complete than we have presented as yet. Would that our feeble fingers could twine a worthy garland for his honoured grave! The glory and the beauty of his genius are yet comparatively unknown. Do we say too much, when we claim for him a rich power of descriptive force, transcending Bancroft, and frequently rival-

ling Macaulay? The topics he usually chose afforded little opportunity for the shafts of wit or ridicule; yet who, reading his papers on the Comedy of Shakspeare, or his somewhat unjust and unphilosophical attack upon Phrenology—who can doubt that he possessed powers equal to any of the famed Edinburgh Reviewers? In search of the glowing words of our author we look in vain through no composition of his pen—the difficulty only is in selection—the beauties are innumerable. To close our illustrations, we turn to the volume on Missions, and strike out two bright agate stones: the one, THE PLACE TOUCHED BY THE FIRST MISSIONARY SHIP; the other on the PROBABLE FUTURE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA by Christian Missions:—

“We conceal not that a tender partiality fills our minds towards an island on which Quiros, in 1606, left the emblematic cross, but which, nearly two hundred years afterwards, received the doctrine and influence of Christ crucified. The physical features of that spot draw forth our delight. That isle of palms—that palace of corals—that dream and enchantment of beauty—with its music of waterfalls—its intersection of hills—its shadow of dingles—the tropic-bird calling among its woods—the dolphin disporting among its waves—opening its bays where fairy shallop and pinnace might moor—lifting up its peaks as a signal to the storm-tossed mariner, and welcoming the approach of the stranger by its waving trees and spicy gales! Who can think of such a picture unmoved? And all the attendant circumstances of that voyage clothed it with a sacred charm. The ship which bore the missionary band was more venerable to us than the vessel of Theseus, which the Athenians constantly repaired—more precious to us than that which wafted Virgil, could be to the heart of

Horace ; and we would have only spared it to be turned like Argo into a constellation, floating in its depths of liquid azure, still a memorial and an auspice, anchored midway between the Cross and the Dove."

Our last citation, as we have already intimated, shall be the Prospects of Africa—is it too much ? is it but poetry ? We would fain hope not ; we would fain hope that the day is dawning over that wonderful and mysterious realm ; and that civilization may be borne to that most outraged and stricken quarter of our planet.

"AFRICA !" says the essayist, "that realm of wonder, where still moulder the ruins of Thebes, with its hundred gates, where still the Sphinx glasses itself on its mysterious streams, where the Delta still yields its miracles of fertility, where Death cannot, after three thousand years, destroy the dead, whose eld is so illustrious, and whose heraldry is so renowned. She shall soon stretch out her hands unto God ; scenes rise to our faith, such as never could be painted by our philanthropy. We see you, you golden-roofed and minareted cities, reposing in your greatness, with your schools, your hospitals, your asylums, your temples—crowded with life and gladness ; the 'old man with his staff in his hand for very age, and the streets full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof !' We see you, ye noble churches, your order and the stedfastness of your faith, how ye have rest, how ye are edified and increased, varied but united, purer than when your Cyprians and your Augustines ruled you ! We see you, ye majestic ports, thronged with every bark, a cloud of sails, a forest of masts—your stores of merchandise—not without many a lading of Bibles ; your multitude of seafarers—not without many a levy of missionaries, for lands where there is still no vision ! We see you, ye

peaceful villages, set against the mountain sides, shaded by the palm, and wreathed by the tamarind bud, echoing with songs of patriotism and religion ! We see you, ye mighty commonwealths, that need not envy the senate of Utica, nor the army of Carthage, rich, generous, free, only curbing wrong, only decreeing justice, only conquering peace ! Land of demoniacal inflictions, by which every tyranny spends itself, which at this moment, to its Great Desert, is the slave-chase to the world—weep no more ! The blessed Jesus bade thee hope, when drawing near to the scene of death, that he might be crucified in weakness—sinking beneath the weight of the transverse of his cross. Thou wast summoned to bear the load. Thy sable, woolly-headed man of Cyrene, Simon, who, as thy first trophy, is called ‘Niger,’ was for thee surety then : on him fell the dignity—through him on thyself—for which confessors and martyrs would have borne a thousand tortures more—a thousand deaths again ! And soon shall that cross be carried by all thy people and nations—not compelled, as was their ancestor. Ye people and nations, ye shall take it of your own accord, the symbol of your salvation, the signal of your hope, the light yoke of your obedience ; glory in nothing save it ! Teneriffe, lift up thy voice from thy throne of clouds, nor Atlas refuse to prolong the mountain cry ! Break forth into singing ! Gambia, Senegal, Congo, waft that strain upon your tides ! And thou, oh Zaira, through all thine awful solitudes, rejoice and blossom as the rose ! ”

We hope not to be called to an account for these citations. They have been lengthy, and yet they are one-sided : they do not display the soundness of their author’s mind ; they disclose rather the powers of description and of poetical sensibility than the fulness of ratiocina-

tion. It is the old story again; we are exhibiting a brick that you may judge of the architecture of the building. The proportions of this mind were very noble, and while we read even now, as when we heard that voice now hushed for ever, we are reminded of some magnificent structure, a glorious pile standing in the midst of refinement and civic splendour; the pavements are orderly, are beautiful in their forms of mosaic and arabesque; the lofty columns rise fluted and foliated, and colonnades and galleries sweep away in the infinite vista; the eye is left amidst such pomp to conceive more than it sees; it pauses before the richly draped caryatide or breathing form of sculptured beauty; but whether admiring the detailed proportions, or doubting their strict architectural propriety—whether standing enraptured and entranced beneath the coping or the arch, or, while so enraptured, venturing to suggest a dissent from the strange interblending of styles, where Saracenic, and Gothic, and Grecian, all festoon and interblend till sometimes the graceful becomes the grotesque,—in all these suggestions of such a building we find no inapt illustration of the mind of Hamilton. It was a poem—it was a classic myth—it was an antique scroll. And again we say, as we said in the introduction to these remarks, it is sad that no adequate and capable finger could be found to write a fitting inscription upon that funeral urn. More than seven years have elapsed since his death; more than eighteen months elapsed between that death and the publication of his life at all. There must have been a warm glowing of affection, one would suppose from this, in the hearts of his brethren. Long was the time before Dr. Harris decided that he would not perform the task. And then came the book: it had better *not* have been written. The work of a man utterly

unable to conceive or analyse a mind like that of Hamilton. And thus all that might have been made visible of the building is left to crumble from sight. Tadmor is in the wilderness; and when a few years more have passed away, few will be the feet treading to gaze upon the beautiful carvings of its pillars and shrines—few will turn an eye to the dear and cheery face of him who loved all that was lovely in humanity, in literature, or in art.

It is fitting now that this memorial should close :—

“What is writ is writ : would it were worthier !”

No name in the volume more truly deserves a tribute of well-proportioned worth; and now, as our eye runs over the lines we have penned, we find them faulty, but not cold, not depreciating. We do not attempt to stain the marble placed over his remains with words intended to underrate his genius and his worth. Of Hamilton as a preacher we have not been able to write ourselves in unfaltering sympathy. We feel for him the fulness of admiration—but admiration not without a perception of obvious blemishes. We imagine that no one can feel partial to the Doctor's composition when he determines to be sententious; and we cannot acquit him altogether of the simulation of sentiment. Jeremy Taylor has been charged with pushing his figures to extremes and placing forced constructions upon his propositions; thus with the subject of our present criticism—the dedication to Dr. Harris of the second edition of the ‘Essay on Missions’ sounds very much like inflation. Dr. Johnson was a double character—the author of the ‘Rambler’ and Boswell's Johnson were two different people. Hamilton was a double character. There was a side which was “natural, simple, affecting;” there

was a side which was extravagant and pedantic; but he was a glorious and magnificent being, full of splendour and full of beauty. He cumbered his spirit with too much plumage—he was too fond of showing the brilliancy of his wings; had it not been so, how much more lofty had been his flight! As in many another instance, the display of his book-lore intercepted the lustre of his better genius. He derived too much from antiquity and too little from breathing nature, and this veneration of antiquity gave also a veneration to antique forms—to the antique spirit. Hence his faith, and the mode of proof, and all the topics at once of his perception and reflection were inscriptions copied from ancient tombs and monuments. He manifested as little knowledge of, as sympathy with, the modern and more catholic schools of philosophy and thought. He was more a Sorbonnist than an Eclectic.

If we did not believe that our death as our life is part of a great procession beneath the eye of Infinite perception and Infinite wisdom, we might well sorrow that in the prime, and majesty, and heat of intellectual freshness, this lofty teacher was to us prematurely struck down.

CARDINAL WISEMAN,

THE LAMP OF THE PAPACY.

“ *Lewis.*

————— That face

Is pure and meek—a calm and thoughtful eye.

Walter. A shallow, stony, stedfast eye, that looks at neither man nor beast in the face, but at something invisible a yard before him, through you and past you—at a fascination—a ghost of fixed purposes that haunts him, from which neither reason nor pity will turn him. I have seen such an eye in men possessed—with devils or with self; sleek, passionless men, who are too refined to be manly, and measure their grace by their effeminacy; crooked vermin, who swarm up in pious times, being drowned out of their earthy haunts by the spring-tide of religion; and so, making a gain of godliness, swim upon the first of the flood till it cast them ashore on the firm beach of wealth and station. I always mistrust these wall-eyed saints.”—CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Saint's Tragedy*.

IN reviewing the pulpits of our modern temples, we must devote a word or two to those connected with the Papal prelacy. But popery cares little about the education of the pulpit; it appeals to altogether a different method. It is a part of its glory that it keeps the pulpit out of sight; it is characteristic of the Romish temple that you have frequently to look attentively round the building before you can perceive it. The Episcopalian pulpit occupies one side of the altar and communion-table; the Dissenting pulpit occupies the centre of the building; in a word, in the Romanist service the pulpit is nowhere; it is not essential to the service. In the Nonconformist service the pulpit is the indispensable and most prominent feature.

We have had frequent opportunities of hearing Dr. Wiseman, many years since at Moorfields, more recently at St. George's. We never had occasion to congratulate ourselves on finding that we were beneath the spell of that voice. The other day we followed in his wake some distance round the Crystal Palace, and truly we found more of the orator in the casual remarks he was dropping to his companion on his way, in pausing before the varied objects of attraction—most of the remarks, too, in rapid Italian—than we were able to detect in any of the discourses we heard fall from his lips standing on the steps of the altar.

We have selected his name as impersonating his temple—his pulpit—the teachings of his church and his order. As a preacher, we should greatly give the preference to Manning, once an archdeacon in the English church, and we expect also to Faber, whom yet we have never heard, but whose beautiful book 'All for Jesus' has charmed us in spite of its intolerance and Romish bigotry. But in truth the church of Rome in England has no great pulpit teachers; it does not rely on them anywhere. Rome might teach England in this a not unimportant lesson. Rome has in England no preacher like the Abbé Du Guerre, of the Madeleine in Paris. We have heard him discharging his fiery and impassioned words over the roused and stricken assembly. He speaks as in a tempest. He is the wind of the tempest, and his auditors are the waves heaving beneath the wind. Electrifying with vivid sensuous impressions, he not only seemed to us to be the type of French oratory, but the type of the preacher for the Church of Rome; in which sensuous imagery and impassioned manner are indispensable. We have also heard Lacordaire in Notre Dame, but that eloquence is of a higher order, and has

more brilliancy, and at the same time more force and solidity ; it assimilates more closely to our English method of eloquence than either the style of Du Guerre or the great Jesuit orator Le Père Ventura, who crowds Notre Dame whenever he visits Paris. By the side of these men Wiseman in his pulpit has no power. In every action (though he uses but little action) you discern the priest and the bookman ; he evidently does not care to make any impression on the average of his audience. His manner of speech is sometimes characterized by beauty and fluency of style not unworthy of his pen ; but sometimes it is clumsy and stumbling, and never forcible. His voice has a stealthy and sleek softness in it, though clearly a voice of great power. He has no single characteristic of manner or matter calculated to conciliate an opponent. Large and bulky, tall and stout, he is a man who evidently bears about with him the marks of a coarse power. The power is there in immense proportion ; the animalism is there in an equal degree. When he rises to the papacy, an event by no means improbable, we recommend his adopting the title of *Leonette*. He is a little Leo IX.—more like him personally and psychically than any other pope ; only in one thing do we note a physiognomical unlikeness—in the nose. Leo's is characterized by regal strength, Wiseman's by impertinent push. He has a great, round, forcible head, and would edge his way through any crowd, and compel any number of persons to do his bidding. But we are going to pay more attention to the matter of the Cardinal's speech than to the manner of it. He is no orator ; like many other men, he is listened to in public and looked at rather as a literary curiosity than a forcible and eloquent speaker. He has unquestionably large powers of utterance ; but in speaking from the pulpit or

the platform, you are constantly reminded of the writer. He has not sympathy ; he has not conviction ; but he is the high priest of plausibility. He is no orator.

More than once the idea has occurred to the present writer of editing or inditing a Book of the Cardinals. Those shadows flitting behind the thrones of the princes of the middle and the dark ages, more or less known.—What a power they wielded over the destinies of kingdoms, of Europe, and the world, in their purple slippers and red robes ! How stealthily, how silently, they pass and repass over the stage of history ! sometimes silent as lightning, sometimes appearing with more objective force, sometimes really grasping sceptre and reins of gubernatorial power, sometimes guiding or pressing together with iron force the paralysed fingers of royal or papal majesty,—wily, politic and crafty ; strong usually in the might of reserved strength, and in the ability to conceal and conquer a stormy tide of passions, to rouse and vex a kingdom to storm, and to rescue it from the storm. In our own country and in the other kingdoms of our old world, the cardinals have figured as a race of most remarkable men. It is very true that the most powerful of them have had to sit in the Sacred College side by side with titmice ; but let the reader glance his eye over the most disturbed periods of history in almost every European kingdom for the last six centuries, and he will find the Cardinal there. The democratic stuff of which Englishmen have been from the very earliest times composed, has guarded us against the insolence of foreign interference. But even we have recollections of Thomas à Becket, Pandulph, and Wolsey. France lay entirely prostrate at the feet of Richelieu and Mazarin ; as all Spain had generations before owned the mastery of Ximenez, while the history of Italy is the history of

cardinals: and a very pretty history it is. The legates of Rome have ever been desirous of fingering the keys and the seals of political dominion; ever attempting to sow discord among neighbours or fellow-citizens, that they might step into chancery or exchequer; always avaricious to obtain, if by the sword of open force, well; if not, then by the wily stratagem of forged parchments, false seals, or skeleton keys.

Compared with those men of iron nerve and will, our present English Cardinal is a very small man—a sort of *cardinalette* in fact; if mentioned by the side of either, he is nearer to the wiliness of Mazarin than the power of Richelieu. He has not pride, but he has an abundance of vanity which often permits him to edge his way in, where pride would be unable to enter. Far be it from us to deny to him the possession of many of the qualities of a scholar; but those attainments are dimmed by a perpetually present pedantry. He *would* be haughty, but vain men seldom, if ever, can be; and therefore we have instead the constant recurrence of choice specimens of insolence and impertinence. Meantime, there are many who regard him as a power in England; of course he is so regarded by the church he represents, and many timid and credulous Protestants regard him as a power too. His bust stands among the monuments of noble and illustrious persons of our country (!!) in the Crystal Palace. Appearing as a witness in a court of law, he is invited to sit on the bench with the judge; and in five hundred ways he contrives to be constantly before the eyes of the people. He knows well that, in order to *be* a power, it is necessary to make the multitude believe that you are one already. Thus we have to look at a great European celebrity, and we wish to conduct our criticism with all respect; at the same

time it is quite fair and natural to assume a very different, nay, even a far less courteous, tone to that which would be fitting to us were we examining the merits of modest and unostentatious doctors and prelates, like Lingard, or Rock, or Challoner, or Kenrick, or Dixon. Dr. Wiseman invites a far loftier test and standard, and presents a much more varied claim to criticism and observation—statesman, traveller, critic, theologian, preacher, and polemic. It is easy to gather from the tone of his writings that he conceives himself intimately acquainted with the mental, moral, and social state of Europe in general, and of the English people in particular. We venture to dispute beneath every particular his claim to the character of a high authority, and to assert that, as of the mind of Europe, so of the troubles and tendencies of the mind of England, he is profoundly ignorant.

We might employ some time in an analysis of the mind of Dr. Wiseman. We took up some time since his three bulky volumes of *Miscellaneous Essays*, really expecting that the topics of controversy arising in them would be comparatively few. We anticipated pleasure in the company of a man of taste, instruction in the company of a scholar. We will not deny that we have derived from their perusal something of these, but almost every page is defaced with bitter ecclesiastical intolerance and insolence. The artist and the scholar is here and there; the Romish prelate is everywhere; the gentleman is nowhere. There is theology, too, but it is mostly sentimental, and what of substance it has, appears to have been filtered off from the pages of Peronne. There is no strength in these volumes. We never pause and say, "That is a good position." "Ah! I never saw the thing in *that* light before." "Is that true?" Formula and sentiment are the angels of Wiseman's divinity,

as they are and ever have been of his church. He is the Skimmer of the Seas. By no possible turn of compliment could you ever flatter him with the epithet "profound;" nor has he in truth genius. His amazing *tact* is *his power*. His mind is shrewd and adroit. We can scarcely say what mind seems to predominate in the Cardinal; but it is not English. There is neither love for England nor thought for England on a page of the three volumes of his Essays; nor indeed can we well expect it. Irish, we believe, by extraction, Spanish by birth, Italian by education, it is only accident that gives the writer to our shores. The Continent spreads its imagery over the whole pages of these volumes; not the Continent of Germany; not the Continent of imagination, thought, or doubt, but the Continent of Spain, of fancy, taste, and æsthetic pictures. Moreover, he lives in Rome and for Rome. In one of the volumes he becomes very wroth at the application of the term Romanist; but he is *that*, and eminently *that*. He cannot see anything outside of Rome—art, or science, or politics, or literature, consistently enough, all are looked at in relation to Rome. Everything is beheld through the windows of a cathedral; the cathedral is all in all with him; and he will not have the light even there unless it come through the stained glass of the old Catherine window. There is no nature, no freshness, no vitality in the garlands even with which he decorates his church's altars. At best he sees all flowers in the hothouse and none in the garden. All religion has to be fostered by mere sentimental training; nothing is to be left to the Holy Spirit on the one hand, or to human freedom on the other. All in these books is like himself; he delights rather in burning incense on the altar than in cleansing the aisles of the temple; he prefers show to use. This we take to

be a fair estimate of the character of his mind. Meantime we have said it would be simply ridiculous to deny him power; but look at that face, that nose and lip, even without looking at the writings, and you instantly feel that the power is in state craft and cunning; in manœuvring rather than in magnanimity; he is the very man for Rome. We do not read in his character haughtiness, but impudence. We are not surprised at his becoming the apologist of Boniface VIII., though he would be like Boniface rather in the impertinence of the act than in the grandeur of the action.

And indeed we are grieved thus to express ourselves. We would willingly have forgotten for a time the debatable ground of the Romish controversy, and would have been willing to have simply concerned ourselves in this sketch with matters of taste, and scholarship, and æsthetic culture, and historical and national interest, with which topics his Essays abound. We should have been glad to have lingered over the frequent charms and graces of style, and the pictures of beautiful fancy, which, like sunshine through stained glass, do frequently stream over the volumes. When we commenced their perusal we remembered especially the gratification with which several years since we read the Lectures on 'The Connection between the Discoveries of Science and Revealed Religion,' and we hoped for a similar satisfaction in at least some of these Essays; and we should have gladly made our satisfaction the impulse and the text of our estimate, but the volumes themselves soon defeated all such æsthetic hopes and catholic tendencies in us. It is not too much to say it is long since from any quarter of literary respectability the press has echoed tones of such intolerant arrogance. We wonder even at the imprudence

and impolicy of a Church, even so audacious as the Papal, in allowing even her legate to utter such words to English minds.

Did our readers ever hear of an instrument called a "CARDIOMETER"!? We never did. It would be, we presume, a kind of moral thermometer; but whether to gauge the moral sensibilities and susceptibilities of a human heart or of a Romish cardinal, we do not well know; the instrument is quite new to us. Indeed *our* Cardinal regrets that he has not such an instrument, in a paragraph, the mawkishness of which most thoroughly disgusted us. He says that pamphlets on the state of the English Church affect him so deeply from his "affectionate" habit of looking at things—from his amazing power of "love"—that if there were such an instrument as a "Cardiometer to measure the affections, it would be found, after reading these pamphlets, they had risen or fallen certain degrees." *

Now we should prefer regarding a "Cardiometer" as an Instrument to test a Cardinal; truly a very difficult instrument to construct, a very difficult subject to test. For, look you, a cardinal's feelings are so sensitive that it would be very difficult to find quicksilver of sufficient sensitiveness to respond to the moral weather about the instrument; rather let us say that sometimes it is exposed to so intense a human cold that it freezes; sometimes to so incandescent a heat that it boils. Still in our rude way we propose to frame in these rude pages of ours a sort of "Cardiometer" to test our Cardinal. The idea is his own, we only apply it; he has longed for it, we make an effort to make it. We will try to weigh these ebbing and flowing affections—a difficult

* Essays by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, Three Volumes, Dolman. Vol. ii. pp. 300, 301.

task indeed! But in order that we may be the more successful, we propose to dig the mercury entirely from the mines before us—to make the Cardinal's words the test of the Cardinal's heart. For few things disgust us more than when the Church of Rome aims at great kindness and affects a large generosity of sentiment. Thus, in one of the essays in these volumes, we learn that the speech of the Doctors of the Romish Church is so tender towards those who differ from them in sentiment that they cannot even use the term Heretic: "Allow me, Sir, to say, that in the publications of Catholics, or in their sermons, you will not find the name of heretic applied to Protestants, however we may consider their doctrines heretical; and observe, there is a great difference between the two, while you in every page of your work call us personally idolaters; and were there any one amongst us to call down the fire from heaven upon any one of our fellow-subjects, we should say to him as was said to others of old,—'Ye know not of whose spirit ye are.'"^{*} Oh! tender-hearted Church of Rome! Well, in the second volume the Doctor revokes his opinion. He inquires, "Is the English Church only schismatical? Is it not as truly heretical? We unhesitatingly reply, yes." Again, noting the difference between Schism and Heresy he says, "We Catholics in these realms are very justly charged with schism, while Wesley was a Heresiarch." These, however, are very trifling contradictions and inconsistencies. It is nothing new for the Catholic priest to be the "accuser of the brethren," and therefore we find that in harmony with his church he attempts to darken the names, the memories, and the characters

^{*} Letter to John Poynder, Esq., vol. i. p. 251.

of those illustrious dissenters the Novatians, the Montanists, the Donatists, the Albigenses. Men like our author delight to attempt to smoke out the lives of these noble peoples from the pages of history. They sought shelter from persecution and corruption within the precincts of the small and confined chapelry, and the only resource their persecutors have had since has been either to burn down their retreat or to blacken it with the smoke of their own acrimonious invention.

We believe our readers will be pleased and amused to notice the following little collection of choice aphorisms and passages from these volumes; we may commend them to the attention as a series of delectable Wisemanana. At the same time they will serve to show the spiritual and political animus and whereabouts of his Eminence of Westminster and Melipotamus.

“The Catholic calendar is in fact but the almanac of the new heavens and the new earth, which the Lord of Mercy hath created for himself and us.”!—Vol. i. p. 435.

“Ours is the only religion of Scripture, and our inheritance its interpretation.”!—Vol. i. p. 107.

“*Protestantism is essentially irreverent.*”!—Vol. iii. p. 383.

England, “*this brutalizing land of Circe.*”!—Vol. ii. p. 429.

Protestantism in England.—“The already decrepit rebel of only three centuries, bearing stamped upon her features the history of her career; offspring of the loose, coarse, and scoffing mind of Luther, and of the cold, harsh, and heartless fatalism of Calvin, stripped of all the glories of a Church, with preachers for priests, superintendents for bishops, and consistories for synods. No nobleness of thought, no elevation of faith, no tenderness of devotion, is to be traced on her countenance; no fervent beam of hope in the future destinies of God’s Church kindles in her eye; coldly refining upon every word of doctrine, profanely sifting every evidence of love Almighty, paring down every goodly fruit of Divine revelation by the keen edge of

reason to its hardest kernel, and then throwing that away because it is hard; till belief in her hands has withered into opinion, duty into expediency, Christianity into an æsthetic system. Chilling, damping, love-killing rationalism broods over her, unless relieved by a scarcely less dangerous human enthusiasm."—Vol. ii. p. 369.

A pious fear on behalf of Spain.—"Greatly do we fear that, as prosperity returns to that long agitated nation, its first efforts will be manifested far more by an ambition to raise cotton-mills and iron-foundries, than to erect *pinacotheks* and *glyptotheks* for its masterpieces of art."—Vol. iii. p. 399.

Alas! alas! your Eminence.

"Could a person, who has not seen a crucifix, possibly realise to his mind the crucifixion?"—Vol. i. p. 107.

Dislike to Hebrew names—sad consequences from using them in Baptism—illustrative of popular ignorance.—"Go into an English town or village. . . Even here you may perhaps detect lurking the baneful symptoms of dissent in the very names of the young Ebenezers and Ichabods, whose biblical fathers would prefer the twang of a Hebrew appellation to the softest sounds in the Church's calendar. . . But you would find the people in St. Giles's, or St. Oswald's, or St. Ive's parish just as interested or as informed about those holy persons as they are about the Hindoo mythology. And how can one hope to make them rejoice and hold festival in their honour and commemoration?"—Vol. i. pp. 452, 453.

Our Lord's Parables.—"There is hardly one of them which does not contain an idea incompatible with Protestantism. The beauties of the parable of the Prodigal Son, we do not hesitate to say, cannot be fully seen except by a Catholic eye. Who but a Catholic can trace the exact parallel between the father's house and the religious child's home in the Church?"

The Church-bell, Protestant and Catholic.—"The good Church-bell; of all musical instruments it is by far the grandest. The solemn old bell, as it swings to and fro, receiving its impulses from the temple of God below, talks of nothing but sacred things, and now reproves the laggard, and now cheers the sorrowful, and

now chides the over-mirthful. But how shall this be done without *articulate utterance*? In nowise, certainly; but *this we maintain, a Catholic bell hath, although a Protestant hath it not.*"—Vol. i. pp. 512, 513.

The Sabbath.—" 'Sabbath' rings with Puritanism in the ears, and gives the idea of drawling sounds and sour looks, of bitter theology and domestic gloom. There is no balminess, no sweetness in the name. It belongs to a dispensation that is dead, and to obligations which the law of love has abated or abolished. But, singularly enough, that religious system, which affects to put all its faith in Christ and to loathe the Law and its works, by a judicial blindness clings to its very deadeast branches, and tries to find there its most nutritious fruit. Having reduced all its practical worship to the compass of one day, it makes that a mere superstition; it condenses only to corrupt."—Vol. i. p. 630.

"Call confession an abuse, a mistake, or what you like, there is nothing else on earth that will make the close of the prodigal's history look like a lesson or a home truth. No one can realise the parable of the Marriage Feast but a Catholic. Only a Catholic can feel the application of the parable of the Lost Sheep."—Vol. i. pp. 135, 141, 143, 144, 147.

The Bible interdicted to Protestants.—"We must deny to Protestants any right to use the Bible, much more to interpret it. The doctrine and practice of the Church must not be allowed to be impugned by those who have no claim at all to Scripture."—*The Bible in Maynooth*, p. 4.

Shocking results in our own day from reading the Bible.—"It is true that the abstract principle of the 'Bible alone,' as expressed by the apostate Chillingworth, has been an axiom of Protestantism; but it is only within our own generation that its practical working has been tried. Two means were previously wanting:—the great bulk of the working classes could not read, and there were no Bible-readers to supply that deficiency; and the Bible was not brought within the reach of the population by gratuitous distribution till societies for that purpose sprung up. It is therefore only now that the experiment is being tried on a great scale, of what the indiscriminate reading of *the Bible* will

make a people. It has been tried in the dominions of Queen Pomare with unexampled success. *It has*, under the judicious management of evangelical missionaries, *transformed* a mild and promising race into a pack of lazy, immoral infidels.”—*The Bible in Maynooth.*

Consequences of reading the Bible at the Reformation.—“Then came the great trial of principles, with the bold spirit that a revived civilization infused into the world. It was like the sudden return of health upon broken and languishing youth. With it flows back the tide of passions that far had ebbcd, and the flood of appetites that long had slept. With the learning of the pagans came back their haughty spirit, which prepared to conquer the dominion that ages before Christianity had subdued. Sensualism incarnated in Luther, Fatalism embodied in Calvin, the luxury and philosophy of ancient Rome, its Epicureanism and its Stoicism, came to battle with the Church. It was the war of morality through the contest of faith. We need not disgust our readers with the acknowledgments of the so-called Reformers, that every vice had frightfully increased since they had thrown off the Church’s yoke. The passages are accessible in Milner or Treverne. Luther, by teaching openly that a man may sin if he have faith—Calvin, by proclaiming that a pre-determined fatalism imperiously domineers over his actions—opened each his door to vice and crime, unchecked and unbounded. But both agreed in one means of gaining partisans and destroying the Church: it was that of setting up private judgment—that is, the pride of each one against what had held undisputed sway over the minds of all. ‘Not the Church,’ they cried, ‘but the Bible. Not the priest, but reason.’ Nor was it difficult to foresee that they who yielded to the call for the purpose of casting off the yoke would *find in the Bible*, what their masters showed them, *that continency was impossible, virginity no virtue, and breach of vow no sin.* Then, too, away were to go confession, and fasting, and mortification, and monachism, and celibacy, and penances, and restitution, and the indissolubility of marriages, and evangelic counsels, and priestly admonitions, and ecclesiastical censure, and whatever checked immorality and supported virtue,—the golden network of religious observances spread round the frail treasure-fraught vessel to

secure it from breaking. *Whoever read the Bible was to get rid of these restraints and holy ordinances, and was to live by a rule of his own making, in the liberty which his passions could wring from his conscience.*—*Bible in Maynooth.*

Thus we have formed a “Cardiometer.” And thus we could go on quoting to a much greater extent, but the gems we have quoted will serve to place before our readers’ minds a tolerably accurate portrait of the mind life of Cardinal Wiseman. We have sometimes thought our Anti-Romanist speakers have expressed themselves with too much vituperative force, but we must admit that no respectable writer among us of any eminence, nay, not even Dr. Cumming, has ever indulged in any such insolent language against Romanism and the prelacy of the papal hierarchy as we find overflowing from Cardinal Wiseman against Protestantism and the Protestant teachers.

We have often wondered how these severe denunciations of Bible reading and Bible readers are made to harmonise with the constant advice of the Fathers of the early Church to their disciples to read the Scriptures. This Bible worship with which Dr. Wiseman so heavily brands Protestants, is a crime of which very many of the great masters, to whose authority we suppose he would bow, have been guilty. What says St. Jerome to Leta and her daughter, advising her early acquaintance with the Bible? “Instead of jewels and silks let her love the holy Scriptures, let her go over the Gospels, never to lay them down; let her imbibe with all the longing of her heart the Acts and the Apostolic Epistles.” Does not St. Augustine constantly recommend the perusal of the holy Scriptures as the means and guides to self-examination and self-knowledge? “Certainly when thou hast contemplated the law of holiness in the holy

Scriptures, thou wilt, whatever progress thou hast made, find a sinner in thee." "See," says he again, "see God's one; he rises up daily and goes to the house of God, prays, hears the Bible read, sings a hymn, digests what he has heard, meditates upon it, brings his provisions into the store-house. Such is the conduct of the intelligent hearer. Every one sees him go to church, return from church, hear the sermon, hear God's word read, find a Bible, open it and read it." And in reference to the difficulties of Scripture, he says, "Hold fast, and devoutly receive what is revealed, and thus you will merit that the obscure may be made clear." And what says St. Ambrose? "As the word of God increases in our souls, then their life increases; and so on the other hand when the word of God is lessened in our souls, then their life is lessened. Hence we must by all means strive to value what is higher than anything else—to store up the word of God within us and to receive it into our spirit and our mind, to incorporate it with our habits of thinking and acting. Take for thy counsellors Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Peter, Paul, John; take the great counsellor Jesus, the Son of God, that you may gain the Father. How can lying man teach the truth, who knows it not himself? and justly the Lord says, 'Call no man master, for one is your master, even Christ;' but God enlightens the souls of individuals, and imparts to them the clearness of knowledge, if thou only openest the door of thy heart to him and admittest the light of heavenly grace. If thou doubtest, carefully inquire; for he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it shall be opened." What says St. Chrysostom? "The man who always reads the holy Scriptures, although he has no one to explain it to him, has a great advantage from incessant reading. Wait for no other teacher; thou hast

the word of God ; there is no other such teacher. Hear this, ye men of the world, and provide yourselves with Bibles ! Ignorance of the holy Scriptures is the cause of all evils." * Now all these extracts betoken quite as much "Bibliolatry" as can be found in any of the writings of Protestant divines, and these quotations are words from the Fathers of the Church.

"Bibliolatry" is a favourite term of the modern Romanists, and especially Cardinal Wiseman plays it off upon the Protestants ; and it is a favourite term of contempt used by the writers of the Newman school, too : thus we have the papacy and infidelity side by side in their hatred and denunciation of the Bible.

But we will look a little more closely at the delectabilities of these three volumes.

It is no easy matter to be religious. The gate to heaven was described of old as a strait gate, but we gather from these volumes, what indeed we had some suspicion of before, that it is especially difficult for a Romanist to be religious. So much, according to the Cardinal, depends on the state of the machinery, and in England the Roman machinery is so deplorably out of order, that there is really scarcely any possibility of being pious.

"No crucifixes on the wayside. No saints at the corners of the streets. Nay, we are worse off than all this. We probably have to kneel against a chair or the bed which we have just left, without a crucifix or pious image before us ; or perhaps in the very room where we have just enjoyed our evening meal, and jestéd and laughed, or quarrelled. . . . On what then have we to rely for religious fervour—for affectionate devotion—for all the variety of earnest, of deep, of tender feelings towards our God and Father, towards our Saviour and Judge ?—Why, almost exclusively on our prayer-books." †

* Quoted by Neander.

† Vol. i. p. 428.

Here is a deplorable case for a poor papist to be in! and yet, melancholy as it is, we quite doubt whether it would elicit much sympathy from the elder Martyrs and Fathers of the Church, or from those in any age to whom the Comforter has come with his inner consolations and witnessings. We feel, however, little disposition to speak contemptuously of any aids, however sensuous, which the pilgrims to the celestial city may require to support and keep alive their faith. We may regret, and even feel some pity, that it has to be maintained and kept alive by the externalism of so outward and visible a sign. However, there are in these volumes so many weak points and pieces of more than debateable territory, that we should not have so especially alighted upon this did it not occur in immediate connection with a paper and a passage scornfully reflecting upon the whole range of Protestant devotion. Protestant devotion! It is by no means clear to us that the Cardinal has any notion at all of the existence of any such remarkable combination. Protestant devotion is a very apocryphal devotion indeed. It is seen doubtfully flitting across an unhallowed temple, trembling near the pavement, not emulating a flight round the dome; as, indeed, how should it, poor bird! having no machinery to help it to fly? For it is the opinion of Dr. Wiseman that devotion is dead in all Protestant churches. Because we cast aside the Romish missal and beads—because we cease to mutter in an unknown tongue to the murmur of the priest or the wail of the organ—therefore we have no living spirit in our service.

“The so-called Reformation,” says he, “wherever it fell, blighted all warmth and tenderness, and introduced a totally new system of prayer. It was the dry puritanism of the times that influenced the compilers of its service-books. It was the

shadow of the Geneva gown and cap that hung over them a baleful nightshade, a joy-killing upas-tree, to all devotion and cheerful piety that came within reach of its heartless influence. . . . The mixture of the didactic and the lyric was totally swept away.”

We feel that after this our preceding sentences can scarcely be convicted of undue severity. Dr. Wiseman pronounces upon us in perfect ignorance of Protestant emotions and worship, as well as entire ignorance of our peculiar litanies and liturgies. We are aware that these are terms used to describe certain forms of prayer used by the Romish and Anglican Churches. Why they should be so confined we cannot very well see. What is all Hymnology but a mighty volume of liturgic utterances, sounding and swelling, sobbing and wailing, from the depths of suffering or rejoicing hearts? Protestantism has produced, we will be bold to say, such a psalmody as sheds over the glorious beauty of the hymns of Gregory, or Ambrose, or Bernard, the sunny splendour of a radiance yet more glowing and spiritual. Glad, very glad, and very grateful are we to hear the hymns of the Church in all ages; the strains that swell up from the cloisters where Athanasius or Thomas à Kempis mused shall be by no means unlistened to by us; but we shall in turn say, “Hearken to that triumphal clarion, that thrilling battle cry, that dying fall.” Cold! cold, did he say? Read that paragraph again, and then turn to the most impoverished collection of hymns used in our simple ritual. Cold! what then does the man mean by warmth? It is true that a spirit suffused with the hallowing fires, and seraphic ardours, and calm unearthliness of his Eminence of Westminster could not be supposed to know anything of the hymns of Luther. Poor Brother Martin had too real a fig of it in his day

and world to indulge in much abstract contemplation ; yet truly there is but little coldness in that battle lyric, worthy to be sung amongst the rattling thunder-peals of a rocking world,—

“ Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.”

Or that other well-known battle-word of his,—

“ GREAT GOD! what do I see and hear?—

The end of things created ;

The Judge of mankind doth appear,

On clouds of glory seated !

The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore

The dead in Christ, long saved before :

Prepare, my soul, to meet him ! ”

Well, we will forgive any Romanist for declining to recollect Luther's fierce hail-storms of words, written, as they were, by the flashes of wild lightning ; but certainly they bear no testimony to blighted warmth. For the same reason, namely, the awakening of unpleasant recollections, we will presume Dr. Wiseman knows nothing about the sweet seraphic strains of Madame Guion ; but it would be difficult indeed for any one to love the contemplations of St. Bernard or St. Francis, and, reading, not to love hers. Who is there, again, who takes delight in those utterances in which the soul talks to God through Jesus the Mediator and Redeemer, and does not turn, with never-failing affection and feeling, to the Moravian service? Whatever objection may be alleged against many of those compositions on account of their length, of their deep utterance of subjective feelings, no reader with a heart at all touched by spiritual fires could call them cold. “ How great the bliss to be a child of Jesus ! ” and “ Jesus, my King, thy kind and gracious sceptre,” are full of a pathos which not only reveals a

heart melting in writing, but possesses the power to melt in singing and reading too. There is a sweet and spiritual confection in the brief words of Bishop Andrews and Bishop Hall; while Jeremy Taylor, our English Chrysostom—whose ‘Golden Grove,’ and ‘Holy Living and Dying,’ are a perfect firmament of warm spiritual suns and clear bright stars—belongs also to the melancholy train, all whose warmth was blighted by the Reformation. But perhaps the Cardinal may almost claim these names as belonging to his own Church, separated rather by an accident than a conviction, and disallow, in the same manner, a reference to ‘The Christian Year’ of Keble, or the equally beautiful productions of Isaac Williams, ‘The Baptistry,’ ‘The Cathedral,’ and ‘The Thoughts in Past Years’—at any rate they must be classed as Protestant—with the golden words of George Herbert, or Henry King, Philip Quarles, or fifty other names that might be mentioned. But, indeed, the most illustrious names are unmentioned. “Protestantism essentially irreverent!” “Protestantism blighting all warmth!!” Protestantism destitute of the devotional impulses and auxiliaries of the Church of Rome. Was there ever a more shameful and shameless libel? If we may judge at all by books, then, the devotional offerings of Romanism at the foot of the Cross are poor indeed compared with those of Protestantism. Was his heart cold? Was the warmth of his soul blighted?—that youthful apostle who, crowned with early and intense consecration to holy exercises, poured forth the plaintive chords of a most tear-compelling melody, “Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!” changing immediately to the rapture of that seraphic song,—

“Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace.”

Cold! He has usually been thought too warm in his devotion who was able to strike that noble note—

“ Firm as the earth thy Gospel stands.”

Not Ambrose nor Bernard dwelt more immediately in the sun than he. Those paraphrases of the Canticles,—not even the Abbot of Clugny could have steeped them more in the mingled halos of purple and gold. Seldom has an uninspired spirit been permitted to hover so near the Holy of Holies, to utter and to see so much. Hark to the tramp of the pilgrims, while they sing as they march!—

“ The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From Faith and Hope may grow.”

Then you hear the strain warbling aloft, like a bird singing out of sight,—

“ Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer’s blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.”

Then another change. Suddenly a door is open in Heaven. At once the tramp of the soldier ceases, and the anxiety of the seeker. Lo! you!

“ *There* is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.”

This is some of the chill iciness of Protestant emotion. Was he cold, poor sorrowing one! whose life was an everlasting conflict and storm, but to whom it was given to sing, “ Oh! for a closer walk with God”? Was he cold whose ardours are only too little known, whose voice arose in that sacred chant of holy ecstasy, “ Oh!

happy day that fixed my choice"? Ah! how we should like to pour along into the ears of the Cardinal the long succession of names dear to our hearts as Englishmen and Christians! It is a mighty organ that of the noble Protestant church. We have sounds that strike home to the heart, versicles that shoot darts of loving fire into the spirit. We have our "*De Profundis*," and "*Te Deum*." We have hymns that wreath the spirit of the worshipper and the place as in a cloud of fragrance. He who wrote—

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height"—

singing like some sequestered hermit from his cave, although passing his life so usefully and openly that he again could pour out the singing defiance to the world,—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!"

—he had no cold heart. Nor he, sweet singer, who has knelt and murmured so musically—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Nor he, our last, but by no means our least, in honour or in love, who bids us, in those thrilling words,

"Go to dark Gethsemane;"

and tuned for us so sweetly every office of prayer,—

"The soul's sincere desire."

It is to the honour of our country and our Protestantism that we can show such a noble temple of praises, can collect in such a mighty volume the Voices of the Church, as utterly leaves behind all the Missals, and Psalters, and Gardens of the Soul, and Breviaries, of any of those Churches claiming for themselves an especial and peculiar apostolicity. It is true our Hymn-books will be searched in vain for the "*Stabat Mater*," or the "*Ave*

Maria Stella." But they are not wanting in the "*Dies Iræ*," or the "*Lucis Creator*," or the "*Veni Sancte Spiritus*." We have words expressing every varying shade of religious tenderness, every phase of heart experience; and when those words are poured forth with more or less unction or simplicity, with more or less art or earnestness, as we have heard them sometimes, though seldom, ringing along the nave, and chancel, and aisles of the minster or parish church; sometimes, when in the great metropolitan chapel two thousand voices mingled together, bearing up the heart as if on the waves and the billows of sound; sometimes, in the little village chapel, crowded full of heart, full of life, although echoing with voices untrained to harmony: we have thought that coldness was by comparison with Rome the last thing that could be attributed to Protestantism in the form of its services. True, Protestantism depends more for the efficiency of its service on the warmth of the many than the one; depends more on the congregation for the magnificent concord of sounds than on the singing gallery; does not deal in dirges or masses; does not employ opera-singers to aid its devotions, or even prostitutes or eunuchs; still, with all these shocking abatements, it is not cold-hearted. It lacks some æsthetic charms; it is sadly destitute in certain mechanic, nay, even liturgic, formularies. The contempt Dr. Wiseman feels for it is unbounded; and yet poor old Protestantism, every way so badly off, without a bell, without a rosary, without processions, without festivals, and therefore without any tenderness; obliged to say prayers without a book; without the crucifix, or the wayside cross; without, as it seems to Dr. Wiseman, any means of keeping alive religion at all: this Protestantism has in every English village praying men and women, who

need no crucifix to keep in their hearts' memory the love of the Crucified One ; many times in the week has in every village, prayer-meetings, where there are some simple, untutored men who have power with God, whose heart, like an urn, holds a Divine love, although their eyes never saw nor their fingers touched breviary or beads.

But we feel that we have reproved too faintly the insolent arrogance and heartless folly of the charge ignoring the devotion of the millions of our fellow-worshippers. Still, far be it from us to treat with the same contempt the devotional feelings and necessities of the worshippers of the Romish Church. We can feel that their service is impaired by their mummary and by practices which to our minds look like impiety ; but we know that their offering of worship may be accepted, darkened as it is unquestionably by the smoke of human ceremony and merit ; we know that it is said, while " the wood, and hay, and stubble " shall be burnt, the builder may be himself saved, even in the midst of his worthless and flaming building. But the teaching of Dr. Wiseman is another illustration to us and to all readers who shall deeply ponder its meaning, how much the Church of Rome neglects " the gold, the silver, and the precious stones," and piles her pillars and turrets high with those same rotting and combustible materials which will not stand the flame. Everywhere throughout these volumes we see that it is the object of this Church to build a temple around man—to construct a religion outside of him, not one within him. The religion of sentiment and symbolism—that is the staple matter of these volumes. " To a Catholic," says Dr. Wiseman, " the discussion as to what prayers should be said at the *faldstool* seems child's-play." To us many things in these

volumes have seemed child's-play: they are full to overflowing of meretricious sentiment and ridiculous and fulsome directions, and defences of the Church's exhibitions and dumb show. We cannot ourselves say that any of the curious readings and expositions in these volumes have filled us with much surprise: in the first place, because we are tolerably well acquainted, as far as a Protestant may or can be, with the Romish formulary; and, in the second place, because we have quite ceased to feel any surprise at any morsel of nonsense the doctors of that Church may choose to entertain us with. Still, we have here a variety of things very new; and if, begging the author's and his Church's pardon, they were not so very blasphemous, things which would strike our perverted understandings as being very funny; for instance, we learn that Roman Catholic processions are the realization of the living waters of the prophet Ezekiel:—

“The Catholic procession,” saith Wiseman the Commentator, “is the overflowing of religious joy beyond the vessel which usually contains it. It is the mystical stream which Ezekiel saw flowing from the altar of the holy place, and issuing abroad through the temple-gates, deepening and swelling as it flows along till it becomes a mighty torrent, bounding forward in exultation, and making a joyful noise as the sound of many waters.”*

Here is a pretty wresting of Scripture! “Ho! ye that are thirsty, come ye to the waters” (*i.e.* Roman Catholic processions)! “And I saw a pure river of water of life (a Roman Catholic procession), clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb.” What a beautiful and original gloss is this! and if we do with it as the old Greek recommended—paint our

* Vol. i. p. 462.

figure—what a very pretty figure we make of it! And thus our writer sets before us the devotional exercises of his Church. It is not wonderful that to such a mind “Protestantism” should seem “essentially irreverent.” In fact, the difference between the two religions lies in this—that Popery is eminently Objective, while Protestantism is as eminently Subjective. Popery is always attempting to embody its emotions in some shape or form, in some ritual or sacrament, in some robe or crucifix, some canvas, or wood, or stone. The Romanist is never lost in the infinity of truth and faith. The Protestant, who does realise his religious ideas, dwells much more constantly in the neighbourhood of eternal realities and beauties; his mind hovers much more constantly over the glories of the spiritual state. The creed of Protestantism leaves more for the mind to do; there is room for the imagination; there is “ample verge” for thought. Wiseman pronounces a coarse condemnation on our Protestant services, because they lack affectionate utterances. We confess we dread expressions addressed to God, and even to our Lord Jesus Christ, savouring too much of earthly passion; and of this some of *our* “cold” hymns are too full; but, without following our writer in impeaching the piety or devotion of those who differ from us, we must think that our Protestant ritual mounts higher on the balanced wings of love and reverence. The breath of an organ could not assist a skylark or an eagle to soar towards heaven—it springs to the blue sky by its own organic life; and we are more and more persuaded that however exalted works of taste may blend and mingle in our devotional buildings, dazzling or melting the eye in architecture, rending the soul in anthem or in chant, Protestantism and Popery are alike in this—that every impulse of pure

and true devotion in either, must be, not the movement of the blood, but the implantation of the Divine Spirit, "who doth prefer before all temples the humble heart and pure."

As we have already signified, dissenters from the Church of England receive in these papers no notice at all. We must venture to think that this arises from their being composed of so much more unmanageable material. Unquestionably the concessions made to the Romanist, even by the most moderate Anglican, the lowest of the Low-church party, give a great vantage-ground. The nonconformist refuses to yield a single point, and finds the advantage in the debate: nay, with him the Romanist is usually wary how he allows himself to be entangled in debate. There is, however, one paper in the second volume of these Essays to which we may for a few moments refer, since of course all sects of Protestant Christians are involved in its conclusions. It is the paper 'On the Unreality of Anglican Belief.' "The noun," says the Doctor, "is Reality; the verb is to Realise." But this he affirms the Anglican and the Protestant, therefore of all our sects, cannot do. There is no realising power in the faith; and, indeed—he thus very adroitly seems to cover our creed and our worship with an entire pall—denies to us, in fact, the possibility of having a faith or a religion; very coolly sponges out our every claim to be religious beings; for if we have no reality, and have no power to realise or appropriate the principles of religion, we have none. It is as ludicrous a paper, as worthless, as unmeaning, as any ever penned by a mortal. The only persons on whom it can by any possibility produce any impression are those belonging to the High-church party in England. But what is the process of this modern Aquinas, this great

Sorbonnist? How does he destroy the claim of the humble believer in revelation to any reality in his faith? He advances with his wonted flourish. It is the practice of our writer to flourish before you his intentions, even as a butcher, before carving, shakes, with the mere delight of the thing, his knife to and fro on the steel. "We intend to bring the question to an issue." "May we not reason thus: 'Wherever our blessed Saviour is, He is the direct and proper object of adoration; but, according to the Church of England, there is nothing to be adored in the Eucharist; therefore, according to it, he is not there;' and this, we think, may alone decide the matter of reality in the belief imputed to it." A summary settlement, that! A clear, convincing, straightforward logic, that! Here is a vast charity and a mighty reasoning; and how unfortunate for us! for we see clearly that there is no half-way house between Romanism and Atheism. If I cannot see God in a piece of bread, then I am prevented from seeing him anywhere! I must realise the Divine presence so, or not at all. Here is the degradation of Romanism—its absurd sensuality or sensuousness. And this is what this petty casuist calls destroying the reality of our faith. But a few pages farther on he gives a specimen of what he means by "Realising a Doctrine."

"It happened once to us to be of a party waiting in a Spanish drawing-room for the announcement of dinner. In the *plaza*, or square before the house, was a parish church. It was pouring rain, yet the bell announced that communion was about to be borne to some person. All were busy talking in various groups, till one of the little children of the family exclaimed, '*Salve Su Majestad*,'—'His Majesty is coming out,' when all was instantly hushed; every one fell on his knees and remained in adoration till the sounds of the procession had died away. What a simple (!) expression! yet how full of energy, reality, and life! How

fully and firmly that child had hold of the whole Catholic doctrine, and how unwaveringly, unflinchingly was he sure to keep it while it remained embodied in so brief yet so ample, so simple yet so sublime a phrase! This is not an uncommon expression among Spaniards. In fact, the ordinary way of stating that the blessed Sacrament is or is not reserved at a given altar, is by saying, 'His Divine Majesty is' or 'is not here.'” *

That is called Realising a doctrine! And in truth we plead quite guilty for our part of the nefariousness. We confess we are very bad infidels indeed. It was worth our writer's while to entertain us with the teachings of this most interesting and witty paper, in which also he entertains us with the reason why, supposing the Protestant have an altar in his church, it cannot on any account be stone, but must be wood; the reason being that he can on no account realise that that altar is a tombstone, and therefore that it has the bones beneath the altar—sacred relics of departed Catholics, as mentioned in Revelations. This the Romanist is able to realise, therefore he hath a stone altar.† There is another thing, in which we Protestants are very unreal, and this is a very sad business indeed—we “do not love Our Blessed Lady.” Dr. Wiseman insists upon it that there is no reality in our affection, unless we love the Virgin as much as did our Lord himself.

“The Catholic,” he says, “can realise that affection to the very letter . . . and there is no other affection,” says this great Christian teacher, “will more purify the affections of the soul than the affection which Catholic devotion—that is, the realisation of the Catholic faith—inspires for our Redeemer's Virgin Mother.” ‡

Here again the *unreality* of the Protestant is very clearly and admirably proved. He goes on to say, but not to

* Vol. ii. p. 414.

† Vol. ii. p. 389.

‡ Vol. ii. pp. 427, 428.

show, that we are as unreal in our faith in the Incarnation and the Trinity; he does not show that we are so unreal in these doctrines, but the reason why he does not is, because "he trembled with a timidity" to which we own we think he is somewhat a stranger—he feared he "might be thought desirous of affixing a deeper stain" on Protestant Churches. Beautiful delicacy of tremulous consciousness! sweet perturbation of a heart usually so unruffled by thoughts of evil! exalted state of lofty perception! To him it is given, then, to realise the Trinity—surely the climax of all realisations—even as it has been given to him and his fellow cardinals to realise after their own fashion the Immaculate Conception and Incarnation, the last realisation of the Romish Church, which has lately made that Church drunk. A beautiful spectacle, that of those holy cardinals, so renowned for purity of heart and mind and life, sitting in conclave to discuss the womanly attributes, certainly of one of the purest, perhaps the most pure, certainly the most venerable, of all the daughters of our race! and who realise her purity most,—those who love her with a homage that only refuses to adore, and hover over her beautiful and blessed memory so affectionately, that they hail her for her Divine Offspring Most Blessed of women; or the lewd men who, under the pretence of homage, stretch the body of the Lord's Mother on the dissecting-table of the Vatican, exposing it to every vicious fancy and salacious eye, and, after handling it with rude and filthy fingers, would stone those as heretics who stand afar off, blushing for the sin of the Cardinal and the shame of the Virgin? And this is the way in which Rome "realises" all her doctrines; she debases and sensualises their inner truths. She is afraid to trust Divine truth to form a

religion *in* man ; she must make a religion *for* man and around man. She forgets the building in rearing the scaffold.

Still one thing touches us in these volumes : painful it is to learn the extent to which the Romanists are a persecuted people. We were not before aware of the extent to which they are called upon to suffer ; in our ignorance we had even supposed they had occupied some certain pieces of vantage-ground as compared with other sects : in the following passage, however, we find how greatly we have been mistaken ; the following passage delineates a refinement of cruelty—a pertinacious infliction of barbarities, such as even the chambers of the Inquisition have never, we will be bound to say, enforced on Protestant delinquents. The occasion supposed is the attempt to hold in England a Roman Catholic festival, or procession, or saintly holiday :—

“We can easily conceive the horror, the fright, the dismay which would fill the breasts and disturb the features of pious ladies and preachers of every sort ; nor can we help imagining to ourselves the machinery that would be set to work to spoil the holiday sport, for we have seen it put in motion in provincial towns, to avert the calamity of a good attendance on any extraordinary Catholic function. First, there would be placards on the walls and in the shop-windows, of which the leading words in unusually large letters would tell to a hasty observer the whole sense :— ‘ Christians beware ! — Popish Superstition ! — Worst Corruptions ! — Profane Amusements ! — Glorious Reformation ! — Resisted to the Death ! ’ Then, the Independents would choose that very day for the ordination or reading-in of a new minister ; Mr. A. interrogating him as to his call, and Mr. B. of C. reading the ordination prayer.”

The Cardinal displays quite an accurate knowledge of Independent services ; but we confess we should like to know Mr. B. of C. who read the ordination prayer.

“The Methodists would convoke a missionary meeting, in which a Cherokee regenerated minister (known possibly when a savage as the ‘Great Wild Goose’) will appear in his own native plumage (hired, perhaps, from Mr. Catlin), and address the assembly and recount the history of his conversion.”

Really, our Wesleyan friends in that case must have been imitating the exhibition of the Holy Coat of Trèves.

“And the Baptists would convoke another, in which Mr. D., with his wife and interesting family of little children, will communicate their experience among the heathen; and the auxiliary branch to the district Bible Society would have a special meeting of subscribers; and every other sect would have something or other to exhibit as fantastic and as profitable as the shows of a fair.”

Almost as fantastic and profitable as the relics of the Romish Church.

“More than this we have known to be done, as we have already observed, to disturb a Catholic festival: enough, and more than enough, to destroy all idea of a happy communion of religious feeling between the inhabitants of one place; probably enough to divide house against house, and turn to bitterness even in the heart of a family what was intended to diffuse the blessings of harmony and peace.”*

While reading this touching and most truthful extract, every line of which is so replete with transparent and priestly magnanimity, have not our readers blushed for Protestantism?—that it should stoop to the ignominy of so bitter and malevolent a spirit. How fertile is the Protestant mind in all the schemes of annoyance! and, if the reader will notice, how surprisingly consentaneous the impulses of its various sectaries! For our own part, what has amazed us is the silence with

which these irritations have pursued their pathway of spite: for instance, we live in the neighbourhood of a rather large monastery and Romish church, but we have never heard of any such meetings to thwart the pious designs, and to interfere with holidays of the brethren; and, although our acquaintance with England is rather extensive, we do not remember to have heard of any such exhibition. To be sure, Cardinal Wiseman says, in the commencement of the extract, that he “cannot help *imagining*,” but he surely does not mean us to infer that his imagination is of that tricky and mendacious character that he cannot curb it in, but is obliged to allow it to go on fancying things he would on the whole rather like to be true. Rabelais represents Panurge saying, “Oh! that I were on dry land, with somebody kicking me!” We almost thought, while reading the above quotation, that nothing would so much delight his Eminence as—we will not say to be kicked out—as the spectacle of his Church well “kicked” in England: for our part, we hope in this matter he will remain ungratified, and must express our satisfaction that the cruel instances of persecution he has referred to are the chief he is able to quote against us.

One thing is noticeable in reading these volumes—on the whole, how safely the nonconformist sits while all the strife of tongues goes on about him. The second volume is nearly devoted entire to the topics connected with the Tractarian controversy—the only discussion now going on in the world, it would seem, to which our Cardinal thinks it worth while to devote his attention. He affects to regard the Tractarian schism as quite an index to the real state of religious feeling in the country. According to Dr. Wiseman, all heaven and earth pause in wonder and expectation for the consequences of the

Tractarian controversy. There is no other topic of debate referred to in these volumes—no other topic in which the age feels any interest, and we do not know that the age feels much in that. Very well; we have no right to quarrel with the Doctor for his selection of his pet subjects, but we will quarrel with him stoutly for his wilful ignorance or misrepresentation. He tells us, for instance,

“We may truly say that mental philosophy is becoming almost wholly unknown and unthought of in England; moral and mental philosophy have ceased to be numbered among the sciences or to be known even by name. The cultivation of the imagination and the relish for poetry are nearly as much despised and discouraged” !!!

Again,

“Who thinks of instructing the people about their souls—their minds—their ideas—their relations with another world? Who thinks of entertaining them about creation—a First Cause—God, in fine? . . . *The gallows-tree is more laden with the fruits of vicious, irreligious times than ever before—with a heavier growth of depravity*” !!!

In his Lectures on the Home Education of the Poor occurs the following shameful libel:—

“Why, where is the cottage where, if you find a book at all of any size, you may not calculate on finding the Newgate Calendar?” &c. &c.

Why, we would take Dr. Wiseman into many thousand cottages where he would find no book belonging to that class of literature. We take these as specimens of our writer's acquaintance with his age and sympathy with it. He is one of the very last men in this world qualified to lecture on the home education of the poor; and, we must say, his two lectures not only betray an entire and radical ignorance of the subject, but the parallel insti-

tuted even so partially between the literature of the cottages of England and France was without the faintest possibility of a fair analogy. And the charge he prefers against our English cottagers leads us to look somewhat narrowly at the account he gives of the state of society in Italy and Spain. It is scarcely necessary to say that, in the estimation of Dr. Wiseman, we have been as a people greatly misinformed in reference to both of those countries. Accept his statements, and you are then compelled to believe that there all is in a state of happy civilization; they are the regions of social order, devotion, and art; for us and for our peculiar civilization he has no words of sufficiently expressive severity. In his paper on 'Sense and Science' he very clearly shows that we have not advanced at all in our forms of civic life since the days when the "rude Etruscan" laid the foundation of Rome; and he further informs us that the people of the middle ages were better off than we are:—

"They lived to a cheerful old age without much influenza or much physic; and we do not believe their discomforts were greater than ours, although they knew so little of science. We have no doubt that in our age we very commonly fall into the error of making false standards of civilisation, drawn from our own wants and customs, and fancy that whatever comes not up to them is rude and barbarous."

So says our writer; he is himself an exemplification of the truth of his verdict. We are uncivilized because we have not a cross reared in every market-place—because our business is not interrupted by processions and ceremonies—because, instead of boasting of many happy homes, sanctuaries where God is adored and loved, we have not some one picture by Titian or Rubens in our village church to make us celebrated. It is very true as a nation we may perhaps err in leaning to the com-

fortable side of life, and more persons besides Dr. Wiseman are now attempting to expose the heinousness of our guilt in doing so.

We have perused with some interest two papers in these volumes on Spain and Italy, but we can only regard them as specimens of ingenious perversity and blindness. It is true our writer seems to be well acquainted with both those countries; we accept his statement that he has been a pedestrian in both—that he has travelled frequently out of his way to gaze on some choice fresco or venerable building. We admire the taste that can do this, and envy, while we admire, the opportunities for converse with scenery the most enchanting perhaps in the world, and objects the most venerable in art. We can understand, too, how an experienced traveller may escape the impositions of the innkeeper and the attacks of the robber, both of which depredations are only regarded with a sneer by our traveller. We can believe too that such invasions of the *via-ambulist's* felicity have been exaggerated, but our traveller has had the advantage of traversing both countries as one “native and in a manner born.” His position in his Church has opened ever a highway for him, easy and unobstructed; but even he lets out the truth. The paper on Spain is crowded with painful confessions; how the kingdom is a nation of ruins; how the churches, even the most magnificent, lie open to the winds. While in Italy, the traveller never condescends to glance at the happiness or unhappiness of the people. In what way does the Cardinal put his estimate on the social well-being of the peasantry? Let us see, if we can. He has pronounced his opinion upon the condition of our own people; if we could find his test of happiness, it would aid us in forming a judgment as to the rectitude of his opinion; but in fact that test is

hard to get at. How the people live—how the people think—what homes they have—what food they eat—what dress they wear—these are matters to which he does not condescend his notice. Through the whole of these volumes it is not too much to say that there beats not a human sympathy. It is the artist only, and the artist everywhere; he triumphs in the fact that “infidelity has no scientific existence in Spain.” Alas! that may be an evil or a good in Spain; we know it must be an evil; indeed it is only saying that in Spain there is no religion nor desire for religion. Presently we are told that “the Catholic religion is ever the educator of good taste.” On the whole we do not know that we were ever so struck with the exhibition of utter heartlessness as in these books. Europe rocks to and fro on the seas of thought and anxious inquiry, and not once does the writer, who has travelled much, read much, thought much, conversed much with men and languages—not once does he glance at the great questions of the age. The German school he sneers at, but he does not seem to know it, or even its features.

We are not surprised to find ourselves at issue with Dr. Wiseman on the subject of Civilization. Romanism, of course, with him is identical with Civilization, and Protestantism is only a synonym for, or at best a high-way to, Barbarism. We believe that we have said too much of material resources and material development, and have been too much disposed to estimate nations as we estimate men, alas! by their worldly standing and command over the kingdoms of nature. We do indeed greatly regret this: it is a characteristic incidental to our civilization, but not peculiar to it; on the contrary, it is the natural outbirth of that phase of human nature which exults in success and in the pride and glitter of human conquest and achievement. Our

modern civilization is in truth vast and massive; it is more truly Titanic perhaps than any previous civilization the world has known. It may perhaps lack the simple colossal vastness of the days when the pyramids were built or the Ninevite bulls were born from their maternal mountains of stone; but the material combinations of the present age are greater. The works of man are more amazing from his comparative absence from his own creations. Still we are free to confess that we should like to see the moral element obtaining more largely throughout our vast and imperial enterprises: but is Rome the critic to expose our failings? is Rome qualified by what *she* has done to act the part of censor? To material civilization she neither can lay claim, nor could she ever. Indeed the two ideas of civilization stand in contradistinction to each other as certainly as the two antagonist faiths, Romanism and Protestantism: the ideal of the civilization of the first is Sentiment; the ideal of the civilization of the second is Development. The first, if we call it beautiful, presents only the beauty of a dreamy, unsubstantial haze; the second presents the vigorous pulsation and fulness of life. The first is a prismatic reflection of colours dancing before the eye; the second is a magnetic force kindling into being and bounding along the blood. Dr. Wiseman would argue that his Church has given the true ideal of civilization. We utterly deny it. It has not given development to humanity, because it has not sounded the depth of man's moral being; it has not spoken to man at all; it has given to the world a civilization worthy of a college of priests, but quite unworthy of the infinite tides of the human heart. Look at Romanism; look at the civilization of the kingdoms where it has had the most secure footing; interrogate its history.

What has Romanism done for the human race? What? Why, its achievements resemble the library of a man who has nothing to show but novels; it has ornamented the world, but never expanded the heart and brain of the world. Summon the Mistress of the World before you. Rome! you had the sceptre of the world in your grasp, the keys of the world at your girdle, all kings and kingdoms at your bidding,—what did you in those days to develop the resources of the nations?—I built monasteries and churches. You were the educator of men and women,—what did you to humanize the universal heart, and to sublime and soften the character?—I preached inexplicable mysteries, and painted pictures. But what did you to ennoble the character of individual beings? how did you strike a spell on human consciousness? how did you awaken spiritual longings in man?—I taught him unreasoning and unquestioning obedience to the Pope. Had you ever any science in those days?—No; the Church of Rome has never countenanced science. Had you any education for the people?—Certainly not; education is for priests: if the people were educated, wherein and whereby would the priests be able to rule them?

There are several points on which, while it would be superfluous to hold any dispute with the Cardinal, we should like to say a word or two. We learn from these volumes that Protestantism has no Heroes—that it has not the power to produce heroes. “The days of heroes have long since passed away; the spirit of the cross departs ever with its symbol.” And yet the man did not, we will be bound to say, blush while he penned that! It is in the very same paragraph that he informs us that St. Thomas of Canterbury was a hero!!! It is in the same clear-sightedness into the properties of individual

character that he informs us also that King Edward the Confessor was the St. Louis of England. He, then, will no doubt be a cardinal's hero. It would be insufferable folly to attempt to reason with a man like this. Alas! his Church has tried pretty much the temper of Protestant heroes. He denies indeed, with his usual audacity, that Protestantism has produced any martyrs—will not have it that either Ridley, Cranmer, or Latimer are to be called such. We will not imitate this bigoted and intolerant priest—we will not deny to Rome the possession of much heroism among her followers of both sexes; but juvenile as Protestantism is in comparison, we will claim for her an equal amount of loftiness of conduct and purpose, testing Romanism even by her deeds in her earlier and purer ages. We will be bold to place Baxter by the side of Bernard, and George Fox by the side of St. Francis, and Wesley by the side of Ignatius, and Howard beyond Borromeo, and Williams beyond Francis Xavier. This Cardinal must have a very enlightened mind and a very loving heart: humanity cannot blossom except at Rome or in a Romish church—the instincts of nature lose their fervour and their force away from Rome—away from Rome men lose their manhood and their bravery, they cease to be fathers or husbands, citizens or souls. There was no heroism in Cromwell, or De Witt, or Sir Harry Vane, or John Milton; the Piedmontese, or the Pilgrim Fathers; Henry Martin, or Oberlin; Elizabeth Fry, or John Woolman; Thomas Shillitoe, or Sarah Martin: he never heard of any of these. The heroism of letters is unknown to him—John Howe, John Bunyan, or Jonathan Edwards. No heroes! Why, were we so uncharitable, we would reply, Fuse down the whole heroism of your church, Dr. Wiseman, into one soul, and

then you will not produce a Protestant sabbath-school teacher.

Furthermore we are told that Protestantism lacks all Art—that “it is effete for all artistic purposes.” And many persons may say this position is certainly a more impregnable one than the last. The truth is, Protestantism is young, and Art is long. But the same thing might have been said by a pagan in the third century of Christianity. To what extent had Christianity at that period of its history embodied itself in æsthetic forms—its statuary—its architecture—its painting? Protestantism has a literature, on the whole perhaps the most magnificent of any age and nation. Nor is it without its artists. In sculpture it will, we believe, transcend even its boasting rival; and in painting it can point its finger to Turner, to Martin, to Maclise, to Wilkie, Hogarth, and Haydon. Its style is as different as its impulse, but the materials for a lofty school are gathering. But it must be admitted that Protestantism has been engaged in working out plans of usefulness for the world. Science will perhaps only arouse a sneer from the Cardinal, though we do learn from his speech at Leeds that his Church never persecuted Galileo; and from his book that she has ever been favourable to scientific progress. Protestantism has covered the round earth with the monuments of her power—she developed a new epoch. Protestantism has given birth to a new order of men—Bacons, Newtons, Watts, Miltons, Cromwells. Protestantism has mapped out the heavens and the earth—made every storehouse of nature yield to her, and whisper its secrets in her ear. Protestantism has launched her fleets from every haven and port, and covered with them the oceans of the globe. Protestantism has reared schools and printing-presses—multiplied

books by thousands of millions—brought engravings to the home of the lowly cottager; never losing sight of the spiritual, has constantly developed the material condition of man—its law is growth, as surely as the law of Romanism is stagnation. While Romanism is painting its figures on the mist, Protestantism waves its wand and calls palaces and cities from the desert, and they come. Romanism, in a word, is a constant worship of colour, and form, and illusion, while Protestantism is a constant homage to spirit-life and eternal progress.

THOMAS BINNEY.

“ A scholar in this great university the world, and the same his book and study. He cloysters not his meditations in the narrow darkness of a room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his brain travels with his feet. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties, but his search is more mysterious and inward, and he spells heaven out of earth.”—BISHOP EARLE, *Microcosmography*, xxxiii.

THE ORATORY OF INDEPENDENCY is a fruitful subject for a book : it has often been in our thought to write something upon it, and we may still some day fulfil our impertinent designings in that way ; for this Oratory of Independency is a most suggestive topic, and leads us far back to many points of inquiry, and to many interesting histories. It might then become matter of debate, indeed, how far Oratory, in the usual sense of the word, is a fitting thing for use by a Christian ministry at all—how far it forms any part of the method for the publication of the Gospel truth. It would conduct us to names most famous, immortally so, in the annals of preaching—to many worthy sufferers from the Puritans of old Neal—to many glorious memories from Howe, and Owen, and Doddridge, and Watts, and other great expositors of the times of Eld. The Oratory of Independency would carry us back farther into the night of those old times, when Free Speech first arose in the Church. We should transfer our memories back to the days of suffering, when the thrilling voice sounded at night in the lonely room, or upon the moor or heath-side, for fear of the persecutors ; and we then might

inquire why this independent mode of speech has not only ever been the passion of the stricken and afflicted, but farther, how it has happened that it is only upon such speech that the religious life has been nourished, and has grown.

Certainly the Oratory of Independency makes no contemptible figure in the history of human speech ; for in its genuine growth and strength it is nourished upon the most stirring associations of the human mind ; and always, that it may be successful, it is necessary that such speech should be free. The great danger presenting itself—and that under which dissenting communities suffer in the present day—is, that the freedom of speech is trammelled by the tyranny of opinion. The Pew is frequently a more dreadful foe to free thought than ancient ecclesiastical usage and law. The more obvious tyranny may be protested against and set aside, but who can destroy the vanity and conceit of the wealthy pew-holder ? Who has the moral courage sufficient to speak out against the influence exercised by this one wealthy man, to the prejudice of the whole church and congregation ? Still the fact is obvious ; the Pulpit of Non-conformity has always occupied a peculiar and eminent position in the publication of truth to the world ; and, without giving to it more honour than is really its due, it must be admitted to be The Pulpit most famous for its average intelligence, eloquence, and zeal—the pulpit exercising most influence upon the neighbourhood around it—the most successful in the maintainment of doctrinal Christianity, in the spread of civil and religious liberty, and in the demand of an almost Novatian purity in the ideal of the Christian life. We are sorry now to qualify our eulogium so far as to say, that we doubt whether the oratory and speech of Independency is what

it was; it is crystallizing into pedantic formality; it is acquiring, more and more, the elegant dilettantism of mind; it is mistaking more and more the mission of the pulpit.

Do you not think, my friends, that the modern College system has worked badly? All this, we are aware, is debatable matter; and some two or three of the critics, as they look upon this with indignation (in particular, our friend the Rev. Dr. Stiffquills, the editor of the "Gospel Humdrum," and the Rev. Dr. Darkman, editor of "Milk and Water for Christian Babes"), will put a rod in pickle for us; our moral skin itches with agony in anticipation of the flagellation which those eminent and most sheepish divines will give to us. But all they can say will not affect our conviction, based upon a personal knowledge of the Independent pulpit in every county in England, that that pulpit is now suffering amazingly in popular estimation, and in general success, because divorcing itself from the most popular sympathies. It is a difficult question that—how to make a bookman, and yet not lose a human heart.

All hail, then, to THE MAN, wherever he be, whose aim it is to develope the capabilities of the modern pulpit—who unfolds to us something like a standard by which we may judge of its power! Hail to the man whose readings and thinkings are not stereotyped, and who does not aim to make his ministrations so! Hail to the preacher who understands his age, and who steers his course between the profound pedantry of the schoolman, and the impulsive vulgarity of commonplace excitement—who brings to the pulpit, matter which the calm-browed intelligence must respect and pay homage to, invested in a manner which the most popular sympathy can appreciate and understand! Every town in

England, and many a village, is ripe for such a ministry, if such a ministry could by any means be obtained. Oh, it is painful—it is dreadful to think of the hundreds of thousands of young, active intelligences, all England over, who are in agony and woe—not knowing how to solve the questions of Froude, or Newman, or Strauss—fascinated by the eclecticism of France, or the pantheism of Germany—enchanted by the eloquence of Theodore Parker, or the glacier-like beauty of Fichte—who are saying, from the depths of their souls, “Oh, that one would guide me and teach me!” or who are lifted up in vanity and conceit of intellect, from the belief that no one can do it—the melancholy result of incapable attempts.

More persons, probably, have heard of THOMAS BINNEY, than have seen him. The King’s Weigh-house is the rendezvous of all the intelligence of dissent visiting the metropolis; and the preacher of the King’s Weigh-house has obtained a fame among the preachers of his age, unique and perfectly remarkable. Mr. Binney is, comparatively, seldom from home; he does not travel much to preach; certainly not so much as many men with but a tithe of his fame; yet he is, perhaps, the most honestly popular of any metropolitan preacher. Although he does not avail himself of clap-trap cries, and “No Popery” riots, to attract people to his chapel, he has maintained a most eminent position in the metropolis, and he is at this moment far more popular than ever. We do not remember that we ever did procure, but once in innumerable visitings, a sitting at the King’s Weigh-house; and every Sabbath morning and evening, every avenue of a chapel by no means small is thronged with listeners; the aisles are crowded, forms being placed down the whole length of

them ; the children's gallery, vacated by the juveniles, is crowded too, and all attentive and profoundly silent ; while the preacher shambles and shuffles through the most stately and glorious thoughts,—occasionally with gesticulations and mannerisms the most odd and *outré*. Audiences usually reflect the character of the preacher ; the preacher reflects his audience. There is an analogy very clearly traceable between the heads of preacher and people ; the forehead of the one is the counterpart of the forehead of the other. This is pre-eminently the case with Mr. Binney and his people : his head literally rises like a castellated cliff ; its proportions are magnificent—the head of a man, however, of whom you would say, “ He can never be happy—he can never be active.” Of this we may have an opportunity to say a word presently.

The attendants upon Mr. Binney's ministry do not, that we know, appear to be more likely for *unhappiness* than other men in London, while they do indicate an unusual determination to activity ; but this much may be said—as Mr. Binney presents one of the most remarkable heads among the preachers of the metropolis, so his pews show a finer set of heads, more square, intelligent, and nineteenth-centuryish, than any other pews perhaps in the kingdom. So it must always be. Did we not say just now that preacher and people are the transcript of each other ? A pew elevated by intelligence and good sense and piety will indicate also a pulpit ennobled by the same dignified attributes : thus also the measure of the intelligence of the pulpit is the measure of the intelligence of the pew.

We know then of no preacher who so pre-eminently develops in his pulpit hortations the tendency of the thinkings and readings of the age. Very often he

appears to stand to you midway between the preacher and the lecturer: there is frequently so much of the grotesque; the Gospel is presented very often so wholly in its intellectual *rationale*; the acquaintance with books and systems of the modern age is so obvious; there is so much sympathy with the aspirations of the young, their hopes, their intellectual and moral efforts; the allusions to the laws and relations of trade are so numerous; there is such a constant endeavour to maintain the nobility of the commercial character, that nobody can doubt that Mr. Binney is perhaps of all men in England the man best fitted to fill the pulpit which, whatever other denominations may think of it, is beyond all question the most attractive and most important in its moral influence in the City of London.

Strange preaching is it, too, and strange is the preacher; nor do we think his eccentricity declines and decreases with his years. The truth is, he can say and do anything: his power of thinking is considerably beyond his power of uttering; but his power of humour is quite equal to his power of thought; and that which he seems to us frequently too lazy to convey by words, he conveys by a gesture, a look, a wave of the hand, a shrug of the shoulders. He frequently seems to say to the people, "Is it not enough that I look out the thought at you, must I put it into words?" You have the idea during the whole time of his discoursing to you, that he is improvising, that he is thinking while preaching, that ideas are struggling within him for utterance, and frequently he appears to be taken captive by his ideas. Here is the peculiarity of the preacher's mind, his immense ideality compared with his language—language the eye does not reveal; a lambent humour, approaching satire, plays round the lids and

corners of it, while a tendency to combativeness gives to his words a point, and power, and vehemence they could never acquire from the surge and swell of verbal eloquence.

What preacher does he remind you most of? Of all English preachers does he resemble any one so closely as SOUTH? He has more heart than South, more sympathy; he has not the venomous and satiric tooth of the old renegade; he has more loftiness of conception; but the points of resemblance between them are manifold. South, from no especial motive that we can learn, passed from Puritanism to Episcopacy; and Binney, after the radical effervescences of his youth, occupies the equivocal position of the head of the Conservative Dissenters. Both of them characterise their discourses largely by wit and humour, and do not disdain to rouse their audiences occasionally by a something more perceptible than a smile. South constantly distilled his best thoughts, even in preaching, into epigrams; and Binney flings, not unfrequently, the epigram out upon his congregation. Both of them also stand confessed as the masters of thought—thought original and striking, amplified by innumerable ideas and illustrations. We could very well imagine Binney giving utterance to such sentences as the following,—the old impotent silver-haired sinner described as “the broken and decrepit sensualist creeping to the devil on all-fours; a wretch so scorned, so despised, and so abandoned by all, that his very vices forsake him.” Of dunces occupying prominent situations, South says, “If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs.” Pride he defines to have been “the devil’s sin, and the devil’s ruin, and has been ever since the devil’s stratagem, who, like an expert wrestler,

usually gives a man a lift before he gives him a throw." Speaking of the human heart, he says—"None knows how much villany lodges in this little retired room." Now, as we could imagine Mr. Binney uttering any of these things, we could very well conceive South uttering the following:—"How the devil must chuckle at his success when he gets a fellow to think himself something wonderful, because he can dress in scarlet or blue, and have a sword by his side, and a feather in his hat; and when he says to him (and the poor fool believing it)—'Your hands are far too delicate to be soiled by the counter and the shop;' and then whispers to himself, 'Keep them for *blood*, human blood.' Fifty to one, as Buxton says of Plaistow and the Pope—fifty to one *on the great unknown*; on Brown, Smith, and Jones, or any *one* of them, against Cæsar and Napoleon; Wood-street against Waterloo, the world over!" But the modern South does not print his wit, he utters it and leaves it; and most of his published papers are quite free from that with which his ordinary pulpit services abound; added to which, there is a peculiar mannerism in the preacher—humour, sometimes covert, sly, and glancing, and sometimes bold and open, which is not without its influence upon his popularity.

But Humour in the Pulpit! We think we hear one of our antique friends exclaim—"Bless me, how exceedingly incorrect—how notoriously improper and wrong—how wholly out of keeping with the character of the time and place! humour in the pulpit surely cannot be tolerated by any rightly discriminating congregation." Ah! good friends, the writer is quite at issue with you; he thinks—he ventures to think, directly in contradiction to the practice, and very plainly expressed convictions of the majority of living English preachers—that

wit and humour, duly reined and guided as they will always be by a refined and truly pious mind, may be eminently serviceable in the pulpit as well as on the platform. They can utter a truth at a stroke or a word, and impress the results of other heavier labours by a single touch.

Partly in self-defence, and partly in elucidation of our idea, we will remark briefly upon the sacrilegious thing—Humour in the pulpit. And what is the first thought which strikes us? this—that geniality, and genial teaching, and genial thinking, all come beneath the classification of humour; and all homeliness of speech, and all figures fetched from the undignified concerns of domestic life, and that blunt eloquence and simple pathos which touch immediately the fountain of tears—all these are the result of humour; for by humour we mean the oozing out of our human feelings; and they flow forth in various ways, sometimes illustrating the feelings, and things, and thoughts which lie within the domain of our home and every-day life; and sometimes, as in Richter or Shakspeare, making these homely feelings æsthetic. And thus, again, preaching of the loftiest kind may be classified beneath two orders; and we have first the style which mainly gratifies by its power of rousing our loftiest sentiments: it is, if we may say so, Homeric. The speaker determines to look upon nothing that may seem to beget a knowledge of the little or the low; he has framed his own conceptions of dignity; he makes his demand upon his auditors for inflamed feelings, for a daring of the imagination, for sympathy with words suggestive only of vast ideas: this is the style of Bossuet, of Hall, of Chalmers. There is another style of discourse: the preacher does not speak to you through a trumpet; he does not demand

extraordinary sympathy; he does not appeal to the daring and wondering freaks of the imagination; he contents himself with talking to the people; but such a man, from the very ease of his own nature, will have obtained an immense store of thought; he will be easy and at home, from his confidence in his own treasures; he will have accustomed himself to look at every object in its most moral relations,—and every object, however apparently mean, will have moral relations, and symbols, and significancies: and the power to perceive this, and to utter the meaning, is the source of all humour, and the source of all practical power in the preacher. All of us have been astonished at the ease with which a man, who had never seen things in any new relationship, who had, perhaps, never beheld them at all in their real relationship—at the ease, we say, with which such an one could, by an amazing volubility of words, acquire great fame; and the ease again with which men endowed with large powers of fancy and utterance could obtain a hold upon their audience. Yet we came to talk to them, and we found them all utterly destitute of any real powers of thought; their minds had never moved out of the ordinary tracks and tramroads of thinking; in fact, they had never thought for themselves. Now you never met with a Humourist, but he was a Free Thinker, in the best sense of that word; a man who had looked at things with his own eyes, and not through a pair of spectacles or a piece of smoked glass; a man to whom things had therefore sometimes presented themselves in a ludicrous light; and to what man, thinking at all, do not things present themselves in a ludicrous light occasionally?—nay, constantly? The fact that the world is a very solemn world, and that the cup of life is a very bitter sacrament, does not prevent our beholding

its infinitely comic character. Laugh! aye, who can avoid it, to see the devil not only preaching, but believing that he is stronger, better, and wiser than God?—that evil is really, in the long run, a match for good in the universe?—that the worst is best? To behold folly dancing through the world with coxcomb on head, and golden bells jingling, merely to proclaim his folly, and to see all men crying “All hail!” and erecting monuments and statues, and giving testimonials, and delivering orations, to prove that folly is wisdom, and that cap and bells are a crown of righteousness: all this is very solemn, but it is very ridiculous too. Now, who will enter into the heart of this, to see it, feel it, and expose it? Who can make the ridiculous ridiculous? and show folly to be foolish? Who can lay bare the brazen face of an ancient error or a fallacy but the man endowed with the power of humour himself? Humour is the best dissecting knife for folly.

But Humour performs another office: it not only dissects error and folly, it presents wisdom in a more lucid form. We see truth most clearly when it is made the most truly human; few people are able to comprehend it when it is merely presented as a naked proposition, as an abstraction, or a generalisation. Here and there there may be one or another in your congregation able to follow you, and interested in your very clever and most searching logic; but how often have we told you that you must not preach to one or two, but to all? The most abstract mind in your congregation is human; draw it forth from its abstraction, as every thought has to be clothed in words to be comprehended; as we can grasp no thought without words, cannot even think without putting what we think into words, so we do best service for truth when we develope its high

humanity. And do you not know that *human* and *humour* are one? You see that in our idea of humour we have not thought, as most people seem only to think, of broad grins, of caricaturing, of loud boisterous laughter. Oh, no; the best humour runs along like quicksilver: it is felt, but it makes no noise. And you may be sure that wherever there is a man who succeeds in winning unfaltering attention to his speech while he describes homely scenes and things, or while he makes his pertinent common-sense appeals, be sure this man has humour, not the less because he does not cause it to leap and chuckle before you. Very much of the objection to humour as a teacher results from its being very frequently confounded with vulgarity: but vulgarity is coarse and sensual, humour is refined and spiritual; vulgarity is animal, humour is human. You listen to a man like James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, who has a congregation of from twelve to sixteen hundred persons constantly listening to him; you hear him Spiritualising a Wheelbarrow! describing his own power in analysing the subterfuges of sin, "because he was like the old woman, who, having been in the coal-hole, knew where to look for her daughter!" likening "the Arminian theology to milk and water, and the Gospel dispensation to fine old crusted port." Here is a choice specimen of vulgarity. "The other day, brethren," said Mr. Wells, "I met the Devil. 'Good morning, Wells,' said he.—'Good morning, Devil,' said I, a little bit suspicious. 'Are you getting on pretty well yonder at the Tabernacle?' said he.—'Well,' said I, 'ye-es, pretty well; but what's that to you, Devil?' 'I should think now,' said he, 'that really you *are* getting on very well. You've got a good congregation.'—'Well,' said I, 'yes, I have, Devil.' 'A good number of carriage-people, eh,

Wells?’—‘There are carriage-people. What of that, Devil?’ ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘all the pews let, eh, Wells?’—‘Yes, Devil,’ said I, ‘all the pews are let; not a sitting to be had.’ ‘Then,’ said the Devil, ‘I should say, Wells, you’re making a thorough good thing of it.’ Ah! brethren, I told the Devil I had a large congregation; that many of you were rich; that all the sittings were let; but I took care not to let him know how many of you hadn’t paid up your pew-rents.” Rubbish like this is composed of mingled blasphemy, vulgarity, and absurdity. We say, the man who can be guilty of this, is not enough in earnest to be humorous; that is, to have a real perception of the nicer and finer shades which we denominate humour. Such men would do to make a mob of bumpkins laugh at a village fair—may be a sort of “Cheap John” among preachers; but we call him a humourist who, like Cervantes, can shatter to pieces an already diseased and dying error; like Richter, distil from laughter the wisdom of the universe; or, like Chaucer, paint life-portraits of such true beauty as to last through all time.

We have often wished, while beneath the influence of thoughts like these, that there could be restored to our Modern Pulpit a man like Latimer—the good cheerful old Bishop-Martyr. The homely words and illustrative anecdotes of that most plain and Saxon preacher must have been most legible to the minds listening to him in that day. We do not know any preacher who more truly represents the English heart than Latimer. How the old man pounces upon the thought of the text! a plain common-sense man—he does not entertain us with refining and elegant speculations; he instantly draws the meaning from the passage,

and runs over his memory for some tale to point his moral with. Those tales, or rather anecdotes, are to us not merely illustrations of the Scripture discoursed upon, they are historic pictures: Sir Thomas More, at Goodwin Sands—Latimer's examination, and the rustling behind the screen—the candle and the corpse—the benefice bought with apples—all these, which will be in the recollection of every reader of those sermons, show to us how pertinent and how valuable may sometimes be the tale from our own domestic life, and to what important use it may be turned in the pulpit. The Anecdotes of Latimer now stand midway between Parable and History, and surely might rebuke the foolish prejudice which many entertain against the use of the Anecdote in the Pulpit. Latimer's was a quiet oversoul; he preached out of his fulness; and, therefore, the delivery of his discourses, as of all such discourses, must have abounded with pleasantries of characterisation, very delightful to see in imagination even now. We see, clearly enough, how the kind-hearted young king smiled at the happy allusion, and the bluff and sturdy yeoman shook his head and laughed again, with his "Aye, aye, my masters." The stately Somersets, and Suffolks, and Northumberlands were compelled to relax their dark, haughty statesmen's brows, and to admire the blunt honesty and plainness of the Kentish farmer's son. The Catholic priest looked on in dismay, and felt that he was foiled; that here there was a display of weapons which he had not, and of which he did not know the use, although he could feel and tremble at their power. For what record have we of any Romanist preacher who ever indulged in humour, or descended to the art of teaching by smiles, and by genial, healthy, honest-heartedness? and herein, we

think, there is not only an argument for the inhumanity of Romanism, but a ground for suspicion that we approach to the Romanist coldness when we, in our popular discourse, attempt to cut ourselves away from popular sympathies.

To what does all this tend, in the name of all that is prolix and long-winded? say some readers. To this—that what was quite right in Latimer, at St. Paul's Cross, is quite right in Thomas Binney, at the King's Weigh-house. You shall not attend there, very frequently, without hearing, at some compact and bitter saying, or some sly and pat allusion, or some passing personal anecdote, a universal titter over the whole of the congregation. Just such a titter we heard a few weeks since, the last time we had the opportunity of listening to him, when he described a visit he had paid to an Irvingite chapel; and, after an account of the robes and ceremonies, he climaxed the picture by speaking of the angels as “full-grown boys of five foot four, playing at priests.” “Just dust and Deity, dust and Deity, that's what we are,” said he, in another discourse, heard by us some little time since.

A great photographer is Thomas Binney; he can hit you off a picture at a stroke from that strong, humour-some soul of his. We go not one whit too far, in saying that his preaching is composed of some of the best traits of South and Latimer: he has the pertness, the short, swift, lightning-like power, of cleaving down through the very heart of a character, possessed by the first—the power of calling things by their right names—the power of transfixing folly at once by a single flight from the bow; but he possesses also, like the last, the power of painting, of dilating, and diffusing his colours over the canvas; he can describe, he can narrate; he has,

like the old Bishop, the key to the fountain of tears on his tongue; if he is full-minded, like South, he is full-hearted, like Latimer.

And it is because he is so full-hearted, that his sermons can neither be reported nor printed. If you have not heard him, you do not know him; for you cannot transfer to the page the expression, the look, the peculiar shrug; there is no translating these into words. And hence, frequently, it may happen that sermons disappoint us: we were impatient that they should be printed, and when printed we read with avidity; but we were disappointed; we supposed that something had been left out, and so, indeed, much had been left out—the genuflection of the sentence. There are no adequate representations of Mr. Binney's oratorical power; we notice striking and rememberable things, but when they were spoken the whole soul was on fire, with them, the fingers spoke; the mannerism gave grace to the graceful, or force to the forcible sentence. Humour has been described as acted wit, and you cannot describe action. Mr. Binney's humour is subject to no law of elocution, is moulded upon no principle; the expression of the mind flies into the face or into the fingers immediately. The person who speaks in humour may be described as one who holds a perfect telegraph between his body and his mind; the communication is so complete, that the material instantly obeys the spiritual; the outer becomes the interpreter of the inner.

The methodical operation and working of the mind of Thomas Binney is by no means equal to its versatility and profundity; the clear hold he has upon a thought or truth is by no means equalled always by the clear pathway by which he also conveys his auditors to its perception; and this arises from the fact, as we

understand it, that his moral vigour is on the whole superior to his mental. We may venture to say that he is not equal in his architecture to his conception; frequently he seems, and especially of late years, to work entirely destitute of plan, and we believe this arises, not from his inability to construct, but from the delight he feels in giving the utmost rein to his own thoughts, speculations, and volitions. In listening to him we have often thought him like a coachman who gave the whip to his horses, and with glee and delight saw them start on their journey, while his coach was empty and passengers waiting to be taken up. Certainly order and method are the wants of Mr. Binney's discourses on the whole; he cares neither for the method of grammar, the method of logic, nor the method of rhetoric according to the discipline of the schoolmen. In this looseness he is very unlike South.

Now many of the other characteristics of Mr. Binney, as a preacher, branch out from this one, to which we have alluded above. Geniality of character, whether in the pulpit or elsewhere, is usually associated with strong sympathy with all, especially with the young. Mr. Binney appears to feel upon him a kind of mission to the young; hence his long course of sermons on Proverbs; hence it happens that he scarcely preaches a sermon at all in which he does not either allude to the peculiar position of the young, or throw out principles especially adapted to their station in life. And it is young minds which sympathise most with his instructions—young minds, whether they be in old bodies or not—minds that continue true to their great progressive individuality—minds retaining the bloom, and freshness, and vigour of inquisitive regard to truth; hence the pleasure which every young man feels in reading our

preacher's delineation of Buxton is greater than that with which he reads the Life of Buxton itself by his son ; although that pleasure is one of the most stirring and unalloyed with which we can rise from the perusal of any book. Binney's delineation is more sympathetic with the character of his hero ; he sees him more clearly, and grasps him more entirely. Is there a surer evidence of the mental excellence, the growth, the sensibility, and genius of a preacher, than to be able to sympathise with, and (which follows from the former) to carry away the sympathies of the young ?

Lord Bacon has somewhere said that the opinions and sympathies of the young men of any present age always represent those of the future. Truly, therefore, the most important work to which we can betake ourselves is the direction of the mind of the young. Our preacher feels this ; and he appeals to the young, not in the tone of dogmatic superiority—he speaks with conscious dignity from his place as a teacher, but he speaks not by the old saws and cramped notions of unintelligent times or men ; he supposes the youths around him to be familiar with the thoughts of the time ; he supposes their hearts to be heaving with aspirations peculiar to their age ; and he flings his whole soul into his speech to them, and aims to be their captain—their leader ; to utter to them the inspiring words ; to cheer them to the battle of life. We know no other preacher who so truly preaches to his auditors the reality that life *is* a battle, and who presents the warfare in so hearty and glorious a tone : he never whines sentimentally about the shots that fly over the field ; he does not scent his hearers with rose-water philanthropies ; he points to the opposing forces, or the ambushed foes—life's temptations, and sorrows, and disappointments, and says, “Up, and at them !”

On the whole, we must say, personally, we did not like that much talked of book 'How to make the Best of both Worlds.' We believe it leads right on to doctrines and principles which Mr. Binney would be the first man in London utterly to abjure and denounce; and we venture to think that it might make our preacher look wonderingly about him, to find himself styled by the Holyoak school, the "Secularist Preacher"—to stand before the office of 'The Reasoner,' and to find his portrait in 'The Reasoner,' with a sketch of his life, under this denomination. It is well for Mr. Binney that he occupies the unequivocal position he does; for humbler or less known men this honour would be fatal—such a victory would be infinite defeat. Why not say at once, "on the whole, it is impossible to make the best of both worlds,"—that in the degree in which we are very eminent in the one, we must lose in the other? We are compelled to regard that book as an offering on the Mammon altar of the age, and we know who has said, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." In truth, the age likes to hear this Gospel of Gold preached, but the age does not need it. Preachers less noble and independent than Mr. Binney have covered their pulpit with the cloth of gold. We know all that may be said; we know the truly noble cases of the men who are among our merchant princes—who sway the sceptre of the Exchange and the Mart and the Stocks, and who seem to retain their nobleness of heart, their purity of Christian life and earnestness: but what a sad exception are they to the rule on the whole, and what a history could they reveal, too, of the stifling of the better life and the better world by this service of Mammon! But we will not reason this here; it is enough to say that we have seen Barnum's life quoted as an exemplification of the

‘How to make the best of both Worlds’ principle. Mr. Binney may feel indignant—doubtless he will, if this meet his eye—but it is a very suggestive ground for thought that Mr. Barnum is a very pious man! and that he closes that audacious collection of lies he calls his *Life* with an aspiration after the Kingdom of Heaven!

Mr. Binney is the Golden Lecturer of Independency; he stands in the midst of the City of London; he looks round on his congregation, and finds his eye resting on the masters of trade, the burgesses and citizens of the mightiest mart in the world: it may well influence his judgment in some measure. Meantime two or three questions would settle the dispute:—

How many of those in Mr. Binney’s or in any other congregation, who are making the best of both worlds, attend the weekly prayer meeting?

How many of those who are making the best of both worlds attend the Thursday evening lecture?

How many of those who are making the best of both worlds give large donations of money, as an apology for not giving affection—attention—time?

How many of those who are making the best of both worlds can spare an hour at any time for conversation on love to Christ, and on the work and faith of Christ?

We will abide by the decision, in answer to those questions.

We demur to the citation of exceptions; we will mention no names invidiously. Great must be the grace and love of God in those who, in an age like ours, do faithfully attempt to build a platform for Christ from the world’s gold. But to our minds it is as certain as any proposition in arithmetic—it is *impossible* to make the best of both worlds.

All this is said with perfect respect to our teacher, who has certainly done his best to bring about a matrimonial alliance between conscience and commerce—a marriage all must wish to see ; his book is an indication of the necessity of the alliance ; we hope the courtship has begun, but certainly the banns are far enough from being declared as yet. We do not know one text more necessary to be preached from to the mercantile class than this,—“Provide things honest in the sight of all men.”

He is eminently domestic in his preaching ; he does not confine his attentions to young men ; he does not suppose that they only have the making of the world. He is the young woman’s preacher, too ; he addresses her in no fastidious, lackadaisical tone—no affected tones of superiority, or of sentiment ; he talks to her like a brother—the only style in which man should talk to woman at all in public. He makes you smile while he developes to you his notions of domestic life—for domestic economy for young women, and political economy for young men, are topics upon which he often dilates. By no means does he pursue the ordinary round of preaching ; he is doctrinal, but he is practical ; his subjects are perpetually varying—imitating the Greatest of Preachers, our Divine Master, in this ; he does not confine himself, either in matter or manner of treatment, to the marked path. Acting upon his impression of the power of woman in society, he not only has preached, he has published two discourses—‘The Christian Spinster,’ and ‘The Hebrew Wife,’ and we believe he gave a copy of these to all of his congregation who applied for one, and they exhibit the manner and style of his preaching, alike in its quaintness and beauty, its homely truth, and its striking and pertinent remark.

Speaking of the occupation of the HEBREW WIFE, he says :—

“Woollen and linen fabrics, however, can be now purchased both cheaper and better than they can be made, and hence the hands of the females of a family are set at liberty for other occupations. The *principle*, however, that I wish you to notice as running through the whole of the Scriptural picture of domestic industry is this—*the reality of the work, and the earnestness and decision with which it is attended to*. The woman before us does not choose ‘to eat the bread of idleness.’ She has no idea that she has married a husband to support her in inactivity, or to find money for the payment of those who are to do everything for her. Her attention to work is not pretence, it is no mere listless amusement—a sort of elegant idling that means nothing, a constant expenditure of time and labour, material and skill, or what is little better than industrious trifling. She works well and earnestly; ‘she girds her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.’ She rises early, proceeds upon a plan, has the work of the day arranged clearly before her, is never in a hurry, never in a muddle, everything is done with *quiet force*; her husband and children know nothing of the machinery—have no annoyance from its din and dust, but all the enjoyment of the silent and steady production of its results. Now, without in the least recommending this woman as a model, *in respect to the actual nature of her employments*, we do beseech you to study the *principle* which underlies them all; and, whatever you have to do—whatever be your work, according to modern customs and habits—see to it that it *is* work, something real, useful, and dignified, and do it ‘with all your might.’”

To quote again from this picture of a MODEL WOMAN—

“She does not choose, either, in her more intimate social relationship to be a plaything or a toy. She knows better than to fancy that it is the privilege of womanhood to be weak and helpless; to be incapable of doing anything for themselves; to be ignorant of common, domestic duties—or to be always ill—or to live on the attentions, and to exact the service, of a previous period. To be delicate and fragile, and to be upheld and sheltered, and to be petted and indulged, as if it were an evil to set foot to the ground or face to the weather, may do all very well for a little while; but men get tired of this—it is not of a piece with the rough task work they have to attend to in the world; they come to feel that they want in a wife something more than can be strung into a song or set to music, and something certainly very different from an everlasting appeal to tenderness and compassion. In the prose history and the real every-day battle of life, while there is plenty of the material of true poetry, this will always be best enjoyed when it is found associated with the ‘sinews of war.’ The romance will change to the ridiculous or the tragic if there is not in both the personages of the story an enduring basis of earnest strength. Men need, in a world like ours, women for their companions who have good sense and every-day knowledge—who have tact and judgment—who can manage well—can control expense and make their accounts ‘come right;’ and, though these may seem very unsentimental and unpoetical virtues, they are those on which much of the poetry of life depends—of that life, at least, which is lived in houses and is not merely to be found in books. The woman before us knew all this, and with her strong will and resolute character firmly pursued what she felt to be the duties of what God had made *hers*. With all

this, however, as we shall see presently, she was a thorough woman — soft, feminine, loving, attractive. Her portrait has as much beauty as power. If the bones are iron, the flesh is velvet. ‘Honour’ is her clothing as well as ‘strength.’”

And once again, before we leave this charming and most useful discourse:—

“I think it is the Irish that have the proverb, ‘A man must ask his wife’s permission to be rich.’ This is true in all cases (and such cases are the most numerous) in which a competence is to be *saved* and not *made*. It is to be admitted, indeed, that many men are very blameable in not making their wives acquainted with their actual circumstances when these circumstances are seriously affected: there is a great want of moral courage in such cases—a denial of conjugal confidence, and a cruelty and a wrong inflicted on the innocent. When the crisis comes, and the astonished wife wakes up to the reality of ruin, a worse reality than that awaits her; when she discovers, to her dismay, that for months, perhaps years, things had changed, and that she had been suffered to go on all the time in a style and at an expenditure which she fully believed were justified by her husband’s circumstances, and which she would have been prompt to alter had she been told that they were not. She is perhaps thought of and spoken about in society as if she had caused, or had helped to accelerate, her husband’s misfortune; which misfortune, in some cases, might have been prevented, or would have been diminished, if that husband had done *justice* to his wife’s understanding; if he had placed in her that confidence which would have saved him from concealed and solitary suffering before the event, and from self-reproach after its occurrence. The model woman, then,

described in the text is, in respect to her mode of expenditure and her profitable merchandise, a model as to a *principle*. She teaches the possibility of combining elegance, comfort, and economy, in the management of a house; the importance of frugal and provident habits along with present appropriate appearances; and the necessity of wives concurring with their husbands, sympathising with their object, and aiding them to achieve it, when they wish and endeavour, like prudent men, to keep preparing for increased expenses, for possible or expected future wants, for the advancement of their children, and the evening of their age. . . . There must be, moreover, the conscientious discharge of maidenly duties. It is the good *daughter* and good *sister* that may be expected to become the exemplary wife. Those who have failed in one relation can hardly be expected to be successful in another; while those who have fulfilled first duties may be confidently counted on for any that succeed. . . . Just views of the greatness of life, and of the serious responsibilities of marriage and maternity, are also important to be invited and cherished, though the young heart may rather, perhaps, ponder than speak of them. In this way, you may depend upon it, the woman before us became what she was. The *basis* of all her matronly excellence was laid in the virtues and piety of her youth. She looked forward to the fulfilment of the great 'mission' of her sex; prepared for its demands, in some things with conscious intention, though in respect to others she was *being* prepared for it without this—by the exercise of faculty for the pleasure it imparted and the cheerful fulfilment of the ordinary duty of the passing day. She had power over herself to reject the unworthy, however plausible; married like a woman of piety and sense; committed

herself to a man of honour, goodness, intelligence, and religion; scorning the idea of being fascinated by a spendthrift, a rake, or a fool."

We have not done with quotations yet; for we wish to present a small gallery of our modern Latimer's homely but real beauties; but now, the reader cannot have noticed these extracts, nor can any one hear the utterer, without being struck with his perfect MANLINESS; we have hinted at it already. His mannerism may be described as one of perfect freedom; he appears to feel his freedom—and, to a certain extent, he certainly does; yet we can well conceive his nervousness, his irritability, his embarrassment—all these, however, never interfere with his Manliness! thus he commends himself to us; we have perfect confidence in him; and this is the most indispensable requisite to all true public influence. When will young preachers learn this lesson?—to be themselves; to talk, not like chattering monkeys, but like men; to inspire their hearers with the belief in their reality; so that, whether a stranger or a friend sit in the chapel or the church, they may say:—There now, that man believes it all; for how, without this, is it possible to produce the impression in favour of the topic spoken upon? If the man before me is only like a stuffed animal—if he has been trimming his delicateness—if he stands before me a made-up thing—his voice, his style, his dress, his subject, all manufactured to take and to tell—why it is very likely that the very heart of his thought is a manufactured rottenness too. We cannot doubt for a moment that if ministers and teachers would only be content always to appear *en dishabille*—not endeavouring to lacquer themselves over, and so passing for something so much better than reality—their influence would be transcendently greater.

We have already said that Mr. Binney's manner is short, curt, and plain; and while preaching he gives you the idea of a man, not merely thinking, as was said of O'Connell, "upon his legs," but ransacking all the stores of thought for appropriate phrases and thoughts; a loose carelessness mostly characterises him—he throws out his sentences at you—sometimes he seems to close a paragraph by saying, "There now, I do not know that I can say this thing any better"—"There, I believe that's about what I intended to set before you"—"Well, I do not know that I can add anything to this"—or, "You must take this and make the best of it; I have done all I can for you." We should say, that frequently the subject is thoroughly canvassed in the preacher's mind without any very clear knowledge of the precise method of treating it, and thus he often appears to pursue his way like a man following a stray beam through a cave. He follows it honestly, pertinaciously; he has some idea of the whereabouts to which it will conduct him, but he is uncertain as to every turn; he bends his way round this corner and now round that—by this crag and the other pillar, until, at last, he reaches the full beam in the open space; and as with our present preacher, he thinks while he speaks; you see it in that calm, deliberative manner; the thumb and finger, pressed together, seem stretched out to lay hold upon the gossamer thread of thought: and then, perhaps, comes a pause of sudden bewilderment. You think your preacher is brought up standing; he throws himself back—stretches himself up to his full height—puts his hand through his hair—and (without meaning anything disrespectful) we may say, gives himself, occasionally, a very scarecrowish appearance; he then fetches a long sigh: altogether he seems to say—"Well, well, I

wonder where I am now!" and "Good people, I wonder where I have conducted you to!" People all this time feel that the argument is not finished. The preacher begins again; the light appears more conclusively streaming out of the dimness; how firmly he clutches hold upon the thought now! His voice is louder, fuller, more triumphant—the sort of tone in which a man might be supposed to speak who had wrestled with his mental difficulty, and had overcome.

A characteristic of Mr. Binney's preaching, to which we have incidentally reverted, is his power of painting. His soul is filled with poetry of the richest order; he does not, like some artists, overcolour to conceal the poverty of his conceptions; he does not attempt to atone for the weakness of his epic by the pomp of his phraseology; his colours are simple, but they are exquisite; he presents to us gems like those of Anthony Waterloo, or Wilkie, and he frequently gives to us a depth of scenery like that we admire in Cuyp. Yes, yes, he can describe gloriously. He throws in the shades of pathos, and then he holds all the hearts of his hearers in his hands. And now a summer tint, and the eye recognises it, and the heart resumes its courage; he must have the eye of an artist—keen, detective, discriminative; he does not care about finishing the pictures he holds up; it is sufficient that the likeness is seen. He seldom dips his pencil in yellow and purple; the gamboge and the chrome do not here, as in many pictures, make the eye ache with their glaring rays. Then he does not crowd many objects together (another freak with many painters), to bewilder you with the many, and so prevent your criticisms upon the one. No; but the living picture seen by the audience is reflected to their eye from its lying warm upon the preacher's heart.

Such is the PICTURE OF BETHANY, and the meeting of Jesus there with his friends.

“Jesus must have rested during the Sabbath, from six o’clock of the preceding evening till six of the day in question, at some little distance from Bethany; or he might start time enough before six o’clock to accomplish ‘a Sabbath-day’s journey’ before the Sabbath closed. Or, even, as Lord of the Sabbath, and as opposed to a rigid attachment to what was ceremonial, especially when substituted for vital religiousness, he might choose to walk a greater distance than was usual or was tolerated on that day. He arrived, at any rate, at Bethany, as the Sabbath was closing, or soon after it was closed. He was expected—a supper was prepared for him—friends and neighbours were invited to meet him. The day had been one of rest and worship. People would be at leisure. After six o’clock business might recommence, or any secular pursuit be engaged in. But Simon and Lazarus, and others like-minded with them, instead of thinking of the shop or the farm, dedicated the evening to a social entertainment in honour of the Lord. The day that had been passed in quietness and devotion was to be closed in hospitable and friendly intercourse.

“The little village of Bethany, pleasantly situated on the high-road running over the Mount of Olives, some two miles or so from Jerusalem, was much endeared to Jesus by his having frequently sojourned there with a beloved and loving household. Here lived Lazarus, with his two sisters, Martha and Mary. Here, too, Simon, who had been a leper—whom Jesus had miraculously cleansed from his leprosy, even as he had recalled Lazarus from the grave. Other disciples, no doubt, resided in the village and in the immediate vicinity, who were all rejoiced whenever the steps of the Master brought him

to their neighbourhood. On the present occasion he came, it is likely, to be, as was his wont, the guest of Lazarus; but the evening meal was to be taken with friends at the house of Simon. It might be larger, and more commodious for the purpose; or in this way the two friends might have agreed together to divide their attention, and share the honour of receiving Jesus. Martha was busy in preparation and service; Mary was happy in her listening love. It is interesting to notice in the Gospel narratives, how every character, once introduced, retains throughout its own identity; and this often under very great alterations of circumstances. It was perfectly natural that Martha and Mary should just do what they are here said to have been doing. Martha's occupation is here described, and Mary's we can readily conjecture. The Evangelists are the most simple, the least artificial writers in the world; their preservation of the harmony and unity of a character was not the result of design, but *itself* resulted from their just recording the truth as they knew it.

“As the evening proceeded, the company were startled by a remarkable incident. Mary, after looking at the Master as he lay on the couch, appearing, probably, fatigued and sad, rose up, went behind him, and taking ‘an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very costly,’ ‘very precious,’—‘a pound’s weight,’—she broke the seal that secured it in the vessel, and then ‘poured it on his head,’ and ‘on his feet.’ All present were taken by surprise; and ‘the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.’ It was an act of love, gratitude, respect; it required at the moment a strong impulse,—but it was not merely the result of impulse. The act had been meditated; she had, most probably, saved and husbanded that she might make the purchase; she had

‘kept’ it by her for some time; the fitting opportunity was at length afforded,—and her hoarded treasure, and her hoarded love, were poured out at the same moment, and in the same act.

“‘*And there were some that had indignation!*’ Some of his disciples—his, who was thus honoured—looked on, not only without approval, but with positive displeasure. They *felt* indignant;—then they ‘murmured,’—then what was ‘within them’ they put into more distinct and articulate speech,—they called it ‘waste’ (as if anything could be wasted on *Him!*), and they asked ‘*for what purpose*’ such waste was? They began to calculate the value of the ointment; they might, perhaps, exaggerate it; some thought it might have been sold ‘for much;’ others fixed on ‘three hundred pence’ (between 9*l.* and 10*l.*) as what it might have fetched; while Judas asked ‘why it had not been sold’ for that sum, and ‘given to the poor,’ that is, given to *him*,—to him as the keeper of the bag, to whose custody the twelve entrusted their little store; ‘not that he cared for the poor,’ but ‘because he was a thief,’ and thought that from such a sum he could have stolen largely without detection. It is really terrible to think how the greatest virtue and the greatest villany—the largest and the meanest soul—self-sacrificing love and intense selfishness—ineffable goodness and sordid lust—may come together into nearness and contact in a world like this! Only think,—*Jesus and Judas in the same room!* But it is so still; such sorts of contact can yet occur, though not of beings so largely apart. A delicate, loving, pure-minded woman, may have sat in the same public carriage with a murderer or murderess, reeking with blood, and fleeing from justice! In the same company may be conversing together, eminent piety and secret sin!

Touching each other, in the same pew, in the church of God, may be one who is 'simple concerning evil,' and another to whom vice has left nothing unrevealed!

"In spite of her magnanimity and her approving consciousness, Mary was 'troubled' by the murmurings that arose around her. But *they* were silenced, and *she* was re-assured, by the words of the Master, which were reproof to *them* and approval of *her*. He gave an interpretation of what she had done, *above the meaning of her will*—and rewarded her by a prediction *beyond her feelings of desert*."

But we have not reverted to Mr. Binney in his sublimer moods, and it may be supposed, if we leave our sketch thus, that he is only the graphic painter—the humorous delineator—the attractive preacher. It now remains, then, to be said, that his imagination and judgment—his vigour of thought—are often sublime. His ideas are frequently not merely original, but they present themselves sometimes in the highest regions of poetic apprehension; philosophy robed in poetry and crowned with piety—this is the appropriate description of his powers. Often are the hearers at the King's Weigh-House startled by a lofty sublimity of conception (the preacher's great *forte*), by ideas that stand colossal in fully proportioned lonely grandeur; he soars aloft with all his singing robes about him, and utters thoughts that remind us of the Samson Agonistes. On such occasions, like our great bard, he flings all ornament aside; he does not condescend to adorn; he thrills his hearers with the majestic—the awful thought; he will not weaken it by tricking it forth in the tinsel of unnecessary words. The architecture of his style on such occasions is not florid Gothic, but, ordinarily, it is plain, dignified, and simple. Some such conceptions meet us

in the Funeral Sermon for Algernon Wells. Take as illustrations the following :—

“Advancing, then, to the third of the four adversaries of man—Death—the Grave—Sin—and Law. We ask—Could God, by power, destroy sin? Could he, by a physical act, annihilate *it*? Could he, which is substantially the same thing, by pure prerogative, pass it by, treating it with indifference, and showing that by Him it was nothing accounted of? Could he make a seraph out of a Tiberius or a Borgia, each retaining his memory and consciousness, as he can make an angel or archangel out of nothing? God has the physical power to do many things which yet we say he *cannot* do; that is, he has the physical power to do wrong; for right and wrong are not things that he can make for himself, or unmake, but have an existence distinct from his will, except as that will is the expression of his own eternal and necessary righteousness. He could throw the whole material universe into confusion; could suspend the laws of all planetary harmony, and dash suns and worlds against each other, as if all the stars were drunk or mad. But it would not *become* Him to do this—it would not be fitting in *Him*. It would not exalt his character in the view of created intelligences, or be in consistency with what he owed to himself. Therefore, we say, he could not do this; he could not throw the material universe into disorder. But much less can we conceive it possible that He should throw the *moral* universe into disorder! and he would do this if by physical omnipotence he destroyed sin; because this would amount to the virtual or actual destruction of the law—moral law.”

Again, he says in the same discourse—“I do not see, indeed, that, even as we now are, we should cease to be religious, though we were certain and assured that

there was no life to come, provided we believed in a personal God. With a nature like ours, and a world like this, whatever may be thought to have happened to either of them, life appears to me so great a thing—its capacities are so vast—it may be made so beautiful and felicitous, or illustrious and wonderful—it has in it, even with its struggle, and battle, and work, so much that makes it a glory and a joy to have been born—that I do not see that we should cease to worship, to love, and to obey, even if God had *not* destined us to be immortal. We were nothing, and deserved nothing, and He made us *men*—placed us here, with our foot on the earth and our face to the sky, the lords of the world; with heads for thought, and hands for action; capable of comprehending the idea of duty, and of cultivating towards him self-devotion and love; all things beneath us—the spacious earth, the arena for achievement—nature, the raw material for skill—the successive steps and stages of our being, pregnant with such elements of interest, that the story of a life may be the progress of a poem. Why, to be *a man*, simply A MAN, and nothing more, is so much, that I do not think we should abrogate our manhood and sink into brutes because we were not to become angels.”

And yet one other citation from this fine poem.

“*Then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written—DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY. ‘So let all thine enemies perish.’ Oh Christ! and ‘Let them that love thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.’ They shall *be* this, for they shall be ‘sons of light,’ being ‘children of the resurrection;’ and ‘shall shine as the stars, and as the brightness of the firmament, for ever and ever.’ As a wreck may sink in the sea, and the ocean close over it, so that not a vestige of

its existence shall remain, nor a ripple on the surface tell that it *was*, so shall mortality be *swallowed up of* LIFE—immortal life—life, sinless, god-like, divine. Nor shall there be wanting the voice of rejoicing, as heard at the termination of successful war, for ‘Death shall be swallowed up IN VICTORY.’”

If our memory were as faithful as we could wish it to be, or if we had lying before us Mr. Binney’s many separately published discourses, we might cite illustrations more unadorned than these, and more truly representing the statuesque simplicity of many of his ideas. With one extract, however, exhibiting a very different order of eloquence—the highly and yet most simply ornamental—we close our volumes of reference. It is the description of the Psalms, from that gem of a book, ‘The Service of Song.’

“The songs of Solomon were a thousand and five. But how shall we describe those of the Psalms? Than Solomon’s fewer in number, but of higher inspiration, and richer thought. As to their *form*, they include all the varieties of lyric composition; they are of every character as to the nature of their subjects; and of all shades and colours of poetic feeling: but as to their *essence*, they are as a light from heaven, or an oracle from the sanctuary; they discover secrets, divine and human; they lay open the Holy of Holies of both God and man, for they reveal the hidden things belonging to both, as the life of the one is developed in the other. The Psalms are the depositories of the mysteries, the record of the struggles, the wailing when worsted, the pæans when triumphant, of that life. They are the thousand-voiced heart of the Church, uttering from within—from the secret depths and chambers of her being—her spiritual consciousness—all that she remem-

bers, experiences, believes; suffers from sin and the flesh, fears from earth or hell, achieves by heavenly succour, and hopes from God and his Christ. They are for all time. They never can be outgrown. No dispensation, while the world stands and continues what it is, can ever raise us above the reach or the need of them. They describe every spiritual vicissitude; they speak to all classes of minds; they command every natural emotion. They are penitential, jubilant, adorative, deprecatory; they are tender, mournful, joyous, majestic; soft as the descent of dew; low as the whisper of love; loud as the voice of thunder; terrible as the almightiness of God! The effect of some of them, in the temple of service, must have been immense. Sung by numbers, carefully 'instructed,' and accompanied by those who could play 'skilfully;' arranged in parts, for 'courses' and individuals, who answered each other in alternate verse; various voices, single or combined, being 'lifted up,' sometimes in specific and *personal* expression, as the high service deepened and advanced—priests, Levites, the monarch, the multitude—there would be every variety of pleasant movement, and all the forms and forces of sound: personal recitative; individual song; dual and semi-choral; antiphonal response; burst and swell of voice and instruments; attenuated cadences; apostrophe and repeat; united, full, harmonious combinations! With such a service, and such psalms, it was natural that the Hebrews should love with enthusiasm, and learn with delight, their national anthems, songs, and melodies; nor is it surprising that they were known among the heathen as a people possessed of these treasures of verse, and devoted to their recitation by tongue and harp. Hence it was that their enemies required of them (whether in seriousness or

derision it matters not) '*the words* of a song,' and said—
'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' "

Thus we have attempted to sketch the portrait, as far as we could from life, of the most distinguished preacher in England. Melville excels him in the power of inflating the trumpet and blowing a resounding peal; James Parsons excels him in producing an hysterical impression on his audience; Cumming excels him in pretty nosegay-like discourses; and many excel him in sweetness of modulation; and almost all excel him in the power to hold a people enchanted with common-place. But beyond any popular preacher in England, Mr. Binney attaches himself faithfully to his age, and attempts, with all his heart and soul, to serve and enlighten it. There is nothing pretty, nothing artificial, in his method; he would appear to have a hydrophobic horror of claptrap; he has, evidently enough, read Carlyle—we do not mean to imply that he has either borrowed from him, or become baptized into his spirit; it would be the most pitiable adulation to compare him with that great teacher, but they have much in common. Do they not—if the parallel ceases here—do they not both carry about with them a sense of fervour? Can any one look upon that face in the King's Weigh-House pulpit, and not feel that it is the face of one called to suffer more than most men? an intense brooding nature, a soul born in the night-time, and finding its solace and its comfort most during the night. Mr. Binney reads, but he cannot be called a bookman; there are few good and eminent books of which he does not know something; and with modern ideas also, in æsthetics, in political economy, in history, in psychology, he is acquainted. But his preaching derives its value from his own purely mental life; he puts things in new and vivid lights—we

are charmed by new relations ; he is eminently a thinker and an observer. It is most interesting to note how all that he has said or says is the result of mental revolvment and evolvment : we see the thought gradually untwisting itself—the tangled skein disentangling itself. Sometimes this produces a fastidiousness of speech—a mental restlessness ; he is desirous that you should see it all ; he is not content that you should miss a single shade of the delineation, and hence he is often prolix in lingering (impatient as he usually is) over the points of an argument which you do perceive, and relations which you very well understand. The conduct and connection of his discourse is usually—and always, when he is thoroughly prepared—perfect ; he condenses and arranges his argumentative force, until it appears to you to resemble not so much the successive in-linking of a chain, as the weaving together of plated mail.

Yet one more point, and an essential one, and our sketch is closed. Mr. Binney is the most eccentric of preachers ; innumerable legends float about, descriptive of his manifold oddities ; perhaps few of them are to be wholly believed, perhaps every one of them has some foundation, when it is remembered that he is a man capable of saying anything—at any time—any how. It is said that Dr. Harris—then John Harris, of Epsom—once invited him to supply a gap in the anniversary services of his chapel, made by the illness of the expected preacher. “But you know, Brother Harris, a man can’t go in this way—to-morrow, you say ? I am quite unprepared, you know. No, no ; get somebody else.”

“Oh ! for that matter, you know,” rejoined he of Epsom, “any sermon from you will do ; preach that sermon you gave to them at ——.”

“ Oh ! very well, very well ; then I’ll come.”

He went, preached, got on very well through two heads of discourse, then stopped, looked down over the pulpit,—“ Brother Harris, what was thirdly ?”—and Brother Harris having mentioned thirdly, the preacher was himself again.

A curious incident occurred, some twelve or fourteen years since, illustrative of the peculiar manner of Mr. Binney : when preaching in a chapel near London, delivering a charge to the people on the ordination of their minister, he made some apparently irrelevant remarks upon the duty of Christian courtesy in the Temple of God, commenting upon the frequent inattention in allowing persons to stand in a place of worship, when there was room near at hand in the pews. And he would cite, he said, an instance from his own experience. He was preaching in a chapel not over-crowded, and in one of the aisles of the chapel stood a young woman, apparently not too strong or robust, leaning upon a pew in which were only two young men—only two young men—and would you believe it ? said the preacher, there they sat, and never opened the pew-door for that young woman ; there was no occasion for them to vacate their seat, although that might not have been too much in a crowded chapel, had they been gentlemen, and had she been a servant girl—no ! there they sat. “ How strange the coincidence ! ” continued the preacher ; “ it was just such a chapel as this—the aisle was just like yonder aisle—aye, it was just this day of the week too,—just this day of the month—yes, and this very year—and, and in this very place : it is this very night—there is the place—there the aisle—there the pew ! ”

Curious tales are current in our religious circles

touching the marvellous abstraction of Mr. Binney—very likely many of them exaggerations, but, we suspect, most of them exaggerations of facts. Turning over the posthumous papers of a dear friend the other day, we alighted upon one evidence of our preacher's singular aberration of thought: it was a letter recommending a young man to the ministry; it is a curiosity, and, without any breach of confidence, may be quoted:—

“Walworth, June 1, 184—.

“MY DEAR BRO^R.—Mr. —— I understand is leaving ——. I am told it is a place very poor—only one or two who give any thing of consequence, and a very retired sphere altogether.

“A young man whom I know, not entirely dependent on the ministry, and now anxious to settle in some small place, called here yesterday and mentioned the above particulars. He is no great gun, I expect, but he is a good, pious, worthy, and well-educated man. Is it in your power to introduce him? or do you know who could do it, or how it may be ——”

All the rest was left to guess-work; there was no writer's name; and had not the handwriting been known, the note would have been of little service to the young minister.

It is not long since, at the anniversary of Cheshunt College, upon the moving of one of the ministers beneath him, he said, “There now! I forgot it! the creaking of that man's boots has put what I had to say quite out of my mind.”

Not unfrequently, as we stand in some crowded metropolitan temple and mark the breathless silence of the congregation, we cannot forbear a thought for the dead and buried popularities of the great preachers of other days. Two hundred and fifty years since, London—St. Clement's Danes—had a preacher greatly like ours. How the church was thronged to listen to him—the wealthy,

the young, the literati—how they followed the waves of voice, and the flashes of thought and wit! He was not less interested in the well-being of womanhood than manhood. He too was a domestic teacher—a graphic and forcible painter—a strong Saxon talker, who preferred the colloquial to the didactic, and led his hearers along through the paths of common sense rather than the fields of dialectic. He has gone! It has availed little that he was one of the men most followed in London. That quaint old Thomas Fuller wrote his life and edited his sermons. But few now ever hear of Henry Smith; yet it would be by no means discreditable if occasionally a tutor advised his students to read those rugged pieces of plain spoken Gospel Truth. The memory of his name rises to us now only to say, that Binney at the Weigh-House is something like the wraith of that youthful teacher: he died comparatively young, and we have only taken down our volume to find our analogy confirmed.

Mr. Binney's preaching gives to you the idea of an exceedingly affectionate and loving, but irritable man; abstractions seize him before he is aware, and hurry him away: but everything about him impresses upon you the idea of a self-formed character. Tall, and very commanding in his appearance, he seems to stand a head above most of his brethren; his forehead hangs magnificent and colossal over the shaggy brows; he is the very type and model of a Northumbrian, of which county he is a native. We do not know that we ever saw a more perfect picture of the Danish man,—strongly individual, reflective, bold, and indolent in body, although so energetic in mind—indolent by nature, we are sure, whatever he may be by education. He has often struck us as the very impersonation of some Snorro Sturleson; certainly the race has preserved

itself in him, in all its features. Oh! there is no doubt that his forefathers, ages ago, spoke in the stern old "Circle of Things,"* convened in the forests of Germany; they launched their vessel as sea-kings, to land upon and settle on our northern coast—preserved by some strange hap the identity of blood and race, or at any rate reproduced it again, in this man, that he might grasp a nobler standard than the Black Raven Banner, and gather, by his heroism and chivalry of tongue, not young hearts for the battle of races, but brave and lofty spirits, to fight the good fight of faith in the battle of life.

* The name of the Parliament of old Scandinavia.

ALFRED MORRIS,

HOLLOWAY.

"Doubtless many thoughts have presented and are still presenting themselves to my mind, which once I had no idea of. But these, in I believe every instance, are as much the growth of former rooted principles, as multiplied branches grow from one and the same main stem. Of such an inward regulation I am always conscious; and I equally seem to myself to perceive the novelty of the fresh shoot and its connection with what has been produced before."—ALEXANDER KNOX.

"Studious more to see great truths
Than touch and handle little ones."—WORDSWORTH.

How is it that the preacher and the teacher have, in these good days of ours, become separated? It was not always so, and it ought not to be so; certain it is, however, in the present age, that it does not at all follow that you shall receive anything like a remuneration for the time you expend upon listening to a sermon; nay, even if the sermon be eloquent, and in some measure effective, it does by no means follow that you shall carry away with you re-kindled emotions, far less new thoughts. You seldom say to yourself, "I never saw it in that light before:" you seldom feel that because you attended that service *that* mist was rolled away from *that* dark passage; you do not often feel that at any rate your doubts have been grappled with by a muscular master; you do not feel often that you are with a man and before a man who respects your convictions, who will reason with you from the centre of the understanding and the rea-

son; in fact, you seldom say, "Master, we know that thou art a Teacher sent from God."

The men of the modern pulpit do not commend themselves to their hearers by their enlarged knowledge of human nature, by the elevation of character and sentiment, resulting from a life of profound self-inspection; or, if they develope this greater power, how seldom is it combined with aptitude to communicate! the character is wanting in geniality, the spirit wraps itself up in stern moodiness of thought—the electricity is *there* without a conductor—you feel that *that* man *could* magnetise you if he would condescend to do it, but he will not stoop to humour, he will not allow his soul to ooze out; thus it is that the preacher and the teacher unfortunately stand apart from each other. In the one instance you are compelled to say with Hamlet,

" Words, words, words; "

in the other instance you say, " Oh thoughts! why do you not clothe yourselves in fitting words? "

Well, but do you know ALFRED MORRIS of Holloway? for this man, beyond most men of his day, has set the worthy thought in the framework of worthy words, and both in the frame of a most eminently worthy and beautiful manner. Most happily for him he has not yet been lionized through the pulpits of the country—let both you and I pray, good reader, that he may never be—and thus, from the silence and comparative obscurity of his fame, compared with that of many of those whose names are written in this book, he has had proportionate opportunity for mental excavation and digging in the soul-mine.

Popular in the general sense of the word "popularity," Mr. Morris is not, nor is it likely that he will

be. His preaching is too calm—too aphorismatical—too dignified to suit the popular taste, even of Independency. He speaks too much from the intuitional and too little from the sensational. Then again, in the largest sense, Mr. Morris is not, nor ever will be, an orator—he is not much a man of the world—perhaps not a man of the world at all, although a phrenologist would say not wanting in secretiveness or caution. He is essentially a hermit in life and thought; we suppose so, for we have no means of knowing save by his pulpit appearance and pulpit sayings. Two things give currency to the fame of a popular orator: either the possession of a mannerism, an idiosyncrasy of appearance, voice, gesture—stamping *that* man in his talking as one altogether unlike any other; or the utterance of words altogether beyond count, compared with the number of ideas. Now Mr. Morris possesses neither of these fortunate peculiarities; he has his manner, but it is neither gaudy, nor meretricious, nor noisy, nor eccentric. His voice does sometimes rise, but those who love him best and treasure his sayings most feel then inclined to say, “Speak lower! oh! speak lower! whisper it to us in that soft undertone; use the soul as much as possible alone in speaking to the soul!” And then he is seldom wordy; he seldom uses a word too much; you seldom feel that another word could better have served the purpose of *that* one—*never*, unless the speaker has been hurried along, as he sometimes is, by a more impetuous and impulsive emotion than that which characterises his ordinary style. Of no preacher may it be more emphatically said, that words represent things; and, therefore, those who want words can never feel much satisfaction in attending Holloway Chapel; but those to whom words are the sheathing of ideas, the shell which

must be cracked to disclose a kernel, will find perhaps every sermon wealthy—suggestive in the highest degree. From those quiet hesitating formularies of speech will gradually be disclosed wedges of shining ore. The work is not all done for you when the sermon is done ; you may beat out that thought for a lifetime.

And therefore we called Mr. Morris a hermitical thinker and preacher. He also, in common with the best spirits of our age, eschews the dialectic method, alike as a method of obtaining the truth, or communicating truth, or teaching truth ; he does not present his thought wrapt in the formulas of logic. He presents to you his thought ; he takes pleasure in his own volitions and thinkings : he does not set them forth as man-traps to catch unwary understandings. His style lacks continuity because of its more weighty excellence—because it is eminently intuitional. His words come forth like tones from a shrine ; they are like stray utterances—like the songs of some secluded spirit in a cave : and indeed this preacher reminds one of some sealed and hoary hermit pacing to and fro in the loneliness of his grot. Look at him wherever you will, his eyes seem to be struggling to pierce through some encumberment into the far immensity ; they give you the idea of eyes foiled with their own travellings, but undauntedly trying again ; and thus the spirit travels to and fro. You feel that this man has known what it is to be walled up within the cold stones of the understanding. He has bravely broken his way through and escaped from prison. You could figure him, in the middle ages, contenting himself with a cell, and shrinking from confraternity with society so that his spirit might be free of the universe, to walk hither and thither ; to bend before the cross at midnight, while the stars sparkled, and the

dews glittered on the unkempt hair. Hermits there are now-a-days, and they are the world's best teachers too: for, to know a world, a man must to a great degree go out of it and shut himself up where he may survey it without partiality, or passion, or spleen. Thus, in the olden time, the lone thinker hied him away to woods, to claustral solitudes, to chambers excavated from beetling rocks. He sat upon the ancestral moss of the hoary tree, he looked down a thousand fathoms into the depths of his own soul, while the silences descended around him and echoed through the solitudes their million voices. Ah! why in these days have we forsaken the world's eldest and best preachers? To the Hermit of old how frequently went the monarch for counsel! the statesman fastened his steed by his gay housings and caparisonings to some ancient tree, and there left him, while he sought the deeper recesses where the man of meditation held his inner communings by the well or the grot, named from him "Holy." Out of the hermit life the fine gold is ever dug. The superficial attainments—the prattling, twaddling, mawkish blue-stock-ingism of the tea-table may, indeed, be picked up at Mrs. Simper's circulating library, or from the delightful and instructive discourses of the Rev. Orthodox Twiddlededee; but if a man would be an instructor, if he would be instructed—it holds now as in the olden time—like the almost divine pagan he must travel to the grot to meet Egeria; or (and this figure is far more in keeping with the subject) he must go into the wilderness for forty days, if the angels are to minister to him—he must retire into the mountain apart to pray.

Thus, then, we say there may be modern hermits; we do not mean a race of men who shall fancy their piety is in proportion to their dirt, men of the uncombed

hair and the unwashed skin. Many of our students and others have a trick of abstraction and vacancy; we sometimes meet with interesting greenhorn youths from college—so we believe they usually denominate their roost—with a sleek, footman-looking, whity-brown appearance about them; moral mulattos, determined to impress you with the idea of their profound obliviousness to all around them, while you unfortunately found them oblivious only of their own vanity. Yet there are indeed modern hermits, men who live alone; and let the reader ask himself whether it is more painful or more glorious to live alone? for, upon his reply to that question, will depend much of his own determination to inner advancement. The truth is, the greatest spirits *must* live most alone; the highest archangels must be the most isolated of created intelligences. Is it painful or is it glorious that as we advance to the higher mountain peaks of the empire of thought we cut ourselves off from the valleys of human sympathy? There are those upon whom reserve is thrust as a terrible necessity of their moral being, the eyelids of their outer senses are closed—pressed down—until a brother of their own soul crosses their way, and then—then—the wings rustle and flutter, the soul communes with the sense, but until that brother come to unlock the nature they sit silent and solitary in the cave waiting for the charmed word to be spoken, the *Ephaph-tha*—now throwing a plumb line down into the deep spiritual stream, now turning over the pages of some of the great buried old men of yore, if haply they *may* be embraced as brothers. Oh! is it not a sublime sight this of the hermetic spirit sitting and waiting by the pool till some angel come by and disturb for it the wave?

Whether we may say all this of Mr. Morris we do

not so well know. This surely we may say, that when we heard him his golden sentences came to us often like the short, weighty, condensed syllables of those brave old writers, Thomas Fuller, or Owen Feltham, or Sir Thomas Brown. Not rich with the mellowing pomp, the stained glass glory of the last of these, but say sentences composed of the quaintness of the first and the glory of the last; for, preach whenever he will, his sermons appear to abound in the short aphorisms which so reveal the thinker—sentences that hang round the memory like verbal or mental amulets—sentences which reveal the world into which the speaker has travelled—sentences like the hill-tops, chaining the horizon round, marking out the character of the country, and its boundaries and beauties.

We well remember threading our way to hear him some years since, at a time when our heart was well nigh broken, for the prop of life had snapped beneath us, and we had but just come from the grave of our wisest counsellor, our dearest and closest and most treasured companion, our household angel. We surely were in no mood to think—we could only feel; and we thought that tears and agonies had so petrified the heart to marble that no ordinary pulpit ministration could reach us. Our hermit came that day to talk upon the friendship of Jesus. He knew nothing of our heart-breakings, for we knew nothing of each other, or each other's whereabouts; and upwards of two hundred miles separated between our homes, but never can we forget the beautiful words full of divine beauty and divine light—"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Feeling flowed forth bathed in piety—sentences baptized in "the beauty of holiness." We felt the discourse so personally and entirely, no wonder that it

seemed a message to us. Beautiful was the distinction drawn "between thinking of Christ and thinking to Christ—between soliloquies *upon* Him, and conversations *with* Him—between thinking of Him, as a thousand years ago, or a thousand miles off, and in our own room." And yet more touching was the remark in reference to our great Friend Jesus, that "if we look from the Providence to the Person it is a mystery; but if we look from the Person to the Providence all is clear; if we stand by the side of our sorrow we cannot understand it—but if we stand by the side of our Friend and look at our sorrow we comprehend it."

Sentences like these have all the antithetic quaintness of the men of old, chastened from a coarseness which sometimes soiled their beauties; such sentences reflect themselves permanently on the memory. Ah! my good friend, firstly, and secondly, and thirdly, are very fine things in their place; far be it from the present poor writer to undervalue method, and order, and arrangement—but suppose you spent a little less time on firstly, secondly, and thirdly, and upon first, second, and third remarks, "under the first general head of our discourse," and instead of this gave us sharp, vivid sentences, striking like nails into the memory, and holding many other things together there. How think you?—might it not be more profitable to us and, let us hope, to thyself also?

We confess to being very fond of the aphoristic style of Mr. Morris. We are fond of a flowing manner, and we are fond of the sententious. Minds of that order to which Mr. Morris's belongs usually express themselves in that clear, curt, and defined way—they cannot stay to polish the cornices of a building—they like to say their word and leave it to its own suggestive course; and

very pleasant indeed it is to find the thought leavening and working within the mind. Take these for instance :—

“It is better to look out of darkness into light than out of light into darkness.”

“It is more important that the light be on the object than on the eye.”

“A minister, on being asked why he preached less loudly than formerly, replied, that he used to think it was the *thunder* that did the execution, but that he had discovered it was the lightning.”

“Characters, like texts, appear very much according to the coloured medium through which they are read.”

“Dissidence as well as agreement may be a fashion. Resistance to conventionalism may be without the qualities that make it worthy. It may be crotchety and morbid, not healthy and strong. It may be not the meek force of the great, but the conceit of the little. It may indicate rather an indisposition to obey, than a royal right to rule. It may be the emphasis, not of large thoughts, but italic letters. Discords may have a fine effect when used by a skilful composer, but they are sorry things in a general way.”*

Here is a string of beads; the last paragraph especially is an admirable illustration of the way in which Mr. Morris adds thought to thought; and so frequently every single sentence is not only an addition but a further elucidation. Nothing seems to be said in vain—it is a close compacted style. The discourse is as strong as a cable, and every sentence is a thread necessary to the strength of the whole. Some men in their discourses are like a man in a dark room feebly groping his way,

* Glimpses of Great Men.

perhaps by some faint struggling ray of light; every effort he makes to find door or window for further illumination only embarrasses himself and pains his hearers. Other men instantly throw open casement after casement; if you are embarrassed, it is from the effect of too great light, not too little. We may say Mr. Morris is of the latter order.

Thus, suppose we go back to our own memory for some aphorisms from one of Mr. Morris's Sabbath evening discourses. An evening in August—a discourse upon the intercession of Abram for Sodom—to us a most memorable evening. Strangely enough, as the speaker pursued his way through the deepening twilight, the wild hurry and turbulence of the elements solemnly sympathised with the subject: the crashing thunder rolled over the roof, and the glaring and vivid lightning glanced upon the cold stone arches of the chapel, and white stone pulpit. Such circumstances touched the imagination: the mind more readily transferred its sympathies to the terrible moment when the patriarch held communion with God, while the yet uncommissioned fire hung over the doomed city: more readily, as the bolt rattled in our hearing, did we hear the roar, and see the sudden outblaze of the elements, as they fell on turret and tower—as they wrapped the vast and ancient civilization in flames of ruin. Thanks to the quiet and unpretending manner of the preacher, the spell continued upon us: the terrible recall of devouring judgment—the rushing down of the sudden night, and cloud, and fury, from the solemn clouds, where had slumbered the avengements of violated law.

But we revert to the sermon and the occasion now only to collect an instance or two of Mr. Morris's aphoristic method—to make this one sermon an illustration,

as doubtless most of his sermons might be made, of the peculiar mind-life of the preacher:—

“How beautiful and generous was the meeting of Abram and the angels! (Men.) I think we could very well part with very much of the splendour and refinement of our high civilization for the open-heartedness—the open-handedness—of those primitive ages.”

“Abram invites the disguised angels to partake of refreshment—‘a morsel of bread:’ this is the height of courtesy; it is the truest politeness. He does not say anything about the well-fatted calf or ‘the seethed kid.’ True politeness springs from sensibility, and it always *depreciates* the favours it confers, and magnifies the favours it receives.”

“God says, I know Abraham, that he will command his house. The world looks for men abroad; God looks for men at home. He passes by the highly emblazoned achievement, and notes the quiet beauty of domestic life.”

“Abram’s mode of intercession with God, to our advanced light, must appear blasphemous. ‘Will God destroy the righteous with the wicked?’ God does destroy the righteous with the wicked now—what then? we must all die; the manner of our death is of little import. Death may be a very great blessing—to the righteous it is so. Abram’s mode of address to God is an illustration of the necessity of a mode of speech from God to man then, very different to that He adopts now. I suppose He could not have spoken to men—I cannot see how, in those days, He could have addressed them at all—if He had not spoken more with reference to their darkness, than His dignity.”

“Of what wonderful use saints are in society—not merely by their influence, but by the mere fact of their

existence! They save society, how frequently we do not know."

"God values more our intercessory prayers for others than our selfish prayers for ourselves. Oh! Christian people, remember your priestly character and office, and bear the names of your friends upon your breastplates when you pray!"

Now, can the reader see the mind of the preacher? His manner is not rapt and inspired; rhapsody he is unable to indulge in; aphorism, bound up with alliteration and antithesis, this has appeared to us to be the leading characteristic and mode of his style. Striking remark, novel presentation of truth. Thus we heard him once observe upon the moral evidence surrounding the conversion of Paul, that "he was just the sort of man to be converted in a hurry. His conversion could never have been by degrees—slow and gradual; his experience would be volcanic; he would leap into the kingdom of heaven at once:" and this was followed by some admirable observations upon the preservation of mental identity in the modes of conversion: and one other remark served us as a text to ruminate over from the same discourse—"that the conversion of sinners now, shows us that they can better serve God where they are (in sin) than where they might be."

This preaching is eminently suggestive—it is the preaching of a teacher. It is eminently above the mere commonplace phraseology of the most of our modern pulpits. In listening, you are called to labour; the preacher does not do the work of the hearer. He calls upon the hearer to exercise his own powers of thought: he holds up a torch within the soul, and says, "Behold!" The light streams through the understanding, but it descends deeper than the understanding. The

preacher speaks in hints. It is a poor business that of proving all you advance—let the auditor prove it. To revert again to the remarks made above,—by dialectic forms we cannot hope that truth will be much advanced; all *they* can do is to test the *quantity of truth*. The perception of its *quality* lies deeper—lies indeed in altogether another region. The instincts of man revolt against the chains of logic, and mathematical squares, and sections, and angles, as the crucibles of belief or unbelief. He will only be a useful teacher who, knowing something of the form, something of the method, of the synthesis and analysis in the discipline of his own mind, casts them mainly behind him in his efforts at public instruction, and speaks not from the operation of machinery *upon* him, but from the pressure of inspiration *within* him—inspiration the result of mental communication—of earnest travail after the Divine life—of the irrepressible voice of God within the soul, heard as the result of prayer and devout meditation—of silence,—and Foresight—the child of Silence—of long pondering over the words of the men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Wind—pondering, disturbed as little as may be by man's comments, and interrupted as little as may be by the darkening veil of human tradition.

We have lingered thus with the name of Mr. Morris, and continue to linger, because we wish all success to this kind of preaching. We are sick, to the very soul, of elegant preaching, and of elegant preachers too. The influence of Robert Hall and Dr. M'All, and other eminent living preachers, among the foremost of whom we may name Dr. Harris, has been most disastrous over the mind of the young ministry. The dryest, dullest, and most wearisome thing we know aught of, is elegant

preaching. The introduction into the pulpit of papers of highly diluted Spectatorism, abounding with tropes, and images, and curvetting sentences. Preachers like Mr. Morris break the spell of this mere elegant style—not that they are inelegant, but that really elegance forms no portion of their thought in preparing for the pulpit, compared with the weight and worth of the thought: the main question is, what can I give to the people to inspire them with holy affections? the next question then is, how can I convey it so as to be most easily apprehensible by the people? Sad is the influence of a tortuous and winding phraseology. No preacher should ever dream that he has exhausted a subject, or can exhaust it, in a single discourse. To all young preachers we would say, hunt up ideas, furnish your mind well with ideas, and store the minds of your people with ideas—with ideas clearly and perspicuously expressed: teach them to think. The teachers of the English people are apparently afraid lest they should begin to think—lest they should be taught to think. Oh, there are some wise dunces who are afraid that if they part with their mental wealth they shall be bankrupt, while others are thriving upon their riches. Poor mortals! Yet such have we seen; how carefully they have hugged the book lest it should be borrowed, and thus others know as much as themselves! How carefully they have treasured an idea! how indisposed to help you in a difficulty! they dreaded lest you also should become wise as they. Poor fools! poor misers! they forgot that it holds true in this, as in other matters, that diffusion is accumulation; to hide the lamp under the bed is to deprive ourselves of light as well as others. If a man would become mentally wealthy, let him scatter, with a liberal hand, the ideas he has already

attained. There are ministers whom we know—what knowledge have they diffused?—what new ideas have they communicated to the people? They have rounded their periods and kindled their imagery—have they done so much? Why, as we understand it, the man who has embraced the interests of the ministry, who has ordained himself to the work of public instruction, should consecrate all to his people; he is theirs; they have a right to the results of all his reading and his thinking; he should pour into his public discourses the illumination of all his books, and studies, and sciences—they have a right to it; he should make all—however varied, however miscellaneous—adapt itself to them. For what has he been educated? Languages, elocution, history, science—why has he studied them? Are they not laid by as soon as the college-rooms are left? People ignorant, unlettered? Nonsense, brother! Doubtless they were illiterate, and thou wert lazy; and an illiterate people and a lazy pastor ought to get on swimmingly together! But the writer of this does not believe there exists a people that intrepid intelligence and energy may not raise. The curse of the age is fine preaching; it is morbid and pestilential. The want of the age is plain, intelligent preaching—preaching suggestive and illustrative—preaching absorbing all that eloquence can offer, but eloquence adapting itself (without which it ceases to be eloquence) to the wants and status of the people; availing itself of the lights of history for illustration, or of science for confirmation, or of philology for elucidation; and holding all so aloft that they may reflect their rays upon the genius of Christianity, and develope its superior lustre, adaptability, and power. To attempt to say fine things in the pulpit is a solemn sin; and fine sermons (like all other

finery) are very evanescent in their influence. Let the fine sermon system die out as soon as possible, useless as it is to God and man. It devolves upon a few men to show to those not gifted with so much moral courage that there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by the adoption of a more honest system of instruction. Intelligence will ever hie away to the man able to teach. If an illustration is wanted, behold it in Mr. Morris's elegant (if small) and crowded chapel—crowded evidently with men and women thoughtful and earnest: and men baptized into a similar spirit, if they would make the experiment, would meet the same results in any ordinary town in England. Certainly it is time the experiment were made; nothing can be more deplorable than the condition of dissenting churches, with regard to pastors, all England over.

We will revert to one or two other salient points of Mr. Morris's character as a teacher. Conspicuously enough he is a Nonconformist, which is saying a great deal for him in these days of Dissenting Conformity; for, although Dissenters are very angry with anything like State interference, many of them lie prostrate beneath the tyranny of opinion, and are not at all indisposed to interfere pretty largely with one another. Mr. Morris may be called a Conservative Nonconformist. He too, like Mr. Binney and some others, has faith in Truth, but fear of Catholics;* and, on the whole, thinks that Truth will be finally victorious, if we help her by a little bit of old force. This is no place to discuss that matter, although this is rather surprising in so stout a disciple of the ultra heroes of Nonconformity.

No doubt there is truth in the doctrine—"that I may

* Roar of the Lion.

know what manner of man you are, show to me your gallery of heroes." It is an age of hero-worship. Perhaps every age has been an age of heroeikonism. It is indispensable to man to pay homage and reverence to some of his fellows; but, in our time, the disposition to admire the human above us has taken a shape and form more definite than it ever assumed before. It is not generally known that Mr. Morris was the author of a series of 'Sketches,' which appeared in 'The Nonconformist,' and which excited some attention some years since—a Nonconformist portrait gallery. A man must, on the whole, resemble what he most admires; he may be inferior in the depth of the tone to the men whose images he carves, but he will be like them; and perhaps, had circumstances demanded, he would have done precisely as they did. The gallery of Mr. Morris includes not merely or mainly the men who were the founders of the Puritanic life and faith, but the faithful Nonconformists in many a walk and sphere; for the spirit of Nonconformity is in the refusal to be bound and hampered up by social or ecclesiastical usages and observances. Hence when we sometimes see our friend enter the pulpit without the gown, and sometimes with it, we think we notice the indication of a spirit that would dare in more important matters to step aside from form and rule. It may be that he is less disposed to interfere with the ordinary programme of things than he was a few years since, and perhaps will be less disposed to interfere as years pass along; for what man does not become timid and indisposed to do the unusual thing by continuing in his solitude, among his thoughts and his books? We all become conservative as we grow old.

It is easier for such men to write the eccentric than to perform it; unless, indeed, such eccentricity is a

portion of character, and the result of a prevailing idiosyncrasy of mind. And this further leads us to say that we imagine John Foster to be, perhaps unconsciously to himself, Mr. Morris's model or ideal. His character of John Foster in 'The Nonconformist' gallery in many points is his own; hear what he says about him:—

“He could not build the house of great conclusions on the sands of common report and familiar truths; he could not be content with shows and seemings, even of the clearest and fullest form; he was not to be satisfied with the shells awarded serious thinkers by the moral monkeys of the world. He weighed each portion of merchandise, rang each piece of mental coin, scrutinised each vote tendered for truth. A proposition uttered to him,—the first effect was not belief, but inquiry; a fact stated,—and he ‘asked questions.’ Prevailing opinions, received theories, common customs, were fair matters, he thought, for examination; many of them he found, alas, for *post mortem* examination! And the things that were to be discovered to be true and genuine were not the goal of his investigations,—they could not be received as ultimate realities,—they were surfaces, counters, windows, locks,—indicating, representing, revealing, opening truth, which to him was always ‘the great deep,’ ‘the true riches,’ ‘the inner room,’ ‘the hid treasure.’ The process was, of course, slow, but the results were blessed, and he might well ‘like his mind for its necessity of seeking the abstraction upon every subject.’ Such a man’s life is to be estimated according to the number,—not of his nights and days, his eatings and drinkings, his walkings and restings, but—his thoughts, and feelings, his ponderings, and solitudes,—‘the visions of his head,’ and ‘the searchings of his heart.’”

Such appears to us the portrait of Alfred Morris—John Foster in the pulpit; and therefore (and because fitted for the work of the pulpit) inferior to John Foster, yet a man to whom John Foster would have listened. Conceive the glorious old British Essayist transformed into a gentleman, than which we could scarce imagine a feat more miraculous, and you may form some idea of the man of Holloway,—a man certainly more politic and civic than dear John ever was. Mr. Morris would never walk down four miles in a grey old ink-stained study-gown and walk up into the pulpit of a crowded chapel, in ignorance of his condition and dress. It may be that such entire abstraction is not desirable. No! in figure a very great difference between these two men:—the careless slouching gait of the one, and the nonchalantic air of the other. Foster, in his abstraction, was wholly regardless of life; he seemed sometimes to cut the last mooring, and sail away through the pure seas of thought. Morris, we dare to say, never does this: his abstraction is seldom entire. Look at the shock head of Foster; a tangled mass of hair combed into propriety with brambles—very different to the polished frontispiece of Morris—light, flowing, Saxon locks, and graceful rounded marble forehead. The head of Foster was more of the philosopher, the head of Morris more of the poet; and the style of Foster is very often (like the style of the present writer, by-the-bye, a comparison beginning and ending there unfortunately) very slovenly. The style of Morris is picked; not that he cares much about this matter, but that the graceful mind must express itself gracefully. No doubt external physiognomics reveal internal characteristics. Foster's mind was moulded in our hard northern counties,—Morris's in our more flexible southern Saxon climes.

While we have been reading this over, we heard you, oh! unfriendly reader and ungentle critic, "pooh-poohing! pshaw-pshawing!" you have not liked this comparison between the prince of English essayists, for such Foster is, and Alfred Morris; and we have only to say, Have you heard him? Well, and do you know him through his public teaching? If you do, you have heard him to little purpose if the analogy has not before now presented itself to you; and if you have not heard him, who are you that you should snarl over what you know nothing about?

In conclusion we may ask Mr. Morris to do two or three things, which will enhance the freedom of his ministrations, and with their freedom their value. The mould of his discourses, why adhere so closely to the old skeletonising method? We perceive that in most of his sermons he has the anatomical structure complete. Surely this can never be tolerated for its beauty. Furthermore, we notice that these divisions are the only commonplace portions of the sermon; leading one irresistibly to the conclusion that they are mapped out, notched down, without any especial mental evolvment, or volition, or meditation. With most persons this method of head-making is a mere apology for baldness of ideas, a plan to assist and cobble up diseased memories,—a kind of peg, the value of which is shared between the pulpit and the pew, frequently to the checking of thought in the preacher, and preventing the flow of instruction over the mind of the hearer. In conjunction with this, may we not say to Mr. Morris: "Dilate a little more, diffuse a little more, the gold will bear beating and not be very thin then, the thought will bear spreading out,—your volume is worth opening? We see the title-page: we would hear the flow of its language,

and the modulations of its varied sounds, and notes of its discourse."

We threw ourself back in our study-chair as we wrote the last sentence. We wondered if there were anything more to say; and as we sat, how naturally, how easily we traversed the miles till we found ourselves in the quiet aisles of Holloway Chapel—so chaste—so hushed, for the slow, hesitating words of its preacher—for the most part so slow, so hesitating, that they seem to you to ramble carelessly forth, sauntering, as it were, along the highways of speech, until more than usual thought demands a more than usual emphasis! We noted the curious expression of those eyes—full of meaning, full of lustre, full of love; and the texture of that stubborn-looking lip, saying without a word, as plain as ever lip said with words in this world: "I have thought it over, and I *will* have it so:" and while in that chapel, and beneath that ministration, utter strangers as we were to the man and all about him, we found that man *can worship* and *can teach*,—these two great intentions of the Christian temple are fulfilled there. There is not the appearance of a broken mechanical papistry in the place, but heartiness and earnestness, as if the people did believe in a God, and a Cross—which it does not appear to us they do believe in *all* places: there is not the appearance of indifferentism, as if the people would say: "We wonder whether that thing repeated for the thousandth time, will be said as well as it was on last Sunday." There is an expectancy, and an upcasting of the eye, as if the mental thread were preparing to string the golden beads or pearls which the speaker may let fall. And this we believe is a self-educated ministry. Mr. Morris had none of the advantages of academic instruction, or but few of them: he has carved his own way. All honour

to him! we like the men who have carved their own way, like John Foster, in this particular, too (for *his* academic lore was next to none). Mr. Morris has been the excavator of his own teachings and thinkings; and our impression has long been that the men who have been their own teachers are preeminently fitted to teach others. One would wish that in every pulpit in our land instead of the Rev. Orthodox Tweedlededee, who ministers so frequently, we had some one like Mr. Morris, who would believe something, think something, and say something to the purpose, to the waiting immortals around him.

HENRY MELVILLE.

“ That this style is often extravagantly admired is quite true—nay, even the downright florid is not without its admirers ; but it is not the less ineffective for that. This very admiration, as it is too often the subtle motion which has beguiled the speaker into such a vicious mode of treating his subject, so it at once affords a solution of the seeming paradox ; for it shows that the minds of the auditors are fixed rather upon the man than the subject ; less upon the truths inculcated than upon the genius which has embellished them.”—HENRY ROGERS, *Sacred Eloquence*.

It is as natural and as necessary for London to have some great attraction for the Sabbath—some lion for the Pulpit—as to have attractions of a more worldly nature for the week ; and there usually is some one place to which the people stream, at the gates of which you behold scores of carriages and cabs, the haunt of fashion, the place of glittering Bibles, gilded hymn and prayer books, of soft cushions, crimson hangings, and tassels. There are many requisites which must meet to produce a success so decided as this. The preacher should be a Conservative, a minister of the Church of England or Scotland, eloquent, floridly so, a commanding and attractive figure, a full and sonorous voice ; he should be anti-Romanist, strongly attached to the order of things as by law established, a slight spice of eccentricity of opinion or manner, a respectable (all the better if an aristocratic) standing in society. Most of these qualifications have combined in those preachers who have been the magnets of the metropolis—they met, for the most part, in Edward Irving, they meet in Dr. Cumming and Baptist Noel, they meet in Henry Melville.

And we must say it while we are writing, we do not much like these fashionable audiences or fashionable preachers. Mr. Thackeray never knew any case so bad as that of which he has given to us a picture in 'The Newcomes,' in the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Honeyman, and his church and congregation; that is a libel, a mere caricature, reflecting little credit on the writer, and only proving how much a man may know the world, and how profound therefore his ignorance may be of religious circles. Still, fashionable congregations have a taint of Phariseeism over them. To such a congregation you must go if you would see the Pharisee in full bloom; it is precisely there that the Tangles and the Trimwells worship; there the pharisee can make broad his phylacteries, which he has no opportunity to do in a humble church or conventicle. We are sketching preachers, but it would be as interesting a work to sketch auditors and temples; for instance, the Natural History of a Pharisee. Like other social creatures, he is a being who has only changed his vesture. Sects perish; the heart of the sect does not die, it animates new frames. These pharisees, how much we have heard of them! we have learnt to speak of them with contempt, with horror. Did they not resist the teachings of our Lord, did they not attempt to kill him repeatedly? Eventually did they not do so? did they not seek to calumniate and blacken his memory? did they not persecute the apostles and intercept their teachings? Yes; yet, after all, is not the pharisee a type man, an antique symbol, of a modern character? Change the name and the dress, and the portrait may do as well for modern England and the temples of London as for Jerusalem and its Temple. When I approach the blaze of a fashionable church or chapel, I always

seem to hear a voice saying, "Beware of the leaven of the pharisees."

For, in a word, the pharisee is one whose aim is rather to Seem than to Be. Being is Christian, Seeming is Pharisaic. Being is a body, Phariseeism is a cloak. Being inquires, What am *I*? Phariseeism inquires, How do I look? Being solicits consciousness of goodness; Seeming solicits a reputation for it. Being, however apparently weak, is at all times strong; Seeming, however apparently strong, is at all times weak. Seeming is always poor, a bankrupt desirous of being thought rich; Being is always rich, though esteeming himself poor. Seeming built a palace to keep up appearances; Being built a cottage to seek for comfort and happiness. Seeming rolls to church in a carriage with liveried footmen and purple velvet prayer-book, because it is the established order of things; Being walks to church with the penitential soul to worship in humility the God and Father our Lord Jesus Christ. How rich must be the delight to seem and to have the reputation for being what we are not! Could not the tailors make a cloak or coat called "the Pharisee" instead of the Paletot, of the good broad cloth called "Seeming," edged with beautiful evangelical muslin or cambric?

But with remarks quite too severe we are standing here in the lobby looking at the carriages driving up to the door, when it is our business to forget the audience and their carriages, their silks, ermine, and sables, their gold, and purple, and crimson, and step within to receive the Word for ourselves.

These remarks are wholly and altogether to be separated from the preacher.

Our boyish memories hover round Camden Chapel. Many a time did our own good minister take us tole-

rably smartly to task for our dereliction from attendance in due propriety upon our own proper service. In truth, Chrysostom Melville—Melville of the Golden tongue—had wonderful power over us in those days; and there are few parts of Camden Chapel where the print of our feet has not been. Sometimes perched aloft in the gallery by the organ, sometimes standing in the aisles; sometimes, near the great preacher himself, we touched his robes as he swept by us into the pulpit, and what an honour did we feel that to be! From him we heard the first decided pealings of the awful organ tones of eloquence; and in the matter of pulpit oratory, we know not that we have heard anything transcending them. Our opinion may have altered (at that time we scarcely had what was worth calling such) as to what constitutes the best pulpit style, but there is no doubt in our minds now, that the most chivalric notes of eloquent thought fell from the lips of Henry Melville. In those days Parsons captivated our feelings—Melville inspired our intellect. All that we can almost conceive of eloquence, short of the absolute height of inspiration, is included in those memories. A voice, not low, but naturally loud and clear, and capable of every varying expression. How deep the pathos and tenderness! tears attested it. Now it was like the sobbing of winds among the boughs, like the wail of mourning birds sorrowing for the mate—now the trembling intonations surged and heaved along!—now grief and pity swelled and sank alternately in those rich notes!—and now like the swell of a trumpet the spirit mounted from the domains of grief. Loudly rung the clarion; now martial, now defiant, the words rushed forth, ready armed, gifted, and graced with all the gorgeousness of a quickened and refined sensibility!

We have never since so truly heard the pomp of words. Sometimes this pomp hovered upon the borders of inflation, but usually their march was like a glittering host, in steel and shining accoutrements, reflecting back the magnificence of the solar beam. Sabbath after Sabbath, on the evening, immense was the audience, and over their ears the words most literally rolled, subduing, melting, appalling. There was, indeed, no appeal to the feelings themselves. The imagery did not hang like foliage upon a stemless tree; it decorated richly though not gracefully, and far too gorgeously, the porches of thought. In many of our first feeble ascents up the hill of intellectual difficulty we were indebted to this training hand. Henry Melville first taught us to sing—EXCELSIOR.

Drawing the distinction, which we own to be somewhat difficult to draw, between Sermons and Orations—a distinction which yet appears purely arbitrary—the compositions of Melville merit the term Orations.* They are not teachings, in the better sense of the word. They abound with ideas, but the ideas are so amplified and illustrated by imaginative diction, that they derive their lustre frequently more from their setting, than from themselves. We have lately wished, in reading, and even in hearing, too, that the thought presented itself in a plainer drapery—it is rhetorical—the key-note is pitched high, and the torrent flows on, without a breath or a pause. Yes, it must be admitted—you see it now—that there was there too much of the delivery of a composition. How delightful, how glorious, so to speak, is

* It has been usual to call the discourses of John Gough orations. This is ludicrous; they have not one characteristic of the oration,—that is, an unbroken flow of eloquence. The discourses of M'All, Chalmers, Irving, were orations; Gough's, "amusements."

it to see volition in the pulpit—to believe that the mind *is* working there—that it, too, is a study—that the preacher is indeed at home—that he is not the slave of a mechanical formulary of thought—that he can step aside from his previous cogitations, and seize a passing conception or emotion! And is the man who cannot do this—who does not habitually do this—fitted for a preacher? Or are we to understand that nothing should be said in the pulpit that has not been previously written and arranged, mentally, in the pacings of the study, and verbally on paper?

Perhaps Mr. Melville's system is opposed to this; he invariably reads. His sermons differ in the degree of elaboration most obviously, and some indicate but little thought or preparation, and some lead to the inference that the preacher is unable to resist those impulses to speak impromptu, which all true orators know, and which, when felt in all their full intensity, are to him like the very emotions of high prophetic passion and power, and are to the people an occasion for deep and rapturous enjoyment. Yet this orator seems to know but little of the play spirit of Schiller. "We are never great," said that great soul, "but when we play;"—that is, all that is truly great is done easily, simply, naturally; and perhaps it may be said that he who does not his work, any work, in this mood, thinking or speaking, or any other kind of labour, has not yet found the work he should do. Certainly he has not found the way in which he should do it. It is very hard, it is very difficult to disrobe the idols of our first intellectual affections, and it seems to us that it should ever be done reverently and most lovingly. But thus, then, we think we have found the defection of the Chrysostom of our boyhood—the play spirit is wanting

—the ease, the grace of the soul. What is the proper attitude for the pulpit? What should be the standard of pulpit dignity? Are invective and declamation dignified at all? How long can we tolerate them? Pathos and description, that they, too, may be successful,—do we not demand that they should do their work for the most part with a stroke, a single flash? This hanging breathless on the lips of oratory and eloquence, startling as it may seem, is it not a very useless and almost inemotional thing? Very frequently the true idea is wonder—wonder that the machine should go on at that rate—wonder that the man there should possess the power of pelting us with such a heap of words; and that when the pelting is over, we should feel no soreness, that perhaps not one of them all should hit us. This is very much the character of the rhetorician; this is ever the fault of tropes, and gorgeous diction, and rounded periods; they are upon the whole so impressionless, so useless, the man of taste does not need them, the illiterate man does not understand them; while the Christian, be he minister or hearer, must surely regret the time expended in polishing the mere gewgaws of discourse, in tricking out the real excellence with tinsel. Such artists frequently resemble those who would place a silken cord for the conduction of the electric current, or hang robes over the Venus de Medici to develop the grace of the proportions.

Far be it from us to assert that this is the case with Henry Melville, but it is the case with all his imitators, and we do assuredly sometimes trace something of it in himself. Possessing, perhaps, no wit, nor much destructiveness, although largely gifted with combativeness, his sentences do not often assume the antithetical form; but no one has attended his ministry without noticing

his large propensity to the paradoxical ; a latent paradox lies beneath most of his discourses : this often imparts a tone of high interest—or, rather say, wonder—to the preacher's outpourings ; indeed the paradox, or the antithesis, is the usual resort of the more artificial style of oratory ; and those who are fond of noticing how startlingly often race represents itself will not be surprised at the analogy frequently drawn between Dr. Chalmers, from Scotland, and Melville, if we mistake not, from Cornwall. Both represent the Celtic blood, and in both we trace the Celtic style of oratory, tinged, of course, as it could not fail to be, with the warmer and more simple gloss of Saxon feeling. Melville's is a style that has long struck us as peculiarly and eminently French—so perpetually interjectional—so anxious to produce effect—so determined to take you by surprise—so showy, and, may we not say, so meretricious?—so dazzling by the glare of words—in every way so ambitious, at the same time so circumambulatory. All these points remind you of the disciple of Bossuet ; and, like that famous man, he too, in an inferior degree, may be styled philosopher, orator, and poet ; we will not say that he possesses either the regal grandeur, the splendid variegation of discourse, or the delicacy of tender sentiment and enunciation, possessed by the eminent French bishop ; but he does yet possess something of all these. Like Bossuet he is fitted for the pomp of great occasions ; he can perform his part well before illustrious personages. We could conceive that, with a French audience, he too could pronounce, as over the remains of the beloved Maria Theresa the French preacher pronounced, “ *O nuit désastreuse ! Est Madame se meurt ! Madame est morte !* ” while a whole court should dissolve in tears around him. We have heard some of these fine touches in our

English Bossuet when preaching before the Duke of Wellington; especially do we remember one on the disposition to servitude regarded as a test of greatness—"And whosoever is greatest among you, let him be your servant." We well remember how, as the text thrilled forth, every eye turned to the Duke, as if watching the impression of such a commandment: and still more impressive upon our memory is the sermon preached, before the Duke also, in the chapel near the ruins of the Tower of London, on the occasion of the fire; standing where all the havoc and fury of the flames and the smouldering ashes could be seen—amidst a building so consecrated by recollections of the most hoary and ancestral—the invulnerable fortress of stone—the preacher read forth his text:—"Seeing, then, that all *these* things must be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be?" It was felt that there was a terrible and most appealing propriety between the scenery and the circumstances and the words. And those for the sermon on the destruction of the Royal Exchange were equally appropriate, though we did not hear that discourse:—"Alas! alas! that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls! For in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning." The genius of the preacher is frequently as visible in the selection of a text as in the whole structure of a discourse.

From all that has been said it will be believed that the style of Mr. Melville is truly forensic: the logical formulary is preserved, although it is not often seen—

the drapery is too thick for that: but in the perusal of the discourse we find how completely the preacher himself is bound to the dialectic form. This we say is not seen, for the mode is merely forensic; while the argument lasts we feel that it is special pleading; nor indeed do we think that many persons would flock to hear Mr. Melville from his power or precision in analyzing causes or disposing of arguments; his reasoning has ever struck us as wanting in manliness and honesty. We cannot always disprove his logic, but we seldom feel it. We understand the meaning of that celebrated French criticism of Bossuet, that "he proved religion, but Fenelon makes us love it." We do not know that we were ever the better for Mr. Melville's ratiocinations, and we fancied that he never appeared very desirous to linger upon the process of argumentations himself—no! but when he breaks the moorings, and launches forth on the wide fields of reverie and rhapsody, who then is untouched?—who then is unimpressed? Sometimes the whole sermon is thus a sublime effusion, in which all nature and all intelligence are bowed to the preacher's bidding: you are dazzled, blinded, by the coruscations of genius. The voice of the preacher, like a trumpet, has bade a boundless theatre of wonders and of splendours open itself to you; he presses his finger upon the charmed lock of fancy, and troops of wonderfully suggestive words obey his bidding; here he is at home; he revels, like a necromancer, amidst a glittering galaxy of many-coloured images—all phantasmal—all producing upon you an impression like that of stained glass. We feel that that is not the way Nature would paint, yet we cannot withhold our delight; the colours are so deep-toned—so rich, so radiant; as we said, there is so deep a pomp of hue—crimson dyes, deep royal purple: we

are suffused with such radiances as these; but what we note is, that our preacher puts as deep a purple, as gorgeous, and as glowing, and unconcealed, into a beetle's shard as into a monarch's robe; and tints the wing of the little bird with a sapphire as bright as that which colours the wing of an archangel.

Still Mr. Melville has a mind balanced by the sure instincts of an internal sense or genius. Robert Montgomery may be best described as a mere intellectual dandy; yet the faults of our favourite's style approach, in some measure, the sins of the poetaster—a disposition to look at things through the microscope, and to give that appearance as the natural one: but this fault, it would seem, may find its balance when objects of more magnificent moment are looked upon. Shall we seem to be like the orator we describe, attempting only ambitious things, when we say that, on some occasions,

“ 'Twas e'en as if an angel shook his wings?”

Seraphic gleamings darted over the temple, scorning the dull earth—the pinions seemed glistening far off, amidst distant ranks and troops of stars; we could for the time imagine them doing homage to a Superior Intelligence as he passed along. Over imaginative minds Mr. Melville's sermons have the same wild and extraordinary influence wielded by Martin's pictures; the tendency while he rushes rapidly by you is to build any vast and awful forms of grotesque magnificence—to stretch out the eye to far-flashing constellations and zodiacs distant in space—to watch the mystic outraying of strange lightnings round colossal thrones and Titan monarchies. This, it may seem, is no very desirable kind of preaching for an inflammable youth; and Mr. Melville himself is wonderfully tamed now in the bril-

liancy of his language ; but such as it was in our young days we describe it now ; and then, indeed, all Nature poured around him her tributary streams of imagery. The head, so strangely nodding over every peculiarly inflicted sentence, the rounded period so rapidly turned by the voice, the hand never raised, but very gently lifted from the pulpit-cushion ; anon the head thrown back, and then a very kind, bright, student's eye darting proudly round the gallery as an eagle might survey a champaign, or an angel a world ; and then, then ! what a flood of splendour came streaming through our astonished senses ! On such occasions it was as if some kind spirit winged his way to point out to us the panorama of creation. It was in those days we made our Festus journey, but not on Ruin and Death ; but He was our conductor over the continents ; sometimes within the earth, when horrid forms glared terrible upon us from the granite and the marble ; sometimes on the ocean, fired and bronzed with the kindlings of glory and beauty ; sometimes upon the earth, till every insect and every glittering micaceous speck became a radiant letter to our eye ; and sometimes through grim mountain-passes, and fearful thunder-clouds, and clear white shafts of lightning, making blue to us the faces of the sheeted dead. It is no wonder, is it, that our imagination has played tricks with us ever since, when this was a portion of its education ?

For instance (although we scarcely know how to cite instances from so many fresh within our recollection) there was that extraordinary blaze of eloquent diction on "God inhabiting the praises of Israel." God dwelling as in a cathedral built of praises ! It was a subject very congenial to the orator ; it was throughout a glowing poem, starting from a rich description of a vast old

minster with its wonderful combinations of wood and stone, looked at as conceptions of the Divine, written thus, as the orator writes his conceptions, in words, and the poet his in verse,—the preacher walked amidst the forest of pillars listening to the voice of God in rich symphonies sounding there, even as of old among the trees of the garden. Well do we remember the pictured splendours of the old cathedral opened like the rich volume of an old divine, with its long-drawn aisles and dim recesses, its mellowed light and deepened shadows, its bold and mighty arches; it was not possible to listen without noting how stone, the oak and cedar work, and curtains, rose to the glorious proportions of the magnificent building. And then the figure of speech was used to convey the lofty idea that God dwelt in a temple built of the praises of his creatures—as in vast and hoar cathedral sanctuaries. Behold the structures!—the noble and brilliant fabrics reared from the anthem of unfallen intelligences!—dim recesses, where mention was made of the mysteries of the Divine Nature!—a rich roof, wrought out of the melodies which hymn the goodness of the Universal Parent!—a building wrought from the Rock of Ages!—its pillars, song on song—its aisles, prolonged choruses—domes, and pinnacles, and spires bearing aloft the truth that God became man, that man might rise to fellowship with God. Then rang over the entranced assembly the preacher's exclamation—"Ah, this is the cathedral!—a cathedral beheld by Christ, rising, as he hung on his cross!" And even while the speaker rapidly—rapidly—poured along a sea of words of mingled piety and poetry, describing the long succession of ages, contributing to the wonderful working, the spacious chapel seemed far too little for him and for us—a building rose before the

eye, of infinite proportions—bathed in the soft sempiternal lustres of the Godhead—glorious with the hues of infinite love and infinite light, and swelling aloft into the unseen shrine of Deity.

We have spoken of the inflation frequently perceptible in the manner of the preacher, and in justice to our own criticism we must still speak of it. We might cite from the volumes of sermons lying before us innumerable illustrations, but we content ourselves with one, although that one has been before remarked upon by other reviewers. It appears in one of his most brilliant discourses—one from which we intend selecting a paragraph of a very different character; but sacred as is the theme (the resurrection of Christ), and great as is our respect for the preacher, we can only regard it as a piece of the most truly magnificent bathos, and trumpet-toned nonsense, it has ever been our lot to read or hear. If any apology is needed for presenting it in this volume, it is, that it appears now in the fifth edition of Mr. Melville's sermons, published so recently as 1850. Speaking of Jesus, he says:—

“He went down to the grave in the weakness of Humanity, but at the same time in the might of Deity, and designing to pour forth a torrent of lustre on the life, the everlasting life of man.—Oh! he did not bid the firmament cleave asunder, and the constellations of eternity shine out in their majesties, and dazzle, and blind an overawed creation. He rose up a moral giant from his grave-clothes, and, proving death vanquished in his own stronghold, left the vacant sepulchre as a centre of light to the dwellers on the planet. He took not the suns and systems which crowd immensity, in order to form one brilliant cataract, which, rushing down in its glories, might sweep away darkness from

the benighted race of the Apostate; but He came forth from the tomb masterful and victorious, and the place where He had lain became the focus of the rays of the long hidden truth; and the fragments of his gravestone were the stars from whence flashed the immortality of man."

To our poor mind the taste of this passage is deplorable, and the tone, if we may say so, shockingly irreverent from its meaninglessness.

But the reader will readily enough gather that this is no ordinary preaching, and that the sermons of Mr. Melville abound frequently with phrases and discussions of extraordinary beauty as well as loftiness; for his command over the tender feelings of his audience is quite equal to his power of descending into the more sublime and darkly shadowed movings of the spirit. How often do his auditors hold back their sobbings and stifle the tears that the spell of their master's power may not be broken! The same sermon will frequently abound with both of these evidences of mastery over the spirit. We can scarce resist the influence to shout out loudly in the church; if he questioned us,—if he interrogated us,—we *must* do so; for his is most eminently a style of speech that not only ruffles within you all your deeper feelings, but the manner of the preacher prevents your following them there. You follow *him* through all the moods of language or of mind; reasoning upon the style of this mode of speech you feel how marvellous its power might be, if it were more bound by some obvious aim; but the impression is like that of a very pleasant song,—a glorious piece of music, of many tones and powers,—you are dazzled and bewildered by the radiance of speech and imagery. You wondered at the oracle, but on the whole its utterances were dark sayings.

Before we close, some of our readers will say, "Show to us some of the sentences of the orator;" and we therefore subjoin two or three extracts, and the first shall be from the sermon to which reference has already been made in the Tower Chapel immediately after the fire.

"If we come down upon any one amongst yourselves, who may be actually engrossed with worldly objects, and preach to him as it were from the shroud and coffin, we undoubtedly take the course which after all is most efficacious. It is not that we depreciate the excellence of that which he prizes,—for this might rouse his indignation, and lead him to account us ignorant of that against which we declaimed; but we give him the whole benefit of the supposition that there is real worth in the objects of his pursuit,—at least we will not inflame all his prejudices by entering into debate with him on their being unsatisfying; we ply him instantly with the fact that 'these things shall be dissolved,' that therefore they are only temporal—temporal in respect to him, whatever they may be in themselves. And, though he might listen with a very languid attention, if we attempted to prove *their* dissolution by referring to some great change which is to pass over the universe, ought he not to hearken with the most excited and interested feelings when we press him with the circumstance of *his own* dissolution? We will not argue with the sensualist in the midst of the fascinating objects wherein he delights; we will not argue with the miser whilst the gold glitters and sparkles before him; we will not argue with the philosopher as the broad arch of the heavens fixes his study; but we will argue with them amidst the graves of a churchyard, and our reasoning shall be its inhabitants of all ages and all ranks. Come with us into

the sacred enclosure, and there learn feelingly the emphasis of our text. This tomb—it is that of an opulent merchant; he made his thousands—and then could carry nothing away with him of all he had accumulated. Yonder proud marble—it marks the resting-place of one who attained high rank; he wore stars and ribbons—and then left them for a winding-sheet. Beneath your feet is the dust of a voluptuary; he thought nothing worth living for but pleasure, he took his fill—and was then stripped of every power of enjoyment. This stone covers a man of science; he delighted in searching after knowledge, the planets were his companions, the mysteries of nature were his pastime; and having stored his mind with the varied erudition—he was hurried into a world of which he had gained no intelligence. Tread lightly on *that* turf,—something like homage is due even to the dust of what once was lovely and virtuous; it is the idol of parents over whom that grass grows, and she was all that parents' hearts could wish—a vision of the morning, radiant and formed to shed blessings on all around; the parents garnered up their souls in her, she was their all, their idol; they never seemed to think that she could die,—but the spoiler came, and in a moment they were childless. We need not continue our progress through the melancholy spot; but will any of you go away from the churchyard, unimpressed with the feeling that all created good can be enjoyed but for a short time, and therefore that it is not the good which should engage the affections of creatures appointed for immortality? Knowing, as ye must know, that what has happened to those whose epitaphs ye have been reading, must ere long happen to yourselves, will ye turn to the pursuit of money, or of pleasure, or of science, or of honour, just as though ye had no demonstration that the world passeth away, and

the fashion thereof? Will ye not rather, though ye may not have been affected as the vision was before you, of the pillars of the universe tottering, and one terrific flame wrapping up the heavens and the earth,—will ye not rather withdraw from the sanctuary of the dead, not merely confessing that ‘all these things shall be dissolved,’ but drawing from it in your very hearts the inference, ‘what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness!’”

Another extract lies before us, illustrating our preacher’s power of Apostrophe, selected from his famous sermon on the tercentenary of the translation of the English Bible:—

“By the memory of the martyrs, by the ashes of confessors, by the dust of a thousand of saints, we conjure you to be staunch in support of your religion! The spirits of departed worthies who have witnessed a good confession, and sealed it with their blood,—bend down, we may think, from their lofty dwelling, and mark our earnestness in defending the faith for which they died! Oh, if they could hear our voice, should it not tell them that there are yet many in the land emulous of their zeal, and eager to tread in their steps; ready, if there come a season big with calamity, to gird themselves for the defence of Protestantism in its last asylum, and to behold in the strength of the living God a cause which they sustained by their arguments and cemented by their blood! Yes, illustrious martyrs, ye died not in vain! Mighty troop! there was lit up at your massacre a fire in these realms which is yet unextinguished, and from father to son has the sacred flame been transmitted; and though in the days of our security this flame may have burnt with a dimmed lustre, yet let the watchman sound the alarm, and many a mountain-top shall be red with

the beacon's blaze, and the noble vault of your resting-place grow illumined with the flash! Repose ye in your deep slumbers, spirits of the martyred dead! we know something of the worth of a pure Gospel, and a free Bible! We will bind ourselves, by the name of Him who liveth and abideth for ever, to preserve unimpaired the privileges bequeathed us, and to impart them in their beauty and fulness to the whole mass of our population! Protestantism has long enjoyed a season of tranquillity, and its enemies may have mistaken its quietness for deadness. 'As well,' to borrow the simile of an illustrious departed statesman on another occasion, 'might they have thought the ship finally dismantled when they had seen her laid up in ordinary, sleeping on her shadow with no signs of power. There needs nothing but the news of the invader, and presently would this mighty mass, resting to all appearance uselessly on the waters, ruffle her swelling plumage, put forth all her beauty and her bravery, awaken her dormant thunder, and walk the waves as though instinct with life.' Thus Protestantism may have seemed to be slumbering, but she has in herself the elements of might. Let only the tidings be heard that the Philistines are upon her, and again, and suddenly, shall she start at the alarm and spring into energy; and it shall be proved that she needed nothing but a season of peril to make her spread her wings and bear down her foes."

This is ambitious, but weak indeed in comparison with what Hall (of whom it is an imitation), or Chalmers, or Irving would have said on a like occasion.

And yet one more thrilling extract from a sermon on the closing year 1837, the evening of December 31st:—

"Which of you would be inattentive to our exhortation—which of you would go away and be indifferent

to religion—if we stood now in this pulpit with a revelation from Him who hath the keys of death, commissioned to make known to every individual in this assembly the exact time he had to live; but at the same time, to show all, that their graves would be dug ere the earth should have walked another circuit round the sun? I open the dark book of fate! Every one fears to look, dreading that he shall see his own name. But we force you to see—we force you to hear—we pronounce your name, and *yours*, and *YOURS*! None of you shall outlive 1838! Ah, believe this, and we dare to say none of you shall go down to hell. Is it because we cannot compute the moment—because you can only rebel for a few days, more or less, that you venture to live as though there were no hereafter, no death, or no judgment? Indeed it is. What you would not dare do, if you knew that you *must* die in a *year*, you do without compunction because you only know that you *may* die *to-morrow*.

“But, at least, it is evident, that the great thing wanted to make men provide for eternity, is what we have called the practical persuasion that they have but a short time to live. They will not apply their hearts unto wisdom until they are brought to the numbering of their days. And how are you to be brought, my brethren? The most surprising thing in the text is, that it should be in the form of a *prayer*. It is necessary that God should interfere to make men number their days. We call this surprising. What! is there not enough to make us feel our frailty without an actual supernatural impression? What! are there not lessons enough of that frailty without any new teaching from above? Go into our churchyards—all ages speak to all ranks. Can we need more to prove to us the uncertainty of life? Go into mourning families—and where are they not to be found?

—in this it is the old, in that the young, whom death has removed—and is there not eloquence in tears to persuade us that we are mortal? Can it be that in treading every day on the dust of our fathers, and meeting every day with the funerals of our brethren, we shall not yet be practically taught to number our days, unless God print the truth on our hearts through some special operation of His Holy Spirit? It is not thus in other things. In other things the frequency of the occurrence makes us expect it. The husbandman does not pray to be made to believe that the seed must be buried and die before it will germinate. This has been the course of the grain of every one else, and where there is so much experience what room is there for prayer? The mariner does not pray to be taught that the needle of his compass points towards the north. The needle of every compass has so pointed since the secret was discovered, and he has not to ask when he is already so sure. The benighted man does not pray to be made to feel that the sun will rise in a few hours. Morning has succeeded to night since the world was made, and why should he ask what he knows too well to doubt? But in none of these things is there greater room for assurance than we have each one for himself, in regard to its being appointed to him once to die. Nevertheless, we must pray to be made to know—to be made to feel—that we are to die, in the face of an experience which is certainly not less than that of the parties to whom we have referred. There is a petition that we may believe, believe as they do: for they act on their belief in the fact which this experience incontestably attests. And we may say of this, that it is amongst the strangest of the strange things that may be affirmed of human nature, that whilst, in regard to inferior concerns, we can carefully avail ourselves of

experience, taking care to register its decisions and to deduce from them rules for our guidance—in the mightiest concern of all we can act as though experience had furnished no evidence, and we were left without matter from which to draw inferences. And, nevertheless, in regard to nothing else is experience so uniform. The grain does not always germinate—but every man dies. The needle does not always point due north—but every man dies. The sun does not cross the horizon in every place in every twenty-four hours—but every man dies. Yet we must pray—pray as for the revelation of a mystery hidden from our gaze—we must pray to be made to know—to be made to believe—that every man dies! For I call it not belief, and our text calls it not belief, in the shortness of life and the certainty of death, which allows men to live without thought of eternity, without anxiety as to the soul, or without an effort to secure to themselves salvation. I call it not belief—no, no, anything rather than belief. Men are rational beings, beings of forethought, disposed to make provision for what they feel to be inevitable: and if there were not a practical infidelity as to their own mortality, they could not be practically reckless as to their own safety.

“And wherefore does the very circumstance of the text, being in the form of a prayer, confirm us in the feeling that to discourse to you on your frailty, is to discourse to you on what is least likely to fix your attention? All the gloominess, of which we spoke to you in the beginning of the sermon, returns upon us. We feel as though we must have been speaking in vain, as though it were lost time which had been given to reflections on the close of another year. Are we thus numbering our days? Yes, we do all thus number our days. But on what scale, or upon what arithmetic?

Let us all be honest, and perhaps we shall all confess that we reckon on living, at least, another year. We expect, we calculate on seeing the close of the twelve-month which we are just about beginning. Yet I dare pronounce it certain that we all shall not. So then there is a numbering of our days; but, alas! we so number them that we apply the heart to folly. The young man numbers his days; he computes that there is a good deal of sand yet left in his hour-glass, and it is not necessary to begin to prepare for eternity. Yes, this is numbering our days that we may apply our hearts unto folly. We need no teaching for this; we do this naturally, not even contemplating it probable, but at once reckoning on the certainty. But as for numbering our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, for this there must be teaching—supernatural, Divine teaching. The coffin will not teach it; the open grave will not teach it; pestilence will not teach it. Thou, O God, and Thou alone, canst make us feel ourselves mortal, that we should live like the immortal! What an expression is that of St. Paul to the Corinthians!—did you ever ponder it?—‘*Quit you like men*’—‘QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.’ ‘Like men’ is all he asks from them—’tis all we ask from you. ‘Like men,’ immortal beings that perish not in death; not like brutes, where there is no soul to survive the dissolution appointed. Then only are we acting as men when we act for eternity.

“But we forbear—we have said that exhortation is powerless, and why then plead? We turn to prayer. Now as the year dies, now as 1837 is just giving in its record of our conduct, we turn to prayer. God of the spirit of all flesh, the young are before Thee, the old are before Thee. ‘So teach us all to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!’”

We fear that our quotations may appear too many. One, however, lies before us, with which we will close these volumes of Sermons. We quote it the rather that we heard it, and remember well its powerful influence over the breathless audience. It is on the Doctrine of the Resurrection.

“One after another is withdrawn from the church below, and Heaven is gathering into its capacious bosom* the company of the justified. We feel our loss, when those whose experience qualified them to teach, and whose life was a sermon to a neighbourhood, are removed to the Church above. But we sorrow not, even as others, which have no hope, ‘as we mark the breaches which Death makes on the right hand and on the left.’ We may, indeed, think that ‘the righteous is taken away from the evil to come,’ and that we ourselves are left to struggle through approaching days of fear and perplexity. Be it so! We are not alone. He who is the Resurrection and the Life leads us on to the battle and the grave.

“‘THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!’ these are Thy magnificent titles, Captain of our Salvation! and therefore we commit to Thee body and soul, for Thou hast redeemed both, and Thou wilt advance both to the noblest and most splendid of portions. Who quails and shrinks, scared by the despotism of Death? Who amongst you fears the dashings of those cold black waters which roll between us and the promised land? Men and brethren, grasp your privileges! Men and brethren, Christ Jesus has ‘abolished death.’ Will you, by your faithlessness, throw strength to the dethroned and the destroyed? Yes. ‘The Resurrection and the Life’ ‘abolished death.’ Ye must indeed die, and so

* This is from Robert Hall.

far Death remains undestroyed. But, if the terrible be destroyed, when it can no longer terrify,—and if the injurious be destroyed when it can no longer injure,—if the enemy be abolished when it does the work of a friend,—and if the tyrant be abolished when performing the offices of a servant,—if the repulsion be destroyed when we can welcome it,—and if the odious be destroyed when we can embrace it,—if the quicksand be abolished when we can walk on it and sink not,—if the fire be abolished when we can pass through it and be scorched not—if the poison be abolished when we can drink it and be hurt not—then is Death destroyed! then is Death abolished to all who believe on ‘the Resurrection and the Life;’ and the noble prophecy is fulfilled (bear witness, ye groups of the ransomed, bending down from your high citadel of triumph!). Oh, Death, I will be thy plagues! Oh, Grave, I will be thy destruction!

“ ‘I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN’—Oh, for the angels’ tongue, that words so beautiful might have all their melodiousness—‘saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’ It is yet but a little while and we shall be delivered from the burden and the conflict; and, with all those who have preceded us in the righteous struggle, enjoy the deep raptures of a Mediator’s presence. Then reunited to the friends with whom we took sweet counsel on earth, we shall recount our toil only to heighten our ecstasy, and call to mind the tug and the din of the war, only that with a more bounding throb and richer song we may feel and celebrate the wonders of redemption. And when the morning of the first resurrection breaks on this long-disor-

dered and groaning creation, then shall our text be understood in all its majesty and in all its marvel; and then shall those words—whose syllables mingle so often with the funeral knell that we are disposed to carve on the cypress-tree rather than on the palm ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life,’—form the chorus of that noble anthem, which those for whom Christ ‘died, and rose, and revived,’ shall chant as they march from judgment to glory.”

We are certain these extracts are rather below the average of Mr. Melville's sermons, but they convey an idea of his usual style; they are less ornate than the bulk of his discourses, for over the greater part there hangs the most profuse foliation of the Corinthian style. In Henry Melville we have the very culmination of the fine style of preaching. The points of analogy are many between his sermons and those of Dr. M'All. In Melville we have a more lofty conceptive power, in M'All a more ample diffusiveness. In Melville we notice the want of riveting, salient points, landmarks of discourse, milestones, and finger-posts, as reminders and memories upon the road; but this was even much more remarkably the case with Dr. M'All: the torrent of words swept on, language rolled before you like a sea of glass, for his style was much more perfect and transparent than Melville's; but in reading both the one and the other of these men, we find ourselves oppressed with monotonous magnificence—it is a waving tapestry, where argent and azure shine, but the figures are dimly visible, if visible at all. Melville does sometimes allow an image to rise before you in full proportion—you have impressed upon you a legible and distinct idea, but M'All never; and both of them fail to present their subjects in a light striking, plain, and lucid.

Upon the whole, what do we want most in preaching? Even this, that a subject should be placed, not in an atmosphere of sound, but an atmosphere of light. The gift of hearing was conferred, not, we take it, to be a means of confounding the perceptions and bamboozling the understanding, but as an avenue to the mind, in order that it may see; and so with images, since the world was made, and men began to speak freely, and things acquired a spiritual significance. Symbolism—how few of all the tropes and figures used have been understood or used to any purpose! Time was when every figure was an analogy, and suggested instantly a prompt resemblance to the matter in hand; but now they are more freakish, and their forms far less definite and obvious than the glasses of a kaleidoscope. Perspicuity of style demands much more than the mere grammatical perspicuity of a sentence; it demands that the whole array of the thought and the subject should be marshalled before the hearer's mind. The style of these fine writers is like the setting sun beheld through a mountain mist—all things are confused—everything lies shapeless and undefined; yet you feel a sense of splendour, and you see a shadowing forth of glory; you see enough and feel enough to lead you to exclaim, "Oh, that the sun were shining clear and bright to-day!"

Reviewing in our mind many of those discourses which impressed us more when we were young, it seems to us that we cannot acquit our preacher of the charge of Casuistry—nay, many, not to say most, of his sermons look like the efforts of a special pleader; there is too much agility, too much adroitness. Many of his most lengthy hortations have the appearance of tight-rope dancing—they are too clever. We start at the strange turn

—we had almost said the perversion—of some thought. What a strange text—“the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters”! This text was made to do service for a discourse on baptismal regeneration! “And he commanded that something should be given her to eat”—this was called in to show the necessity of religious education after baptism before confirmation. “Sentences in Scripture,” says Dr. Donne, “like hairs in horse-tails, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being plucked out one by one, serve only for springes and snares.” We are bound to say that Mr. Melville has used many a text to the latter purpose. He needs often to keep in mind a wise saying of Lightfoot: “Inspired writings are an inestimable treasure to mankind; for, so many sentences, so many truths. But then the true sense of them must be known; otherwise, so many sentences, so many authorised falsehoods.” Mr. Melville loves a paradox, he loves a novelty, he loves a splendid rhapsody; his style is not favourable to the culture of much exactitude of thought; his words are too affluent to admit of an equal wealth of ideas in his discourses. But our more especial quarrel now is that he very frequently starts from his text altogether in his resolution to elucidate a subject. “Our minister,” said an old lady once—not of Mr. Melville, though, “our minister is such a man; if his text had the small-pox, he’d never catch it.” It must be said that often all that our preacher’s text has to do with his sermon is, to round the varied periods of his divisions and peroration. “I shall divide,” said old Rowland Hill, “my subject into three parts: I shall first go through the text, next go round about the text, and lastly go away from it altogether.” Mr. Melville very frequently goes away from the text altogether; it is the fault indeed of the pulpit method,

now so common among us, by which the exposition of Scripture is utterly ignored, and an hour expended on the delivery of an essay—a pulpit-theme—an oration—with a text for a motto.

Well, gentlemen of the pulpit, your “Essay” style of discourse is very popular just now, but nothing could be more worthless. In Melville it reaches its highest climax of brilliancy—it is useless. On the whole it is a splendid detonating powder; it will produce a blaze and a noise, but it kills no game. Moreover your essayists are mostly genuine disciples of Luys de Escobar; they are ever hunting out the singular and the fanciful; they start questions which would have remained for ever settled. This fighting extinct devils—this sparring with men of straw, very cleverly constructed to be knocked down—why, it is all as wise as poor Alexander Henderson’s tragedy, wherein, said the author, were “the most convincing arguments against incest and self-murder.” This was not Christ’s method of preaching—nor Peter’s on the day of Pentecost—nor Paul’s on Mars Hill; nor was this the method of Demosthenes nor Socrates. No; if usefulness be the aim, better by far the expository power of our puritanic fathers than the discursive and excursive flights of modern essayists. How *can* truth be elicited by this method—this holding up of apple or orange to the public eye? Granted that the apple is very pretty, very round—still we do not want always to look at apples, and then the same apple—nonsense.

But if you are determined to go into the pulpit to read essays—to crack theological nuts—to phantasmagorise—and to start questions as sportsmen start hares—by all means learn Spanish, and read *LUYS DE ESCOBAR*. There you shall find such questions as these discussed:—

“How many keys gave Christ to Peter?”

“What became of the ark of the covenant at the first destruction of Jerusalem?”

“Which is most obliged to the other—the Virgin Mary to sinners, or sinners to the Virgin Mary; they to her for bringing forth the Redeemer, or she to them for having made a Redeemer necessary?”

“Whether the grief Our Lady felt at the Crucifixion was greater or less than her joy at the Resurrection?”

“Why God is Three Persons rather than four or five—rather than any other number—particularly as musicians account three an imperfect number?”

“Who governed heaven when God was in the Virgin’s womb?”

“The rib of Adam having belonged to both, who will have it at the Resurrection?”

“Is there a free will in brutes?” &c., &c.*

When learned essayists carry their performances into the pulpit, they stumble on matters certainly sometimes quite as conducive to salvation as the above delectable moot points.

Fine preaching, we say, this of Mr. Melville’s; and the labour bestowed upon it is said to be immense. During the time that he preached at Camden Chapel in London, the reports in circulation respecting the solicitude manifested by him during the composition of a discourse were many and ludicrous. We heard that he was quite inaccessible for about eight hours of every day in the week, closely locked, it was said, within his study. He at that time was said to bestow pains upon his discourses, as if, instead of being delivered to two thousand persons, they were to be models for all future ages. We have sometimes doubted this, and are still

* There is an interesting account of this curious book and the old friar in Southey’s ‘*Omniana*,’ vol. ii. pp. 295-330.

prepared to believe that they are exaggerators who assure us that at these times he invariably wrote his discourses twice and sometimes thrice; after which they were transcribed by his wife, in a clear and legible hand, for the pulpit. Suppose the case not to be so bad as this, still is it not dreadful thus to misunderstand the intentions of the Gospel ministry? We do not impugn Mr. Melville's piety; if he did this, it was no more than hundreds have done to far less purpose than he. But this vamping-up, by whomsoever practised, does seem to be a deplorable mistake; and our belief personally is, that in this, or something like this, we are to look for the real failure of the modern ministry. To prowl to and fro in a study for hours and days, searching for the corbels of speech—to fasten upon a word or a sentence, and pop it down because fine and likely to create an effect—the fidgety anxiety with which the sermon advances—the fastidious rejection of this word and another—the vanity induced by all this—the wonder how it will tell—the rejection of visitors who may desire an interview, where a better word might be spoken;—men who act thus surround themselves with a kind of awe-struck wonder—men who are only seen in the pulpit to advantage at all—who are everlastingly fearful lest they may have committed themselves by some action rather more human and friendly than ordinary. And what does this imply? The belief that the minister should be another being than the hearer—that he is holier, wiser, better: this is the current belief, and it must be said that the people do all they can to encourage the idea. Presently the veil drops; in company people perhaps find that the ministry is composed of beings like themselves; and as all persons dislike to find themselves wrong, especially when they imposed upon them-

selves, they pour down a torrent of angry maledictions upon the whole race of ministers; finding them no better than others, they determine that they must therefore be worse. In all these remarks we intend no invidious allusions to Mr. Melville; we should judge him to be a most lovely and kindly man. Often, very often, have we seen him, during the reading of prayers on the Sabbath evening, open his pew-door and beckon in some poor old man or woman standing in the crowded aisles. On such occasions he always shared his prayer-book with the humble worshipper. Little traits of character like these open up to us the whole manhood, especially when we see them to be the result of unaffected and spontaneous kindness. No, no! we mean here nothing more than the discussion of the inflated style of discourse as a means of pulpit instruction; our remarks must apply not to Henry Melville, but to the Rev. Mr. Pecksniff, for that gentleman is installed reader and preacher in many a church and chapel throughout the kingdom; and, consistently with ourselves and our book, we turn aside repeatedly in the course of our pages to enter our protest against the oratory which affects the ears more than the perceptions, and gives more colours to fancy than impulses to holiness.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

A CRAYON SKETCHER SKETCHED.

“ Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.”—*Merchant of Venice*.

“ I cannot in justice deny but that, for a man of his way, my adversary is pretty considerable for his sense and learning (notwithstanding he endeavours to represent me as a dunce and blockhead as well as a knave), and I believe he would have shown more of each, and with better advantage, if the violence of his passion had not disturbed the clearness and order of his thoughts, and put him often out of his guard. For passion is the great contrariety to reason, and will draw a cloud over the brightest mind. The quiet and sedate soul is most fit for the contemplation of truth, as the calmest weather is commonly the most serene. If Love be blind, Anger I am sure is much more so; and there is this remarkable difference between the wars of the Pen and those of the Sword, that the soldier may fight to most advantage in *hot* blood, the disputant will reason best in cold.”—JOHN NORRIS of *Bermerton, Treatises*.

A DAGUERROTYPE is a good and delightful addition to our modern art; but how many pre-requisites are necessary to the taking a successful likeness, even when the likeness is to be taken by the finger of the sun itself! In the first place, there must be of course considerable preparation of the whole machinery; then, if the day be too cloudy, your likeness will be lost in the blackness and sternness of the shadows; or, if the light be too strong, the portrait may again be lost in the garish whiteness of the picture; still in either instance you will not look long without perceiving the unmistakeable traces that make the piece dear to you as the image probably of a beloved reality.

We only express a very general and received opinion when we say that Mr. Gilfillan, who comes before us often with his portfolios of portraits, is a literary Daguerrotypist,—he has hit off some most successful likenesses, so successful, that we have frequently been near the supposition that they must have been an instantaneous dash from the eye and pencil of genius; but we have three objections to many, nay, to most of these likenesses: first, they all indicate want of preparation and study and arrangement; then, many of them are the result of too strong a light flowing or flashing from the works of the authors, their company, their conversation, or their writings; and finally, many are so darkened by the clouds of hate, passion, or scorn, that we are compelled to say again and again, “another failure!”

There is a growing taste for this sketchy style of writing, and it is a taste we do not much approve—it is unhealthy reading generally for young minds; such artists as Mr. Gilfillan put their own views of authors in strong lights—frequently very perverted and lurid lights. Our own mode of reasoning has been rather summary in the matter: those readers who are acquainted with the works of the authors themselves do not need *these* portraits, and those who are not acquainted with them can derive no benefit from them, and will be usually only misled by them. Still, expostulation is almost in vain; in cottages and parlours people will hang over the mantel-shelf the portraits of those whom they love and admire, and from the same feeling no doubt it is, that among the most popular books always will be the portraits of great preachers and great poets, the men who touch the heart and thrill the senses with the lofty ideal, and the impassioned word.

We regret that we cannot pronounce a favourable

opinion of Mr. Gilfillan, by whatever standard we try him. It is customary to see in some periodicals Mr. Gilfillan's name quoted by the side of Wilson, Macaulay, and Carlyle, as their worthy rival and compeer in splendour of diction and grasp and magnificence of elucidation. Young minds are easily captivated with his glow and brilliancy—his warm colouring, and his frequent, and most passionate bursts of enthusiasm, in the presence of the great and beautiful objects of natural scenery. He has of course many imitators as well as many admirers, for the very universality of reading in our day leads to the formation of a taste very crude and undisciplined: the style of Mr. Gilfillan is a brilliant contortion; his words writhe and twist sometimes with the fine agonies of inspiration, but most frequently with the agonies of wind in the bowels, which are *not* fine. Our language has not a writer at all respectable, or well known, who labours and heaves so much; he is constantly on the stretch to say *big* things; he has a strange knack of putting things under a microscope, and then calling them great. Size cheats him constantly into the mistaking it for majesty; but all this is little compared with that frequent entire obliquity of vision, which seizes him in attempting to look at a great man. We must say, that not only does he frequently exaggerate the object he looks at, he as frequently mistakes it altogether.

For instance, how great is the injustice of his passing critique on the late Dr. M'All of Manchester! Here is the passage:—"It was customary long to prefer the late Dr. M'All to Dr. Hamilton, till in an unfortunate hour for the former his Sermons were published. There never was a more signal disappointment. Dr. M'All had been the very idol of the Dissenters in the north of England.

Chalmers, Hall, and Hamilton, had to hide their heads before him in the opinion of the multitude of his admirers. And he was certainly a very superior man. Possessed of a striking presence, a brilliant eye, 'ruddy and of a fair countenance,' aware too of his personal appearance, and able and willing to manage it to the best advantage, with a deep, melodious, and commanding voice, highly cultured, thoroughly self-possessed, deeply pious, having passed over the red-hot ploughshares of severe personal experience, M'All stood up before his audience as the finished pulpit artist, and the effects produced were correspondent to the powers and preparations of the speaker. He melted, enchained, detained, now thrilled and now thunderstruck, his hearers at his pleasure; and what was more wonderful, did so without ever uttering an original thought, or even an eloquent image. It was a mighty cataract of 'words, words, words,' to which the people sat listening for long hours spell-bound, and confounding the spell of mere oratorical sympathy with that of creative genius. Not one sentence was ever, or could be, or was worth remembering—not one individual was made wiser by the brilliant display, except indeed as men may be taught by the music of dumb waters, and by the cadences of dying winds. And not unfrequently did the hearers, after the sermon was over, start as from a dream, rub their eyes, and ask in wonderment, 'What has all this been about?'

'We clasp—what is it that we clasp?'

"The Sermons were published; and certainly more verbose, washy, and empty harangues have never been written by a man of talent; and we are safe to say there is more thinking and poetry in one of Hamilton's pages

than in M'All's entire volumes. Of poetry indeed we should not speak; for with prodigious flutter of faded verbiage, and of what was once commonplace fancy, there is not a gleam of real imagination from beginning to end."—*Third Gallery of Portraits*, p. 84, 85.

Such is Mr. Gilfillan's estimate of Robert M'All. Many of our readers have heard that distinguished orator, and most have read his Sermons: what do they think of the likeness in the new "gallery"? With reference to the comparison between Hamilton and M'All, we on the whole agree with our author. Imagination was not the most active organ of M'All's mental character—he had not a bold and brilliant conception. The truth is, his discourses were "a very lovely song of one that had a pleasant voice, and could play well on an instrument." His nervous sensibility was at once the great defect of his character and the cause of his magnificent and majestic flights. His words spoken were music—in their utterance the hearer was borne along as upon a surging sea of sound. "Words"! they "could not be remembered," says Mr. Gilfillan; "they were not worth being remembered"! As to the first part of the verdict, it is very difficult sometimes to remember the notes and tones of the anthem that shook the cathedral, but we wept and sobbed beneath the wail of the melody and the rapture of the organ's tempests of sound. As to the second, we have no hesitation in admitting that M'All was greater in the pulpit—robed and inspired, with that fine blue eye darting over the audience—than in the press. The same thing may be said of Robert Hall, and of many other not less celebrated men. But "verbose, washy, empty harangues"! The pulpit literature in the study of Mr. Gilfillan must indeed be of an exalted order, so exalted that we are really constrained to doubt

whether he has ever read M'All's Sermons at all, more especially as in speaking of them he uses the term "volume." They lie, as our readers know, over three volumes; and in those volumes, indeed, we have the same man we saw in the pulpit, the same spontaneous flow of gifted utterance, the same measured beat of the swelling and ebbing tides of speech—a diffusiveness against which we should caution ourselves and our young friends, but music in every well-balanced sentence—music never rending either the ear or the soul, with the words vexed to agony beneath the fire of thought, or the lashing storm of profound suffering; but still a most musical expression, and withal reflecting as on summer waves, not "faded verbiage or commonplace fancy," but a succession of images "ever charming, ever new." The Orations of M'All, for this is the proper term for them, are indeed rich streams of expression. "They flow, and flow, and still for ever flow." You could not hear them singing on in their wandering and winding way, without being caught along and borne on the stream. The fervour and the transport of the orator irresistibly translated you; you indeed knew not whether, nor did you care, fascinated by the majesty of that commanding form, and the glorious brilliancy of that subduing eye.

But if we dislike the portrait of Dr. M'All much, we dislike that of Dr. Hamilton more. Dear Hamilton is never, it would seem, to have justice done to his genius and his memory. We can accord neither with the articles of impeachment nor the epithets of praise used here. We do not feel disposed to admit, for instance, that when he died he was "the first Dissenting clergyman in England in point of power." If this were the case, however, he deserved a more lengthy and respectful mention than

he has received. "A fine fellow" (p. 83). "A cheek like a baker's, pale with fat" (p. 78).

"He look'd like a tun,
Or two single gentlemen roll'd into one" (p. 78).

These are not the terms in which to speak of such a man. The sketch, when we refer to the topics of praise, is most meagre. "He had," we are told, "a want of ease, and nature, and grace of movement. It is not a walk, not even a strut; it is a constant waddle, though its possessor be a swan." We gather from this sketch that Hamilton was "superior to Melville and Croly in felicity of diction," "more classical than Chalmers," "more sanguine and sunny than Foster," "more sinewy than Harris," "more weighty than Hall." Here are terms of praise enough, but any one turning now or at any future day to these pages, in the hope of finding a portrait of Hamilton, will look in vain. We turned to this sketch the first upon opening the book. Here, thought we, is a fine canvas for our draughtsman, and there has been no rival pencil. He has now the rare opportunity of studying and making his own the ideal of a noble, most original, and complex mind—a genius beyond all doubt—a spirit capable, by speech and by pen, to kindle emotions of no ordinary order—to plumb the depths of a noble soul. We remembered Mr. Gilfillan's extravagant raptures and ecstasies about poetry—his constant desire to find, if possible, some new, unlauded, and yet known name on which to hang the garland and the wreath; and then we remembered that magnificent poem the Prize Essay on Missions, and the splendid auroras flaming over and through the first volume of Sermons. We recollected, too, many of the eccentric idiosyncracies of Hamilton's thought, and moreover how the allusions of

the scholar brightened into themes for the poet. We thought, too, that the subject would suit the author's peculiar mannerism. We turned to the page, and found the possessor of all these powers painted so as to give the idea of a fat man waddling out of a *restaurant*. We expected the sublime, at any rate the graceful, and we find our author industriously engaged in picking up oyster-shells, and forming them into a tomb over the grave of departed genius.

The portrait is a mere caricature. That Hamilton adopted a style of sentence singularly curt and axiomatic is very true and perfectly well known. It never, however, struck us at all in the ludicrous light in which it appears to have struck Mr. Gilfillan. "Swan-like" this style never seemed to us—neither the grace of the bird *upon* the water, nor its gracelessness on the land. Those pages suggested altogether another succession of images. The sharp sparkling points of precious crystals full of fire and brilliancy—the rapid flight of arrows winged at targets not far from the eye—the images of a mind shooting forth its thoughts rather in angles than in curves or parabolas. These have been the images suggested by those faults of style to which our author takes exception; but indeed the words of the great man whose likeness he has undertaken to present to the world could not only flash, but flow. It is true that he frequently spoke in sentences swift and rapid as the comet. He also sometimes and frequently moved like Saturn—slowly, heavily in his orb, bearing in his pathway the gorgeous furniture of the massive mountains of thought, the heaving oceans of eloquence, the splendour of the satellite, and the magnificence of the ring.

Whence is this defection in Mr. Gilfillan's picture? It is in part owing to the peculiarities of his mental

vision, to his onesided and lopsided method of forming judgments, to his exaggerations of language and imagery; but we trace it more especially to his carelessness. He does not prepare himself for the work of art he intends to perform. He will be a portrait-sketcher, will have a large gallery full of representative men. Well! they are all crayons—dashed off at a sitting, and from one single point of vision; of the principles of art he knows nothing, or next to nothing,—of the mingling or mixing of colours, or even of the preparation of the canvas, all this is foreign to the habits and character of his mind. Still, we might be satisfied with the article as a crayon but for two circumstances: first, the egotism of the painter, who evidently, without saying as much, would have us to believe that the thing is a genuine oil colour; and secondly, and which is of still more importance, that many of the likenesses themselves are so unmistakeably bad, that even the relatives of the originals do not know them. As for instance, he tells us he will paint Dr. Hamilton a mental and moral power in the world—and he only paints a fat gentleman, very fond of eating, and talking in sentences that waddle like a swan out of water.

To many of our readers the language we indulge in may seem severe; if so, it is at any rate a style of criticism of which Mr. Gilfillan has had very little cause to complain. It may be, too, that the measureless dogmatism, the boundless assurance with which he dashes to the dust venerable names, his provoking audacity in mutilating the marbles we have deemed beautiful, and in setting up a wild and Eldritch laughter at forms which we had thought lovely on the canvas, have somewhat provoked our ire. Mr. Gilfillan is a Literary Scalp-Hunter; he wields his pen like a Tomahawk, and runs to

and fro through the fields and woods of modern authorship watching for victims, whose quivering and mutilated nerves he may hang at his girdle. It has been our wont for some time, when reviewing with more than ordinary severity, to call it Gilfillanising. How frequently Beauty and Strength look into his study, we know, and all our readers know; their visits to him are so frequent, that we grieve to see yet more frequently Spite and Spleen standing by his elbow, pushing the ink-horn nearer to him, mending his pens, or refitting them into the holder, glowering over the page with a moral squint, and aiding in a thousand little ways to give a character to his criticisms, and goad him on to injustice in praise and blame.

One thing is noticeable about him: there is Earnestness and Intensity in what he does, albeit it is a poor earnestness that shows itself in merely grappling with the forms and ideas of other men, rather than in spiritual agony attempting to work out our own. Still he is in terrible earnest; while he is at his work he keeps his great bellows blowing, and his mightiest anchor-furnace roaring, and his steam-hammer playing, and an incandescent white heat flaming round his study, and shooting its bright scorching sparks over his paper, whether his object be to kill an insect like Pusey Neale, or the gentleman he calls "My Lord Time-server, Mr. Macaulay." We sometimes conceive him stripping off his coat and tucking up his shirt-sleeves to his pleasant tasks. Many authors know the delight of that abandonment in dress, that happy ease of state when the pen becomes the sceptre; we fancy our writer especially as a man to whom it is necessary to feel this looseness of exterior things. He works himself into a rage, albeit, not unfrequently "a storm in a tea-cup," a Maelstrom

in a mill-pond. Does our reader remember his portrait of the Hebrew prophet, in 'The Bards of the Bible'? "In his highest form he was a solitary *salvadge* (?) man residing with lions when he was not waylaying kings, whose dark eye swam with a fine insanity, gathered from solitary communings with the sand, as well as with the light of the Divine afflatus; his words stern, swelling, tinged on their edges with a terrible poetry," &c. &c. We have never seen Mr. Gilfillan, and therefore cannot say to what extent this is his own likeness; but since perusing his last book, it has struck us as most certainly his own portrait; while writing some of these very ruthless criticisms his wrath would be very terrible sometimes, if it did not tumble down prone on the earth and become very comical. We see our author vexed into fury and agony; now at Popery, now at the Baconian philosophy,—now at Macaulay, now at Carlyle,—now at the German mystics and philosophy;—the torrent and the stream of his description, his anathemas, or his scorn, flows away with froth and flowers, foam bells, and weeds,—and then in pain we ask, Why does a man capable of feeling so much, and spite of his passion and his injustice saying so much justly and beautifully—why, why will he continue to carve giants' heads in cherry-stones rather than—to quote his own favourite Hebraism—"gird himself" up for real and abiding work?

A terrible savage is George Gilfillan when fairly roused; he has a ninety-horse power of hate and scorn. We fancy he never forgives. In 1849, the 'North American Review' gave a lengthy and condemnatory critique of the 'Bards of the Bible;' he does not forget it, and deals a buffet in passing along in his new volume, styling it "the poor old stupid North American 'Old Grannie,' as it is usually called across the water." We

have strung together a few of the choice specimens of our author's ire : the reader shall see them.

Professor Aytoun, the Laureat of Clavers, or ? Percy Jones.—“ His maximum of will to injure and abuse all minds superior to his own is only restrained by his minimum of power. *Vide* that tissue of filthy nonsense which none but an ape of the first magnitude could have vomited, yclept Firmilian” (p. 202).

George Combe, Holyoake, and William M. All.—“ They at least are honest, direct, and thorough-going men,—we mean animals, for they are perpetually boasting of their lineal descent from brutes, and reptiles, and fishes, and slime, and everything but God ; and we are not disposed to deny *their* far come and dearly won honours, or to quarrel, so far as *they* are concerned, with this mud-heraldry ” (p. 329).

Rev. J. M'Neale's improved edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.—“ O ! J. M'Neale, thou miserable ninny and bigot of the first magnitude ! * * * The thing is such an extraordinary specimen of its class as to demand rather a minute dissection. The fungus is so filthy, and for a fungus so vast, that we must deal with it as a whole. * * * Suffice it that he has dug a well before the Wicket-gate, kicked Sinai out of his road—spirited old Worldly-Wiseman away—altered the situation of the cross—given Christian two burthens, &c., &c., &c. ; in short, written himself down an ass in characters so large and legible, that Dogberry himself might read them as he ran ” (p. 341-345).

Voltaire, “ a devil inspired monkey ” (p. 356).

Rousseau, “ a winged frog ” (p. 356).

Carlyle “ has become as savage in his despair as a flayed wild beast ” (p. 199) ; “ the godless prophet of his period, the cursing Balaam of his day ” (p. 55).

Emerson.—"Under his eye society and man must work, and bleed, and suffer on, upon this rolling earth as on an eternal treadmill in a mist. * * * This is the dung-hill Olympus on which Emerson seats his shadowy gods. And whatever strange and Ariel-seeming shapes may hereafter appear on its summit, are to be in reality only sublimated mud—the beauty and the strength of—dirt" (p. 332, 333).

After this we may say of this Bobadil of modern criticism—

"He does swear the legiblest of any man christened!"

These characterizations are, we need not say, very clever; and they have something too, in the main, of justice; they are severe, very severe,—there is a venom in these fanged sentences, plainly revealing that the writer was in no half-and-half mood when penning them.

There is the same sharpness and pungency in many another criticism: in very fairness let us select a few.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.—"The creed of Calvin illustrated by the genius of Shakspeare" (p. 341).

Robert Hall.—"He was like an angel who had lost his way from heaven, and his wings with it, and who was looking perpetually upwards with a sigh and longing to return" (p. 75).

Imaginary Conversation with Dr. Johnson on the merits of Macaulay.—"What is your opinion, Dr. J., of Thomas Babington Macaulay?"—"Sir, the dog has some gifts and accomplishments; but he is a Whig, a vile Whig; a trimmer, Sir, who would have acted as laureat to King George and the Pretender at the same time. Sir, he would have written a panegyric on the Pretender on the steam of the sack which the King had just sent in

at his door.'—'Isn't he something like Burke, Sir?'—
 'No, Sir; Macaulay, Sir, has not breath to blow the bellows to Burke's fire. As Goldy would say, he has Burke's "tongue," without the garnish of his "brains."'
 'What think you of his style, Sir?'—'It is mine, Sir, docked; yet the dog turns round and abuses the suit of clothes he has not only stolen, but *mangled down*, Sir, to his own stature.' 'Doesn't he know a great deal, Sir?'—'Yes, Sir, facts, not principles; he has millions of farthings, yet but few guineas, and no Bank bills; he is like a schoolboy who knows all the bird's-nests in the parish, but can neither fly nor lay an egg, Sir, nor even incubate to life, Sir, the deposits of others.'
 'What think you of his religious creed, Sir?'—"Why, Sir, it is that of one who prefers God to the devil because he is in, and not because he ought to be in; and who is full of saving clauses, lest the tables should one day be turned, and the new premier prove somewhat too absolute. He has no creed, Sir, only a new credibility of God and the gospels, Sir.' 'Isn't he descended from your old friend, Miss Macaulay, Sir?'—
 'Too-too-too, Sir; not from *Miss* Macaulay, surely, Sir. His grandfather was a minister in the Hebrides, and probably had the second-sight, which he has not left to his descendant any more than old Zachary left him his religion.'"—p. 287, 288.

John Foster reading Spalding's Lectures on English Literature.—"We see the grim old Baptist grinning horribly a ghastly smile as he reads this remark (that Foster's style is easy), and grunting out, 'What a fool this fellow must be! Had he called my style Ciceronian or Johnsonian, such epithets would have been false, but not so ridiculously untrue as this word "easy." If to read it be a joke to him, verily the writing it has been no joke

to me. To call my "Essay on Popular Ignorance" easy! If my style be easy, what must Addison's be? Begone!' (Throws the book into the corner of his garret, which is full of chips and shavings for lighting his fire, and resumes the writing of a sentence already three pages long, which seems as far as ever from its termination, and on which he has been occupied two days)."—p. 256.

This vein of brilliant, epigrammatic, and distorted characterization abounds throughout his volumes. We find no respect paid to personal feelings or personal opinions, and it sometimes seems as little is paid to conscientious intimations.

A very funny trick our author has of quoting a sentence, selecting some word as a refrain, and starting off instantly in Pythonic hysterics about it: thus, in reference to Macaulay's celebrated passage in the introduction of the Essay on Ranke, on the Advances and Conquests of the Papacy, he tells us, first, that considering "the attempts of such men as Macaulay to fritter away to nothing the distinctions between God's creed and the devil's creed, we are tempted to use the language of the prophet, 'Woe to them who put darkness for light, and light for darkness, &c. &c.'" This yielding to temptation by friend George was very wrong, especially as Macaulay was simply discussing the interesting problem of the advance of Romanism since the Reformation, and its probable issues. But hereupon our writer begins to kick off into hysterics in a passage commencing, "Protestantism at a stand-still!" which we have no doubt was delivered at the meeting of some Protestant Operative Association, and which we recommend to young aspirants for platform honours, as certain to bring down "loud applause." So also in the review of Henry

Rogers, our author takes every name mentioned by Mr. Rogers, and makes it a peg for his own criticisms: thus forming, as most of his papers form, a perfect *olla podrida*, an essay which you read just as you read the column of varieties in a newspaper, because it is full of all sorts of things, the last thing you expect being a clear critical analysis of a thought or a man. What a heap of nonsense, for instance, we have in the Essay on ‘Macaulay,’ in which our author runs his head against the Baconian philosophy!—from whence we are enlightened to the perception that the legislation of Bacon would “regulate and derive revenue from stews, but never intermeddle with the education of souls” (p. 306); that “the praises of the Baconian legislation are sung by whirlwinds of anarchy, the blood-red trumpets of revolution, the cries of tormented and fugitive slaves” (p. 307); that “the philosophy of Bacon treats man as a comfortable ape” (p. 310). Indeed we must think that the whole of this paper, containing a long anathema on the Inductive Sciences, is very miserable. It looks very like clap-trap; and if it is that, it is that and something worse—it is indigested and indigestible rubbish. Thus, in the memory of our readers, Mr. Macaulay sums up some of the results of the Baconian method, confining his remarks of course to man’s position in this world, as the minister and interpreter of nature, and, by following nature, increasing his comfort and even happiness. While Macaulay runs over the catalogue of these material benefits, Gilfillan interlines a constant grunting commentary:—“‘That method,’ says Macaulay, ‘has lengthened life’ (Macaulay hopes, we suppose, to live longer than Methuselah!), ‘mitigated pain’ (Christianity has no solace in it equal to chloroform!), ‘extinguished diseases’ (by creating new ones), ‘increased the fertility of the soil’

(to the benefit of the serf, eh?), ‘given new securities to the mariner’ (the polar star shone, and the needle trembled, before Bacon was born), ‘furnished new arms to the warrior’ (is this a service to the human race—must the name of Bacon be written in blood?), ‘spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers’ (what an achievement! the rainbow is nothing to it!), ‘guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth’ (shall we never hear the last of that poor tattered tell-little kite of Franklin’s, the Elijah’s mantle of modern philosophers?),” &c. &c.—p. 309.

A little farther on we have a fling at the Great Exhibition of 1851, which is regarded as “the Baconian appeal to the triumph of inductive principles.” “We answer,” says our author, “the splendour of the instance is granted. We saw there ‘the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them;’ but not for the gift, instead of the sight of all this magnificence, would we bend down before this golden calf.” Well, dear and magnanimous sir, who ever called upon you to make such a calf of yourself? “That Exhibition,” continues our author, “was, after all, an exhibition of the works of *man’s* industry. If we would see the works of God’s industry, we must look elsewhere.”—p. 311.

Now is not all this very sensible from an enlightened Scotchman? We might think that the Great Exhibition, too, had been a conspiracy hatched to undermine Christianity. While we read this passage we wondered whether this really were the penmanship of George Gilfillan, some time minister of a secession kirk in Dundee; and, if so, whether he too were now a convert to Rome. If he will take the trouble to read the eloquent Lectures of the late Abbé Balmez, delivered at Madrid, he will find, to his

gratification, that the Abbé has anticipated the stream of his observations. It is the boast of Rome and Romanist teachers, that the Romish doctrines have *not* advanced the *material* civilization and resources of the peoples of Europe. What, then! must we learn from Mr. Gilfillan, a Nonconformist teacher, at this time of day, that a nation's material and moral civilization are incompatible? In the passage referred to above, Mr. Macaulay does not depreciate moral civilization, nor does Mr. Gilfillan say a word in favour of its material aspect. We are left to infer that Christianity is incompatible with comfort! that the doctrines of the Cross are opposed to the improvement of man's temporal condition! It does not avail that Mr. Gilfillan will say—You know I never intended that: he has left that to be inferred. Prove that you are Christians by providing *against* the invasions of comfort and cleanliness! Prove that you are the subjects of the Divine cleansing by keeping your bodies as dirty as possible! That your souls may be healthy, keep your human frames in the neighbourhood of disease! And truly, in our wanderings in Scotland, spite of all our fervent admiration of the scenery, and love to many dear friends there, we never could shut our eyes to the fact that the majority of the people held to the creed we have ventured to infer from the pages of Mr. Gilfillan. Two or three other remarks flow out of these criticisms on Bacon's great mistake in that unfortunate and mischievous 'Novum Organon' of his. We see that Mr. Gilfillan dislikes comfort and comforts; from the grumbling commentary above quoted we make another series of inferences. He would not use vaccination or medicine, but would, like a hearty old Turk, let small-pox and disease go on their own way,—he would have man die out of the world as soon as possible,—else

his sneer is pointless; he would have no improvement in agriculture,—else his sneer is pointless; he would have no improvement in charts or maps,—else his sneer is pointless; he would away with the bridges over the Tweed, the Tyne, the Menai, or the Wye,—else his sneer is pointless. Very well; some of us prefer the use of these results of the Inductive Sciences, but Mr. Gilfillan's resort is easy:—he can just go and live like a “salvadge man” outside of the circle of civilised society, though now even the wild man in the desert is made to receive some of those comforts and alleviations to *his* life which our portrait-painter holds up to scorn. But there is another thought out of this stale and bald topic—*Science versus Christianity*. The inductive sciences are the apostles not merely of comfort and civilization, they are the handmaids of Christianity too. What! have not all these things relations to the extension of the Gospel? Is not the Baconian method in the office of the Bible Society rapidly printing and circulating the word of life? Is it not on board every Steamer, conveying antidotes to human sorrow, and *the* antidote—the Cross—to human sin, to every region of the earth? Is not the Baconian method increasing the number of temples for the living God throughout the whole populations of the globe? Is it not everywhere aiding the labours of all faithful apostles of truth, and God, and loving messengers to man? We know that in Scotland men opposed to the teachings of Christianity claim science as their own. What then? Let men like Mr. Gilfillan take their proper stand and resist the impudent claim, and show that it was the genius of Christianity that made a world in which the discoveries of science *might* be made, setting the human spirit at liberty,—bidding it to breathe a free air, and thus in effect be-

coming the author of that very 'Baconian method' which our author now pits at its parent. We should indeed lengthen out our paper to an extent altogether disproportionate to the subject, and wearisome to the patience of our hearers, if we stayed to discuss all those opinions in this volume from which we heartily dissent, such as the impossibility of alliance of great mental intelligence with a low moral stature;—such as the power imparted by a knowledge of English grammar to make a man write like Addison. One of those moot points, however, is the topic of Lectures. Against Lectures and Lecturers Mr. Gilfillan pours forth a tide of measureless wrath. Mr. Macaulay goes, in the words of our author, like the "hack orator at a Watt or Mechanic's Institute, through the wearisome round of railways, diving bells, balloons, safety lamps, &c.—splendid toys, truly!" &c. Again, "having felt long ago by experience and by observation what grave lies lectures generally are, what poor creatures even men of genius and high talents often become ere they can succeed in lecturing, and how we yet want a name that can adequately discriminate or vividly describe the personage who feels himself at home on a lecture platform, we rejoice to see that old Samuel (Johnson) entertained the same opinion with us of the inutility of lectures, and their inferiority to books as a means of popular education; and that, too, many years ere they had become the standing article of disgust and necessary nuisance which they now seem to be." (p. 242, 243.) To this we have to say, first—Then, George Gilfillan, it is very wrong in you to allow yourself to be the deliverer of courses of lectures about which—did space allow—we might have something to say. It is sufficiently to the purpose that we instance this as an illustration of Mr. Gilfillan's lopsided way of looking at

things. Some persons would not hesitate to say of the pulpit all that he chooses to say of the lecture-hall. It is most true that good lecturers are very scarce—most true that the best lecturer will not succeed in carrying his auditory very far on the road of knowledge, or enable men to do very much in the way of mental and moral training. It is also true that a lecturer perfectly at home in his subject and with his audience—(and such prodigies there are, however unknown to Mr. Gilfillan), not a mere reader of an essay, but a man who comes to the room with a heart charged with feeling, and a head charged with facts, ideas, and principles—may confer upon a young mind, aye, and many an old one too, more benefit than may result from years of reading. The first course of lectures we ever heard was delivered by poor Haydon; they were on “Beauty in Form,” and the impress of those lectures has never left us. A lecturer in a night may burn a truth, a fact, a doctrine, into the soul as by a moral caustic! Mr. Gilfillan is not in the habit of underrating the power of the tongue; he knows what men to whom speech is a necessity, whose word is like a live coal on their heart and tongue, can effect,—why not in the Lecture-hall as well as in the Pulpit? Has he heard Dr. Nichol, or Dr. Carpenter, or Dr. Faraday? Nay, he speaks eulogistically of Christopher North in the lecture-room. We want good lecturers for our Young Men’s Societies, and Mechanics’ and Literary Institutes. Let those who have no mission to lecture (and assuredly from what we have heard of Mr. Gilfillan’s reading and speaking he has no such mission) stay at home. Still we beg to say to him, it is glorious to speak a picture, or to hear a picture spoken,—glorious to be able to shoot a thought into the soul of a hearer, a sublime and passionate thought,—glorious to feel and to

enable others to feel the abandonment of nature, while for a night the student comes forth from his study to lead some crowned or uncrowned old Hero by the hand before the audience—to epicise, to dramatise, a man on an age,—to hear some of the noblest words of poets read, while the whole soul quivers with the terror or the pathos of Vandenhoff, or Fanny Kemble, or Miss Glynn. Nay, even to be riveted by facts alone, and see unfolded before the eye the principle of the steam-engine, or the telegraph, of photography, or the portraits of flowers and animals held up and made clear to the eye by a discourse on botany or comparative anatomy. Even in the realm of abstract and metaphysic science, at which Mr. Gilfillan never tires of sneering, as “the science of pretensions” (p. 447), how much may be done from the platform of the lecturer, compared with what may be done by books, for young and not too attentive, yet still inquisitive students! Figure a lecturer like Fichte stepping before his youthful audience well aware of their metaphysical incapacity, but determined to shake them into mental consciousness:—“Gentlemen, this evening give up the outside of life, retire into yourselves—your inner selves, and that you may do so, think the wall! Have you thought the wall? Well, now then think him who thought the wall!” There are few places like a lecture-room for awakening a mind to a state of mental and moral consciousness, for giving noble impulses, for realising to purpose the doctrine of simple or relative suggestion, or giving a few outline facts to gleam like a flash of lightning over a subject, or through the mind. Mr. Gilfillan perhaps does *not* believe in the power of speech. Well! men do *not* generally now; still it is a noble power, and God has condescended to use it. It is no use to write books against lecturing and lecturers,—our

author should devote himself to the task, if he touch the topic at all, of attempting to create a taste for nobler lecturers than many who are willingly listened to, and thus indeed be instrumental in bringing a nobler race of hearers into the lecture-room. Reverting again to Mr. Gilfillan's powers as a critic in the studios and galleries of taste, we could, we believe, describe him here by some negative characterizations, by pointing out some attributes he especially lacks, and in the absence of which it is impossible that he or any man should be able to unveil Beauty, and to make her presence and her power felt. And first he eminently lacks *reverence*—the power to admire and to worship. How callously he glances on a great man! He never regards a genius, although it be world-wide, but as a tailor, to measure it for the suit of sables with which he is intending to invest it in his portrait-gallery. No matter who or what may be the man or the subject, he fancies he comprehends all—he walks among the starred worthies of our literature, claps Wordsworth on the back, pokes Coleridge in the ribs, winks at Chalmers, hails each and all Tom or Jack, as the case may be, and is on terms of the most graceless familiarity with men whose life was one seraphic struggle to achieve their best in this poor world. He is a man who would have no compunction in playing leapfrog with Milton, and, indeed, from many a word in his writings, we have no doubt, does imagine he has quite shot over his shoulders. George Gilfillan is to our thinking a very irreverent man; his 'Bards of the Bible' always seemed to us a most irreverent book, and in support of our assertion we could quote fifty passages, such for instance as:—"Like an eagle plucking from a jackdaw his own shed plumes, does Jehovah lay about him in his righteous rage." We know he does not

intend any irreverence ; it is the daring of language : but such daring is sometimes the very badge of an essentially irreverent mind. Reverence is the fore-finger of a fine and accurate taste. In truth we do not go too far in saying that he sometimes uses the name of our Lord so recklessly that it makes us wince almost as much as in some of the pages of Emerson ; now in the work before us, for instance, where he tells us that “ the empire of Napoleon in its palmy days formed a feeble earthly emblem of the reign of the Universal King ! ” (p. 40). Was there ever such an analogy—Napoleon and the Prince of Peace ! ? Listen to this,—speaking of the might of the French Emperor, he asks “ and why should not ‘ another king, one Jesus ’ exerting a mightier might, obtain a more lasting empire and form the only real government which, save the short theocracy of the Jews, ever existed on the earth ? We pause—nay nature, the world, the church, poor afflicted humanity, distracted governments, falling thrones, earth and heaven together seem to pause with us to hear the wherefore to this why.” (p. 40.) It was high time to pause for another reason than that assigned. We could quote many such passages ; will they affect our reader as they affect us ? or will they seem fastidious and hypercritical ? We are certain our author is not one who would have pressed through the crowd and have said—“ *If I may but touch the hem of his garment ;* ”—his mode would have been much more familiar than that. He is not a man who would feel it an honour to *touch* the robes of genius—he insists on walking arm in arm with the object of his admiration. He goes frequently too closely, and therefore fails to see at all ; it is his defect ; he is a near-sighted man—he cannot comprehend a mountain : it is his way, therefore, to elevate sandhills into Atlases. We cannot make out from

any of the likenesses he has painted that any one is venerable to him; you do not hear of his pilgrimage to any shrine,—he has no devotion. How then can he clearly read a soul? It is so, we feel that it is true, that he would sit or stand in the very temple, and the priest as he swept along to the Holy of Holies would be interesting to his eye, not for that he held communion with the Divine, but for the gleam of the stones in the Urim and Thummim, the tinkle of the bells on the robe, and the rich tints of the pomegranates shining round its borders. For the showy attracts him and holds him—showy men and showy books. He never visits the out-of-the-way places of our literature; he never condescends to conduct from obscurity out-of-the-way names; his reading seems to be very superficial. His books are the books of the age,—indeed we can conceive the delight with which he seizes and reads a new book—a new poem; but for the grand old fathers of thought, for the Ararats of genius, rising forth from the floods of time, he has never climbed them. Everything, he says, is for show; what countless violets lie in the hedge-rows of our literature of to-day—he never notices them! He appears to prefer a hollyhock or sunflower to a forget-me-not; he surely would not hesitate a moment between a dahlia and a daisy. We must yet notice another want in our author—the *want of balance*: he soars, but his wings are not equal. We have the wing of a lark and of a sparrow on the same body. His walk is unequal—he is not aware that philosophy is an element of poetry—that philosophy is the necessary companion-wing of poetry—that poetry and taste are not only fine instincts, but fine arts. He laughs at metaphysics—a good course of metaphysic regimen would do him good and make another man of him. At present his taste is intolerable, not merely in its

egotism and the constant parade of self, but in the audacity and assurance with which he talks to his masters: witness his criticism on Hallam. His presumption is marvellous, and only equalled as a faculty of his own mind by his ignorance. It is from the same cause that he tells us that the strains of Sydney Yendys are the most Miltonic since Milton! (p. 138). We drew a long breath at that; but finding that Alexander Smith is as Homeric (!!) as Yendys is Miltonic, the reaction brought us to ourselves again. He has no mediums of expression; every one of his papers presents to you, in some character, a drop of water through a solar microscope. Gilfillan will have no mediocrity—if you are not a beauty, you must be a beast.

Never, we believe, did we address our pen to so severe a task before; and we almost fancy some reader may say, “Oh! Gilfillan has scalped that sketcher.” No! we never had the honour to have our headpiece touched by him. He flies at far higher game than our poor selves, albeit we expect, when next we meet him, to find our scalp gracing his girdle. We know nothing of him, and he knows nothing of us: the immense exaggeration of praise with which he has been regarded must be our apology for an ungracious task. What, then, it will be said, have you no good word to say? For what Mr. Gilfillan *has* done we confess we have few good words; for what he *might* do, and is qualified to do, we have many. If he would discipline and prepare his mind, how he might enchant us with delineations and translations from Oriental lore! If he would aim to catch the genius of the glowing lands of the East, there is a comparatively untravelled and unpopularised continent: his vivid and passionate rhapsodies on Nature—his regard for her sublime moods, and disregard for

every human interest—his very fatalism—might serve him there : the redundancy of his fancy—the compact and fibrous parabolism of his style—would fit him to walk the golden streets, to sail down the flower-crowned streams, and to converse with the tender and fiery hearts and eyes of the East. Nay, if he would read *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* for six months—better still for six years—and calm the passion, the malignity, and the overflowing temper of his style, he might stand between Greece and the popular mind of England : we think he might make young hearts freeze while delineating *Orestes* sleeping amidst the folded wings of the *Furies* ; or the blind old *Œdipus* entering the *Grove of Terrors* ; or *Antigone* Coffined in the *Ceremental Rock* : he is the man to realise the dread *Eumenides* to the eye—the screams of *Cassandra* to the ear. But we have had portraits enough in the present gallery style. It is mournful to see a man capable of flying like an eagle hovering like a hawk, or only soaring to show a thrush or a skylark in his talons. Mr. Gilfillan has fine powers, and it is only bad temper, bad taste, and vanity which prevent him from realising a fine execution.

ROBERT NEWTON.

“ Thus like a spirit, with subtle grace,
 Thou through all lands dost glide;
 For he who nowhere hath his place,
 Doth everywhere abide.”

ISAAC WILLIAMS, *Cathedral.*

BUT what, then, shall we say of the pulpit of Methodism? It has occupied a peculiar position in its influence over the mind of the country. When it first began its work it was a most real and vital thing, and it gave birth to most real and vital things; and still the most *elegant* pulpits of the land are perhaps those belonging to the Methodist body. Through the large towns of the North, how spacious are the chapels, and how vast the congregations!—excepting, indeed, in those places where those naughty reformers have spread their poisonous leaven. With a few exceptions, such as the cathedrals of Dr. Halley in Manchester and Dr. Raffles in Liverpool, and the great metropolitan temples of Nonconformity—with these exceptions, we say, Methodism boasts the possession of the most costly pulpits in the land. But we wish to speak with great respect when we say we doubt whether the work within is equal to the work without; for, in a word, this pulpit may be said to be characterless; it has not now what it had once—Individuality. Once it stood alone and apart from other pulpits; it claimed to be the bearer of a distinct message to the people; and the triumphs of the Methodist pulpit are among the most glorious and significant in the history

of preaching. Through the northern, and especially through the western counties of England, the stirring words of humble and plainspoken men shook the souls of rough colliers and miners. A review of the history of civilization in England would be quite incomplete which did not include the development of Methodism within the community during the last century. Its effects were as instantaneous as those which followed the preaching of Peter the Hermit. Populations the most densely crowded and benighted—the most stolidly ignorant and embruted—were moved by the rude oratory of men, wholly unlettered, but who were able to say, “Whereas I was once blind, now I see.” Refinement sneers at their style, but Religion marks its usefulness. Methodism now is too proud to use this instrumentality; but it has not supplied another of equal, not to say of greater efficiency.

The last preacher of genuine Methodism—the last who from the Conference pulpit spoke in the strain of the old time—was WILLIAM DAWSON. We cannot say that preaching like his suited the structure of our personal religious life. He could give little spiritual aliment, but most wonderfully could he rouse the slumbering convictions of the soul. Coarse and intolerant, he was fitted to cleave rocky hearts—unless we commit ourselves altogether to the superiority of the method which implies the mightier force of gentle words dropping like the still rain or quiet snow, and penetrating, like them, the most arid soils and rocky substances. Dawson truly spoke in thunder—literally in thunder—the terrors of the Lord ever gleamed round the pulpit in which he spoke; he had only two words, but he uttered them in a wonderful variety of cadences—“REPENT or be DAMNED.” His was a style strange and

eccentric in the highest degree, and when he preached strong convulsions rocked alike the pulpit and the pew.

Some of our readers, perhaps, heard that strange discourse delivered, as we understand, in many ways, from the text "The Lord shut him in." After announcing his text from the pulpit, the first movement of the preacher was from it—"This," said he, "won't do." He went down the pulpit-stairs, and, standing in the large table or class-leaders' pew, he supposed himself to be Noah, the pulpit to be the Ark which he was building, and his hearers around him to be the ungodly world to which he was preaching. Meantime he was preparing the Ark, and while talking he was gradually mounting, step by step, the pulpit, till at last he reached the door; then, slamming it to, he shouted, "The Lord shut him in!" And now the flood, the thunder, the lightning, the fall of rocks and crags, and the shrieking of perishing sinners rose around, while the Ark, the Ark, drifted safely over the billows, amidst the terrors of fire, and thunder, and storm. As in most preachers of his class, there was a rough histrionic power; his words and his actions too were most graphic. There was a strange sermon from the text, "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit," &c. &c. The colloquy between the preacher and some person he supposed to be beneath the pulpit, down in the miry clay, is often spoken of as a singular illustration of his power of graphic painting and something like ventriloquial speech.

The tale is well known of the pedlar, who, when Dawson was preaching from the text "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting," pressed through the crowd, up the pulpit-stairs, and gave up his measure. "Break it, sir," said he, "break it; it was short"—and to his imagination and conscience all the sermon ap-

peared to be levelled at him. My dear reader, all this may appear very coarse to you, but in fact do we not want now some preaching like this? Are you to scale other men's requirements by yours? Forcible preaching to you may drop most lifelessly and useless upon other ears. We confess we should not like to attend the ministry of William Dawson long, and yet would to God that among our itinerant prophets there were some strong, coarse, rugged pictorial souls like his, to awake the moral Bosjesmen of our country to some dim twinkling religious perceptions!

Was the pulpit of Methodism of our day most appropriately represented by DR. NEWTON? Certainly we think not, and yet his name is the most attractive in all parts of England; and we have gone with thronging crowds to the largest conventicles in the country, in London, in Liverpool, in Leeds. We have heard him upon great occasions and upon small occasions, and we cannot understand it; there is something mythical about the man. He was the most famous preacher in the world—so say his admirers. We have read his sermons, we have heard them delivered, and we do not remember that we have ever been benefited by a single new thought, new illustration, or new impulse. Once, indeed, we heard him say, in Oxford Street Chapel at Leeds, that “Prayer was like an arrow; shot up to heaven, it brought back a blessing on the quiver.” The figure appeared to us not of the best, but still good; and, as it was the only one, we took it and were thankful. But turning over Bishop Hall's *Contemplations*, six months after, we found our arrow there. The only good thing we ever had from the Doctor was borrowed. There is nothing illnated in these remarks—the fame of Robert Newton was extraordinary in England and in

America. We, the humble writer of this book, must be wrong; two hemispheres cannot be at fault; and there are men whose presence is their power. Whitfield cannot be seen in his sermons, wonderful as was their effect in delivery. We read them as among the tamest of human compositions. John Elias also, of Wales, as mighty a master as Whitfield himself among the mountains and people of that glorious and lovely land, yet, dead, he will not speak thus. We can conceive, too, that power leaves a man, that we have no right to judge the man of half a century by his thoughts and his tones to-day. It is fifteen years since we heard Newton first, it is about six since we heard him last. Again we say we cannot understand it; thought or language we could not, we never could detect: truly, truly, among the hundreds of local preachers of our acquaintance, we know very many in mental structure apparently far taller than Robert Newton.

But his manner, says the reader, what do you think of his manner? Excellent! easy! and in many particulars perhaps even graceful. No doubt in youth and manhood there was a perfect and self-possessed dignity, which wins wonderfully in popular estimation. No doubt the tones of that voice then were thrilling and shrill, and yet, in wonderful combination, full of compass and of power. We surmise all this, for we have not heard it; but a friend of ours, a clergyman from Louisiana, who heard him preach in the Hall of Congress, in America, declared to us that those tones were so marvellous and electrical, that when the preacher gave out the hymn—

“Would Jesus have the sinner die?”

he felt a tingling and creeping through the blood of

his whole frame ; and many of the writer's friends have attested this singular power. If this is the case, there is nothing marvellous in the extent of the preacher's fame ; this magnetic force touches the highest point of oratorical power—but we have neither felt it nor heard it. We said so once to a good friend, and he told us that our heart was not in a right state : very likely.

We wish to speak with great respect and love of all the ministers of the Gospel, and especially one so eminently useful as Dr. Newton, but many of the eulogies pronounced upon him sound simply ludicrous. Dr. Jackson in his *Life of his departed friend*, a *Life* by the way sadly destitute of interest, a fault which must arise from the unskilfulness of the biographer, and not the barrenness of the subject—Dr. Jackson quotes in the *Life of his friend* an American criticism, some passages of which we may cite:—"We know not," says the journalist, "whether the Rev. Mr. Newton may be taken as a fair representative of the peculiar style of eloquence most popular in England, but if he may, we do not hesitate to assign to her the character of the most civilized nation on the globe. He reminds us of what has come down to us of the speeches of Demosthenes, wanting, it is true, much of his polish, his fire, his impetuosity, but resembling him in most of the leading characteristics of his style. With a mind clear and penetrating ; a capability of detecting the strong points of an argument at once ; a power of generalization rarely excelled ; a flow of words at once copious, choice, and nervous ; a faculty of dilating on an argument at length, and then compacting all into one sentence ; and a fervid, rapid style of speaking, affecting no ornament, but striking home at once to the reason, and, though sometimes tinged with declamation, taking its general hue from

logic : he exerts a power over the minds of his audience, which neither a more glowing fancy, a finer elocution, nor a more brilliant style could exert. He is in fact of the school of Fox rather than that of Burke, and disdaining all needless ornament is simple even to severity. He seems to have but one aim in view—to convince his audience : on that he fixes his eye ; to it he addresses every nerve ; and, like the ancient Greek in the race, casts off everything that will impede his progress, regardless of all if he can only win the goal. Sometimes coarse and often careless, but always nervous, rapid, and logical, he drags his audience along with him by main force, as if he disdained more gentle means. However much at first we may question his argument, he never leaves it until he has fastened conviction upon us ; seeming to play around the subject for a while, but at last flashing the truth upon us in a single lightning-like sentence.”

Well, for our part, we never heard anything like it, and we venture almost to defy the production in print of any speeches at any period of Robert Newton's life justifying such a glowing eulogy. He never argued, he never dilated, he never touched the neighbourhood of the recon-dite at all ; he did preach the Gospel, as, so let us hope, do thousands of simple lay preachers who have never been heard of five miles from home, and never at all outside the circle of their connection. In the pulpit he was very anecdotal ; on the platform he was a great master of happy hits, like that at Boston in America, where, at the Bible Society's meeting, “ he said he had been fortunate enough at Washington to find an eagle's nest, and that he had discovered in it ten half-grown golden eagles which he would then produce, pledging himself that any banker in New York would give fifty

dollars for them, laying ten gold pieces on the table; then, bowing to the chairman, he said, ‘Sir, I have the pleasure and honour of presenting this sum to the American National Bible Society, the donation of a member of the Methodist Church at Washington.’” He was accustomed to do that sort of thing; of course, it told,—we for our parts do not like it.

So that we seem, you see, to be quite unfit to attempt any sketch of Newton; and yet there is a fascination about the subject, compelling us to go on a little further,—a fine figure,—a fine voice,—a manner dignified and stately,—a profusion of anecdotes,—a commingling together of *hauteur*, condescension, and affability. These are the things we have noticed as most obvious in Dr. Newton. We remember once our duties called us to a small country-town in the extreme north of Yorkshire, and, finding our Doctor was to be there attending some missionary services, we went to the chapel; and truly we heard that afternoon several most remarkable things. It was at a time when Dr. Campbell was exciting in many Methodist bosoms no little amount of ire by his somewhat too free and copious animadversions; and we remember that one portion of our orator’s address ran thus:—“Yes, my brethren, Dr. Campbell may be against us,—and the ‘British Banner’ may be against us,—and the ‘Christian Witness’ may be against us,—and the ‘Christian Penny Magazine’ may be against us,—but, praise the Lord! so long as we have the penny a week, and the shilling a quarter, we shall go on conquering and to conquer.” That speech appeared to us most remarkable. We were scarcely well recovered from our surprise when we were startled by a most singular missionary anecdote. “And now, friends,” said the speaker, “we are frequently told that we have no

hold on China, but," said he, "I say, we have a hold on China; for two or three years since a gracious couple, whom the Lord had remarkably blessed, went from this country to Hong Kong, and when they arrived there, they began to inquire how they might best avail themselves of the old Methodist means of grace; they began to look about them, and they found first one Methodist family, and then another, and then another dropped in: and now there are nineteen souls meeting in class in Hong Kong,—so that we have a hold on China."!!!

We thought our preacher might as well have thrust a lady's needle into the skin of a whale, and have said,—“We have a hold upon him.” Nineteen souls to 300,000,000 did appear to us a rather small proportion. We had scarce recovered our propriety when our orator began to recommend his hearers to take the simple letter of the word without question and without comment. He was laughing at some modern quibblings on the literary difficulties of the New Testament, when we understood him to say, “Bless you! I never could read a chapter in Greek in my life, so I am not much troubled that way.”—We say we understood him to say this, but it seemed such an astounding thing for a Doctor of Divinity to say, that we could only believe that our ear deceived us; and yet, reason as we may, the impression is there. This is precisely the kind of talk which renders the respect of the hearer to this preacher an impossible circumstance; and although we fear we may offend many who love Dr. Newton, the simple truth is, we left the chapel that afternoon ashamed that the truth of Christianity should be presented in that guise. The tradesman, we thought, who should speak thus of his business would only be laughed at for his pains. Men who have been well flattered can bear to hear a little

reproof, can tolerate a little diminution of their aggregate of praise. A circumstance greatly detracting from the worth of Robert Newton's discourses is, that however excellent they may be, they are mostly recitations; they have been repeated again and again, and yet again during the last twenty-five years. We have known the delivery of a sermon from the text, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honour dwelleth," at least six or eight times. There is a story of a commercial traveller who heard the Doctor preach at York, and heard the same sermon delivered at Darlington, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen. The frequency with which the same sermons are repeated is, indeed, no secret. All who have been in the habit of listening know well that this is the case; and, indeed, almost expect to hear a discourse delivered before. Affection for the preacher of an ancient date and day crowds the chapels still, although the preacher is shorn of his strength.

Yet a wonderful man is Robert Newton. Where shall we find the other man who has travelled and retravelled—crossed and recrossed so frequently and so rapidly—the whole breadth of the land? Certainly his labours have been herculean: incessantly travelling; incessantly preaching; incessantly speaking. The greater part of his life has been spent on coaches, on platforms, in pulpits, and in railway trains. His name has usually been the signal to gather immense congregations around him; announced upon the platform, his name has produced a wild tumult of applause. Nor in this country alone; in the United States of America the effect he produced was very remarkable. When he was introduced at the twenty-first anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society, every individual in the vast assembly

rose to his feet. As we have before observed, he preached in the Chamber of the Representatives of the United States before most of the members of Congress and many of the most distinguished citizens. Returning to England he resumed his labours here, and with unwearied energy and unabating rapidity he continues travelling and speaking. And the author of the 'Wesleyan Takings' awards to him an amount of praise which we cannot for a moment concede, because, as we have said before, we do not know such a man as is there described. Those who appear to know him better speak of him as a great pulpit master, possessed of all the ingredients of the most commanding and able preacher. He is with these persons a modern Whitfield—full of grandeur, eloquence, thought; a Roman of the noblest proportions in person, speech, and mind. We quarrel not with those who find all these noble lineaments; we have not found them. The man appears to us altogether another person; we do not understand how it can be, but we must most assuredly be wrong; as our friend said, and as many not our friends will say, "Our heart is not in a right state."

But there was a homely, hearty, earnest spontaneity about the man that we admire far more than anything we have seen or heard of his pulpit or platform achievements. We once rode with him in a second-class carriage from York to Newcastle; it was our nearest approach to him. We were together and alone all the way; he was simple and open as a child; he put no fence round himself; he did not stand at all upon his dignity; he acted and talked like a simple old Roman, or like a transparent, clear-hearted Christian. We addressed him by his name as Dr. Newton, and so we kept up a conversation the whole distance, and the

glimpse we had of him was very pleasant to us. We like such anecdotes as the following: "On the 8th of December, 1846," says Mr. John Harrison, in the *Life* by Dr. Jackson, "I met him at Middlesborough on his way from Durham. He attended the missionary meeting at Guisborough in the afternoon, and preached in the evening. The day was wet, but in the course of the night the frost set in accompanied by a tremendous storm of snow and hail. He rose at four o'clock to meet the first train at Redcar, a distance of eight miles. I said, 'As it is so very dark, and the storm so high, surely you will not go?' 'Oh yes,' he emphatically replied. We had to face the storm nearly all the way; in some places the snow was very deep, so that it was with difficulty we could get on. When we were within a short distance of the unfinished station my mare was afraid to proceed, the road being bad and the ice breaking under her feet. I got out of the gig to lead her, when my hat was blown off my head, and carried to a considerable distance. I had no sooner recovered it than the Doctor had suffered the same fate. When I had overtaken it and placed it again in his hands, he said, 'One would not be hired to undertake this work, but, as the old man said, *There's the Cause.*' As soon as he had uttered these words we heard the engine starting; when he exclaimed, 'Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?' I said, 'Will not the ten o'clock train serve your purpose?' To which he replied, 'Oh no!' At that moment the engine was put back. He leaped out of the gig and climbed over the gate, which he found to be fastened. The porter seized his luggage, he took his seat in the carriage, and was thus enabled to fulfil the engagements of the day."

It scarcely seems just to have devoted this space to mere negation of praise, while saying nothing of the

philosophic Dixon, the eloquent Stewart, the instructive and full-minded Arthur; but we must leave all that we might have said about these unsaid for the present: nor may we venture to describe certain Entomological Curiosities we have seen buzzing about in various Methodist Chapels, gaudy and noisy. We have not done justice to the Methodist pulpit, but we must forbear saying more about either Lion or Insect.

JAMES PARSONS.

“ Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket-gate? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto; so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do. So I saw in my dream that the man began to run.”

WE suppose the preacher of all preachers in England who would meet the most universal award of superiority in the pulpit is James Parsons of York. He is still eminently popular throughout all England, but the intoxication of fame which must almost have turned his young brain dizzy has long since ceased to exercise its bewildering power. Wonderful was the excitement in the religious world of London when the youthful Massillon of York was wont to make his appearance there. The most spacious temples of Independency were thronged hours before the service. We have heard—though what degree of truth may attach to the legends we know not—innumerable stories of persons continuing in the chapel the whole of the intermediate time between the morning and the evening service to secure sittings; around all the portals thronging crowds gathered; the staircases and the chapel-yards filled with people, straining the eye to catch a glimpse, or the ear to catch an intonation, from the extraordinary and inspired boy; or going away in despair of sufficiently gratifying ear or eye; and all within, a dense and compacted sea of heads,

—aisles, galleries, window-ledges, pulpit-balustrades,—the mighty masses forgetting all discomfort, and hushed and breathless beneath the spell of a voice low as a whisper, yet capable of shaking the stoutest spirit,—like an echo through a sepulchre.

And in that day he was as potential in York as in London; Lendal Chapel was crowded, while every Sabbath evening the young preacher poured along a rapid torrent of imagery, description, invective, declamation, and appeal. There, not infrequently, the loftiest peers of the realm—such as Radnor, Roden, or Carlisle—were seen wrapt in attention in the plain and humble conventicle; there the most famous barristers, intending to snatch a lesson in oratory, found their spirits caught by the strong winds of a mighty impulsive eloquence, in the burning genius of which all the petty orators of the senate, the hustings, or the bar, quenched their glimmering tapers; there the loftiest and the lowest felt the power of that thin slim figure, the Christian witchery of that vivid blue eye, and the momentum of the slightly raised or waving hand. “I never did hear anything like it before, and never expect to hear anything like it again,” said no contemptible critic to us once when talking of those old days of Lendal. The preacher was imperial over his audience; and the spare frame,—slight, weak, and, as most then thought, soon to exchange the robes of the ministry for the shroud of death,—all added to the impression, as the orator at last sunk exhausted on the pulpit seat, or was borne, as we understand was not unfrequently the case, nearly fainting from the pulpit, while a corresponding number of fainting forms were borne from the pews. Such are the legends we have heard in York.

Does the reader, who only knows Mr. Parsons by a

more modern reputation, find it difficult to realise all this?—the writer never witnessed the magician of thirty or twenty-five years since, but he is intimately acquainted with his pulpit performances twelve or fifteen years ago. Often had the name of James Parsons been pronounced with wonder and rapture by those who had heard him, but it had never come within the reach of our opportunity to hear. We had seen a likeness, too, and a very good one, of all places, upon a snuff-box; but we were not exactly our own master; boys were not so lawless then as now; we were expected to be very attentive on “the means” in our own local chapel, in the neighbourhood of London; then the preaching of the man of York had a smack of Arminianism in it, or Baxterianism at least, quite as bad, which the Independents who received their educations and impressions two or three generations since could scarce tolerate; nor did they altogether relish the impetuosity of manner, and the rush of the excitement attending on the ministry of this young man; so happened it that we never heard James Parsons, we shame to say, till fifteen years of age, though living at no great distance from the scenery of his enchantments.

But one Tuesday, in a winter which now seems many years since, we found ourselves thronging with a vast multitude into the Poultry Chapel, where the usual dense aggregate of people gathered together. We took possession of a seat; and, after the service of song, and prayer, and reading, a man, of all men apparently remarkable for a timid hesitancy of manner—a bashful fear to encounter the eyes of the people—stood before us: but, eh! and alas! no, sirs! not a word!—the text was utterly unintelligible till some dear, kind, nice old lady, into whose pew we—an impudent boy—had thrust

ourselves,—an old lady, with a quiet, kind precision of manner (every chapel has such old ladies;—how often have we been indebted to them in the course of our ramblings for the comforts of books, and pews, and cushions! so this old lady), placed before us the text—a terrible text surely—capable of extraordinary suggestion and amplification:—“Thou hast restrained prayer before God.” Meantime not a word was heard; we stretched our neck, we strained our ear—not a word; the babbling of a far off brook among the mountains,—the drowsy hum of a hive of bees at evening time, so it seemed to us; and, like other drowsy sounds, it had the effect of putting us to sleep. We had been up, hard at work writing, the greater part of the previous evening, and but for this, had now perhaps been wending our way home; and now this,—a crowded place, a comfortable cushion, a nice corner,—a distant part of the chapel, out of sight,—an exhausted frame,—oh, my demure brother, could even thy superior genius have withstood the influence of such poppies?

Not long—surely not more than a nap—but what a change! We woke as the whole of the vast congregation, stirred by the power of the orator, hung dread and breathless upon one of the most effective, and touching, and forcible passages within the compass of his oratory—“The curtains of hell had been drawn aside by the hand, not of Prophet, or Apostle, or Seer, but by the Master himself.” The preacher was describing the unanswered prayer offered in hell. We can never forget the gaze of the eye. Even at that distance it kindled over us; there was mesmerism in it. No longer hesitating and trembling, but fixed; and the words, the intonation, strange, like no earthly tone ever heard; low, yet most audible, not so much from any exertion of force, as from the deep

stillness. Every cough subdued, every sob suspended, until at last the climax was reached, and the preacher relieved at once himself and the people by a pause ; but the voice itself—a most unnatural voice,—the cadences of wailing winds were scarce more mournful ; the words sighed themselves forth ; the tone was one pre-eminently of subdued emotion ; it was as if the spirit overflowed with pathos and with pity, as if every chord of the heart were capable of deep response and passionate entreaty, but all reined in and controlled by a commanding resolution. Meantime our absorption and self-abandonment were complete. During the time we listened, oblivion of all beside the tremendous words, seized the hearer ; it was a suspension of the functions of thought ; a captivity the most perfect to the enchainment of rapid and forcible words and images.

James Parsons must be judged by those days. Like most men and minds, he has travelled through three eras. There was the day of young conviction, when his heart palpitated with passionate earnestness, when he leaped into the arena full of energy and zeal, the Child of Belief ; the belief giving fire and fervour to heart, brain, and tongue. In those days his style was characterized by a tropical luxuriance of discourse, not so much of imagery as of utterance. Language did not so much flow as foam along. The climacteric word (of this we shall give illustrations presently), like a rock or break, gave a force to the rapid water which it could not otherwise have attained. With years came a more subdued style. Reading gave a more finished polish to the diction, the imagery hung more chastely over the language, yet still ample, still affluent, and men of a more precise tone of mind would say, *too* luxuriant ; and it was the period of transition. Life had deepened, as it does

with all of us, into a more really serious and tremendous thing than even in former days. This was the least hysterical period of Mr. Parsons's fame—it was the most legitimate. In his earlier and later years we think we have seen too much of the paroxysmatic style of discourse: in the first instance arising from over-balanced conviction; in the latter days, dare we say most respectfully, from inadequate conviction. In the middle period to which we refer, we recognize nothing strained to an unnatural degree; the thought and the language, as they ever do in all true eloquence, balanced harmoniously together. Referring to those times, we find trophies of eloquence of the most signal beauty and force. We have seen them invested in their delivery with a tragic grandeur—the impersonation—the apostrophe—the prosopopeia—complete. The soul held mysterious intercourse with the voice; the mastery of the voice was wonderful.

We cannot well suppose that our preacher selected MASSILLON for his model—the plan of the two men, in their treatment of subjects, is so essentially different; yet it is not too much to say that Mr. Parsons may be called the English Massillon; and in the volume of Sermons published beneath his own sanction, and with all the advantages of his criticism, there are many passages, and some sermons, which may safely be compared with the best performances of the French bishop. The structure of the minds of the two men is in *some* points alike: great is the similarity in the selection of their themes; great is their faith in terror as the instrument of conviction and conversion: in other points their pulpit methods materially differ. The Frenchman selects a text having reference to a previously determined subject; the Englishman selects the subject from the text, and his preaching is always textual; and the preacher

of York ought to have developed over the whole of his oratory a breadth of judgment and compass of character no whit inferior to the preacher of Clermont. We do not object to the preacher his inferior power or inferior flexibility, but we find obviously inferior culture and inferior independence of speech, and especially of thought. As orators, had Massillon and Parsons preached at Versailles or York together, we scarcely can believe that any hearers could have given the preference to the accomplished Frenchman; for, obviously enough, differences are not preferences. The spell of Massillon over the hearts of his hearers, royal or provincial, was indeed mighty; with something, indeed *much*, of the same appearance in the pulpit as Parsons—a modest, downcast, furtive-glancing manner, not quite free from the affectation which invariably attends diffident and bashful men—altogether relieved from violence of gesture or vehemence of delivery—quiet, and presently perfectly collected.

Ah! that quiet manner—is not this much in Oratory? Noisy braggarts do but display, usually, their own heartlessness and ignorance; and all oratory may be said to be worthless in the very degree in which it is thus noisy; the irresistible force of a quiet power creeps over you—through you—you feel the words tingling along the blood—dim spectral forms hover before the eyes—and *still the magnetic stream runs on*. You suspend your breath in fixed feeling—you are passive before the magnetist—your eye dilates to catch the vision rising before the spirit—you feel that the preacher's eye is on you—it fascinates you—you cannot release yourself from it—you would not if you could—and *still the magnetic stream runs on*. You surrender yourself to the dominion of your master—he clasps you in the slumber

of genius—and now you are clairvoyant. It is—it is the day of the final judgment—you see, or seem to see, a million snaky fires piercing through the windows of the chapel—fold above fold they coil in spiral press—the roof of the temple is rent—the whole infinite is stretched before you—each word from the preacher adds something to the terror of the impression—for *still the magnetic stream runs on*. He has launched you upon a sea of fire—each word is arrowy, sharp pointed, like live lightning. You feel that you are drifting on to some dreadful bourne, which yet you do not see. At length *one word* falls upon the soul more dreadful than a clap of thunder!—another! another! You are whirled away, as in some dread tempest, through fire-girt mountains; you are oppressed by a sense of horrid darkness and most painful light struggling together; you do not feel that you are in the world of spirits, and that spirits are about you; you do not feel at all, you do not think at all; you are there—it is done—the award is fixed; black, desolate shores lie all around; black, dread, chafing seas, covered with the wrecked hulls of tempest-stricken vessels; you are doomed; you are too agonised to shriek; the suffocating emotion of despair is too intense to allow you to pray; you are wrapped in a painful sense of conscious unconsciousness, from which you are roused, to your boundless gratitude and joy, by the ceasing of the flow of the magnetic stream. Two or three thousand people are unanimously coughing, to confirm you in the half-belief that you are on earth; and in the pulpit before you, apparently ignorant that he has said anything remarkable, the preacher is collecting his electricity for another attack upon some other soul.

Such was beyond all question the preaching of James Parsons fifteen years since.

Nor thus alone : borne along upon those quiet waves of voice, the hearer visited far other scenes—was the subject of far other impressions. The imagination of the preacher found itself peculiarly at home in the scenery of terror or of joy ; and the voice of the preacher, it must be said, peculiarly adapted itself to the state of introvision in the mind of the hearer. We have already noticed that it much resembled, not only in itself, but in its influences, the murmur and the music of mountain-torrents ; and gradually you see word after word has unlocked a vista. The preacher has talked to you of Heaven ; he will take you by the hand and lead you thither. He utterly disclaims any assistance from the painter ; he tells you he will not have it that you shall derive your light from the canvas of Martin or Claude, or from the melody of Mozart or Handel, or the wildering pomp of Spenser or Milton ; yet he pours around you affluently the ideas and conceptions drawn from their notes, and colours, and images. *The rippling waves of Voice, like a stream,* have conducted you hither. Had they been loud or boisterous, you could have defied them : as it was, they hurried you along to a quiet cloud-land ; the lamps of the chapel glimmered and shone, like thrones, through the blue deeps, all impalpable. The haze of a golden light fell over you—you caught the distant warbling of hymns, and discerned, far off among hills of emerald and sapphire, the sea of gleaming glass. Winding your way still onward, by the notes of the wave, you struck a path upward to the clefts and heights of the tall Delectable Mountains. Angels crossed your pathway—a strange effulgence rested still above you, saying, “Come on !—come up !”—the restless fronts of far-off buildings bore stars—a city shone in the distance, fenced

and surrounded with gleaming battlement and turret; *and still the rippling stream* murmured us on. We neared Heaven—floods of harmony saluted us—it was the Land of Beulah—and now the lightnings of Voice cleft, as it were, in twain the marble fortresses, and it stood revealed to us; the spirit sank suffused, overwhelmed, with the glory and the grandeur; a coolness fell upon the soul—it was the shadow of the Tree of Life beneath which we were sitting. We arose and found ourselves amidst the marble-halls and alabasters of the inner court, and the fountain of the Waters of Life flashing before us, and scattering upon us its blessed spray; *and still the ripple had not ceased of our own wave* that guided us hither. We heard it calling us still, and now it sang, as it sported along, of deathless destinies—of the tides of future being—of the calm fields in the distance—of thrones unattained and unseen; it seemed to itself in its own infinite world, and we awoke to find ourselves where we were; not, it seemed, so much because the wave had ceased playing, but because *we* had ceased to hear it in the far solitudes of Heaven, to which it had travelled.

Such was, beyond all question, the preaching of James Parsons fifteen years since.

Thus we see immediately the faults and excellences of our preacher. Thus we see, too, how greatly he is indebted to his voice for its power, aye, as much as mountains are indebted to the music of their echoes, and the melody and the enchantment of their mountain-streams. His preaching is eminently objective—it deals with things of the eyesight. The comparison with Massillon suggests immediately one great difference. The mental and moral dignity of the Frenchman gave his whole bearing dignity. Dignity Mr. Parsons pre-

eminently lacks, and those who have studied his style, or even glanced at it, will immediately perceive the reason—it is because there has been in the one instance no introvisionary life. Mr. Parsons has not thought his sermons; he would appear to dread thought; he has not led a life of mental communion; he knows nothing of the sophistries of the understanding, and therefore he knows nothing of the higher moods of faith; he shuns all modern questions: he does not attempt to understand the modern form of infidelity—its subjective or experimental form; he lacks the dignity of Massillon, because he cannot preach from the text, “We speak that we do *know* ;” he does not verify the appeal which Christianity makes to the human soul. It is thought which invests the preacher with real dignity; it is the knowledge of human nature which pre-eminently crowns with success. Humanly speaking, no preacher can, in the long run, be greatly successful or greatly useful who does not know well the human heart. This knowledge can only be obtained from the study of ourselves. Massillon spent many years in study and retirement; yet he knew the world well. He was able, in a wonderful manner, to thread his way through the passions of men. His pictures of mental life are striking, from their dramatic reality. When asked how he should know the world so well, who had lived so far from it, he replied, “I have learned to draw them by studying myself.” Yes, this descent into self is the source of all power. Our knowledge of ourselves is the gauge of our dominion permanently over our fellow-men. It gives vigour, and reality, and originality to thought, and pungency and potency to utterance.

The life of the modern popular preacher is quite inimical to this. If he is a star, he must, perforce, be

a wandering star. It is a most unnatural thing to suppose that people would give in support of any cause unless served up beforehand with a dish of eloquence. Thus, for the popular man there is an unending life of excitement, of *fêteing*, and dinnering, and cold-collationing, and *déjeuner-à-la-fourchetteing*, and of suppering. Contrary to the instincts of his better nature, he is compelled to live for effect. In his preaching there is eminent danger of the sacrifice of usefulness to effect. It is a bad thing to be treated with too much kindness by the world. We sink from manly teachers into petted and spoiled children: we forget our mission. Instead of vigorous councillors, we sink into lackadaisical ladies' men. Instead of the life within being all in all, all in all is in the life without. The fold of the robe upon the shoulder, the speck of dust upon the coat, is of more importance than the influence of a thought upon the spirit, or the weight of a custom upon the life. All this is the result of the eloquent sermon system, the pedestrianising eloquence which, amongst its other gifts and graces, our age also is favoured with. And a life passed thus—and this, again we say, is the life of the popular preacher—must prevent the exercise of the inner faculties—must remove also from the possibility of sympathising with the doubters, who are struggling through roaring seas, if haply they may find the sure haven of a faith.

All that we mean to imply by the above remarks is, that Mr. Parsons's life, as for some time unquestionably the most popular preacher in England, has operated most prejudicially to his permanent fame. He does possess the power, or did, to give to the religious literature of his country what might have taken its place with our Pulpit Classics; but judging from the

specimens within our reach, the profounder moods of thought, and the power of introspection—powers and moods which he must possess—have been wholly, or all but wholly, uncultivated; and let it be added, that, in the immensity of his travelling and his preaching, his denomination has given him few opportunities for their cultivation.

It is a nice question, is it not? how far a man should surrender the immunities and endowments of his proper individuality to serve any denomination whatever in the world; for, let it be remarked, that never, by such surrender, does he permanently serve any *thing* or any *one*.

But if our preacher does not challenge our thought, he challenges, beyond any man living, in the pulpit, our zeal and our piety; and the demands made upon us here are not fulfilled so easily as those made upon our intellect; we feel our utter, utter prostration, before Mr. Parsons's model; the consistency demanded is wonderful—this is no common surrender to Christ. The Roman Catholic assigns as a reason for the sign of the cross upon different parts of the body, that each part is devoted thus, and consecrated thus, to Christ: the cross upon the forehead is the consecration of the intellect; upon the heart, the consecration of the affections; upon the foot or the hand, the consecration of the active powers:—and this is demanded by our preacher; he and Finney, of all men living, compel the question—"Who then can be saved?" Meantime the demand for zeal corresponds to the demand for self-consecration. Standing in the aisles of Surrey or the Tabernacle, we frequently felt that we were listening to one whom no charge of fanaticism, or vulgarity of association, could possibly deter from duty. In the sternness of the demand made we thought we read an iron-pointed

inflexibility that would laugh at sands of fierce torrid heat, or forests of dense impassability. We thought we saw there the idealisation of modern martyrdom, with "All for Christ," and "None but Christ," upon its shield. This man, thought we, will cling pertinaciously, wherever thrown, to a rigid and determined, an almost Puritanic pietism; no apology of conventionalism will operate to turn him from the path of simplicity; the parlour, the drawing-room, will be made holy by the holy atmosphere about him. We thought we saw there, if that were possible, too *unworldly* a demeanour, a disposition to overleap the pales of propriety—not ungracefully certainly, but still to overleap them, if the interests of Christianity were to be served. We thought we heard his answer, quiet but stern, from his study door, "Any way to save souls!" Not a thought, not a word, not a visit, not a note, not an anecdote, but the hidden meaning of it would be—to save souls! His sermons are invocations to the very chivalry of Christianity; his appeals to loiterers upon the road to Christian truth rousing, irresistible, terrible. What a church, we have thought, must his church be! With such a Noah—such a preacher of righteousness, it must be the very ark of the age. But, alas! alas! how small; the requirements, how stern! On looking upon that form in the pulpit, swayed by the sublimest and most real feelings that can give inspiration to heart or tongue, how few, thought we, can appreciate the ideal of *such* a life!—how few, for years, can come to such a preacher and say, "I will follow you, stern as your counsels are; stern as your requirements may be, I, with you, will learn the lesson of self-renunciation; I, with you, will say, 'All for Christ, none but Christ!'"

But we will confess it at once, we do not admire the genius of this style of preaching; we will go farther, and say, we conceive it to be of the most dangerous kind. Forcible preaching is most dangerous, if the force be expended upon one theme—one topic. As the finger that sweeps the harp, and evokes music from the chords, is itself most callous (notwithstanding the impressions it produces, as it is seared and hardened by the efforts it has made to attain excellence), so, frequently it must happen that the heart of the preacher is untouched amidst all the affecting descriptions and appeals which shake the souls of his auditors. To others they are fresh and new—to him they are common-place; and to him they become common-place in proportion to the frequency of their repetition; for, advancing souls do not repeat themselves—and this constitutes the great danger of the utterance of any moral sentiment, or Christian sentiment, which either has *not* been, or is not *immediately* practised. And the same thing must be said, not only of the utterance of such sentiments, but the hearing of them—even this, that our faith becomes proportionably faint, as we listen to the repetition of what we do not believe; and our moral character becomes dead, as we utter the moral precepts we do not practise. The source of the decay of Mr. Parsons's popularity will be found in this, that his mind has not advanced with the advancing times; he repeats, to a great degree, the same appeals he repeated twelve years ago, but in the depth of his soul, *are they the same vitalised convictions they were then?* The mischief of this style of preaching, as of all styles purely rhetorical, or oratorical, is, that it always walks on stilts. If the preacher should be a teacher; if he should enlarge the mind, communicate instruction,

infuse new ideas; if, like Socrates among the Athenians and our Divine Lord among the Jews, he should walk among the people, and show how much the public instructor is of the people; if he should be, and do these things, then the modern style—the stilted style—the rhetorical style, has signally, remarkably, failed. Beyond all things this great lesson should be taught the young preacher,—“Clothe thyself with earnestness as with a garment!”—earnestness developing itself by its strong sympathy—by its entire individuality. Beware, we might well say, of inculcating a piety from the pulpit you do not intend to realise in the parlour! Better that the piety of your pulpit be of a *low* order, than that it be higher than the piety of your every-day life. Scepticism will be saved the opportunity of many a sneer, so long as the teachers of Christianity are whole-hearted, whole-bodied men. Now, our objection to the pulpit method of Mr. Parsons is, that it is (and we say it with the sincerest deference to him and respect for him) one-sided. It is not equable in its flow; it is segmental Christianity; it is not circumferential. In Massillon, whom we have mentioned so often, the same tremendous characterisation obtains. In the sermons of Jesus the terrors of the Lord are sparingly introduced. In Massillon and Parsons they form the staple topic of discourse. The sermons of our Lord produced ineffable love and peace in believing. These sermons produce appalling terror and alarm. Convictions are brief in proportion as they proceed from the operation of physical causes of terror. In all instances vehemence of manner produces very short-lived influences. Truth, to be effective, must appeal to the whole soul. The stature of Christian manhood is only attained that way. The blow is felt, but it pro-

duces insensibility. The exercise of all the organs only results in the health of all.

And now we have said this much upon this style, not only of one of the most popular preachers living, but the most popular style of discourse also. Certainly most people seem strangely enamoured with it; strangely indisposed to preach that "God is love," and to believe and to hear that God is love; and so we have hysterics, and agonies, and thronging multitudes watching for the advent of fire, and feeling considerably satisfied with themselves, because well frightened. Oh, if we might whisper in the ear something that we have felt, then we might say, "Good Christian people! your large congregations and rapt attention, your ecstatic agony and hysteric terror, are not very complimentary to yourselves, your preachers, or your faith! Oh! have you not learned then, that the powers of the 'world to come' are very calm, and mighty, and still, within the soul? Do you not know that terror is the first and lowest round in the ladder by which we ascend to God? And yet you like to lie and live ever there. It is not highly complimentary to your Christian taste, one should think."

It, perhaps, yet remains to say something upon the more distinctive peculiarities of Mr. Parsons's style as a mental exercise. The most prominent feature is the climax, and here he stands confessed as a master. Not that his climax is always honest. We are forced, sometimes, to see the trick of art. The climaxes of Cicero and Burke lie concealed; we feel them, we do not see them. It is true that, with Mr. Parsons, we frequently see them, but do not always feel them. The climax is frequently merely verbal—a word selected for stronger inflection—and in this the name of his imitators is

Legion. When merely verbal, there is danger lest the climax degenerate to mere clap-trap. In its noblest form it is like the succession of the tides, when every tide is mightier and more impulsive than the last—each argument more conclusive—each expression more muscular—each image more radiant. The power over the climax develops more tact than genius, yet it is frequently the most efficient portion of a discourse; and when it is judiciously used, it is far more potent over an audience than the most subtle effusions of genius. It is artificial, but the true artist conceals his art—the bungler displays it. We will cite an illustration of the concealed climax, from Massillon, by the side of one more fully displayed, from Parsons:—

“I figure to myself that our last hour is come! The heavens are opening over our heads! Time is no more, and eternity is begun. Jesus Christ, in his glory, is about to appear in his temple, to judge us according to our deserts; and, as trembling criminals, we are here, waiting at His hands the sentence of everlasting life or everlasting death. I ask you now, stricken with terror, and in no wise separating my lot from yours, but placing myself in the situation in which we must all one day appear before God in judgment—if Christ, I ask, were at this moment to appear in this temple, to make the awful partition between the just and the unjust, think you that the greater number would stand at His right hand? Do you believe that numbers even would be equal? Would ten righteous persons—such as were not in the doomed cities of the plain—be found amongst us? Nay, should we find a single one? I know not—you know not! Oh! my God! Thou alone canst tell who are thine and who are not! Divide this assembly as it shall be divided at the last day! Stand

forth now, ye righteous!—where are you? Chosen of God, separate yourselves from the multitude doomed to destruction. Oh, God! where are thine elect?—what remains as thy portion?”

The good Bishop suffers from translation—who does not? The following is a perfect specimen of Mr. Parsons’s method in dealing with the climax. The reader will note the relative vehemence of the defiances, he will not fail to conceive the brilliancy of the eye, alternately raised and depressed, the hand gently raised and clenched, and the voice trembling beneath the weight of subdued passion and emotion. “One thing alone is required,—that you should ascertain your interest in Christ, and have the witness of the Spirit with your spirits that you are the children of God; and when that is done, all is done, and Death is to be feared no more. No, my brethren, then shall you look him in the face as he comes with the heavy tramp of malignant fury to strike you down, and, as the dart gleams in his uplifted hand, bare your bosom for the blow, and exclaim, ‘*Strike!* I fear thee not;—**STRIKE!** thou art conquered;—**STRIKE!** thou art but the last commissioned messenger of mercy to herald me to my Lord;—**STRIKE!**—and as the framework of clay falls beneath the blow which you invite, your last song of tremulous triumph shall be, ‘**FALL! FALL! FALL!** frail mansion! for I *know* that when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’”

This climax rings upon your ear like an echo; like a refrain in a song, you know that it will come, but you listen for it, and hope to hear it fall on your charmed senses. Do our readers know that sweet melody of Arthur Coxe, the American poet, in

its structure so like to one of our preacher's sermons?
It is called

THE HEART'S SONG.

In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh,—*knocketh*,—KNOCKETH,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin:
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut:
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth,—*waiteth*,—WAITETH;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
Christ to let *thee* in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now he knows thee not!

True pulpit eloquence — nay, all true eloquence — should possess a large portion of the lyrical element; it should combine drama, anthem, and song.

But we must present our readers with one or two specimens of Mr. Parsons's more continuous manner. Take, for instance, the following citation. "And truly there is nothing which should keep your desires from heaven. No! not that delightful circle of home, where the parent's eye may glisten as he looks upon his child,

and the child may smile with joy because it gazes on its father: or, more loving still, when it looks upon its mother; there is nought even there which can abstract the desires from heaven, and the only modification of that desire should be, that children and parents, and brethren and sisters, should all meet in heaven. No—there is nothing; when here we meet round the table of the Lord, and Christian comes by Christian to taste the bread and wine, which ‘show forth the Lord’s death till he come’—till we all meet as by one electric impulse upon the spirit; till we all blend together in one, ‘being members of His body and His flesh, and His bone,’ there is nothing here that can abstract the desires from heaven; the only modification of that desire must be, that those that break the bread and drink the wine may have fulfilled at last the glorious promise—‘Verily, I will no more taste of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father’s kingdom.’ Onward and onward still, from year to year, and from day to day, must the Christian spirit press in its desire towards heaven. It will be, my brethren, but a little longer, and then that desire shall be fulfilled, and mortality will be swallowed up in life. The portal *shall* be entered, and the spirit shall gaze round on the wonders of its completed salvation. What pearly gates are *these*? What jasper walls are *these*? What golden streets are *these*? What splendid palaces are *these*? What immortal trees are *these*? What crystal streams are *these*? What amaranthine bowers are *these*? These are the spirits of the just, and I see my parents, my partner, and my children, and they beckon to the entrance. *There* is Jesus, whom my soul hath loved, and now I behold Him with the glory of His Godhead. And *there* is the overshadowing splendour of everlasting happiness, which

breathes blessings on all beneath it. And this, *this* is heaven! Earth, I have nothing to do with thee—with thy dull days and thy nights of darkness! I have left thee with thy storms and tempests; I have left thee with thy distressing temptations, and thy polluting scenes; I have left thee with thy sorrows, thy bereavements, thy diseases and thy destinies. This, *this* is heaven! Am I come *there*?—then redemption and immortality are mine. O brethren, in the body or out of the body, can we tell? Have not your desires expanded and extended till even now you listen to the song, and inhale the atmospheres of heaven? We must come back again to earth, till the will of God remove us; but as we descend to the world of mortality, and of sorrow, and of sin, in which we must breathe a little longer, we cannot but send our desires to Him who has gone before us, ‘When shall I come and appear before God?’ ‘Oh that I had the wings of a dove, then would I flee away, and be at rest!’”

The sermons of Mr. Parsons do not display the imaginative faculty, which is the concentrating, or, as Coleridge finely calls it, the *esemplastic* power; but fancy, which is the grouping power. He does not select one image, and let it do its work. He does not embody and clothe a colossal idea, draping it round with appropriate language, or leaving it undressed, to win and awe the hearts of the people. Like all men of mere talent, he walks not unfrequently a circuitous path to convey his fancy to the mind. He gives you his gold in the form of leaf, not ore. The one bold image does not blaze over the mind; and the redundancy in reading the sermon not unfrequently palls upon you. But this is not the case in hearing. An affluent stream of images, uttered in quick succession, attach the mind so much more forcibly when uttered than when read. The mind

must be steeped in bewilderment—dazzled by rapidly glancing beams. It is only the higher order of oratory that will bear the microscope of meditation. Oratory like that of Jeremy Taylor or Edmund Burke's is at once lofty poetry and profound philosophy. The following may serve as illustrations of Mr. Parsons's power in binding figures together:—

“We cannot form any idea of that state of existence in which the process and power of death shall be unknown. When we look around us now, we cannot perceive an object in which death is not to be found. Every inspiration of every breath tells of *death*; every throbbing of every heart tells of *death*; every beating of every pulse tells of *death*; every period of life tells of *death*. DEATH not only appears in the snows that have been scattered upon the head of age, but it appears in the brightness that flashes in the eye of infancy, and in the tinge that lights up with beauty the cheek of youth. DEATH is in all the seasons—in the showers of spring, in the sunbeams of summer, in the ripeness of the autumn, in the storms and blasts of winter. He is in the cloud, and in the sky, and he is in the mountain, and in the valley. HE is in the grass that clothes the fields with verdure, and in the lovely flowers that seem the very elements and emblems of beauty and perfection. There is not a motion, there is not an object, there is not a sphere, there is not an event which does not tell of DEATH. He comes forth from behind the veil, where he perhaps may have enshrined himself in a mask, and while we are gazing around us, he stamps his foot upon the territory of the material universe, and, waving all around it his dread ebon sceptre, proclaims in a voice of thunder:—‘ALL THIS IS MINE!’ and none can gainsay nor deny.”

And yet another extract on the same fruitful theme of Death, a favourite one with Mr. Parsons.

“All the demands and characteristics which are applied to the Christian in the present state of existence are those of toil and labour. For example ;—we are to walk, we are to run, we are to plant, we are to reap, we are to watch, we are to wrestle, we are to fly, we are to press forward. Whether we occupy the more public and honoured stations which belong to the Church of Christ, or whether we exist in more ordinary and less responsible stations, we all know that ours is a hard and toilsome course. The task of resisting the propensity of indwelling sin ; the task of enduring the various afflictive dispensations which are imposed upon us by Divine Providence ; the task of bearing the obloquy, the scorn and derision, in various forms, of ungodly men ; the task of contending against the powers of darkness ; the task of acquiring the high and ultimate attainments of Christian knowledge and Christian holiness ; and the task of attempting to diffuse, against the prejudices and depravity of men, the kingdom of the Redeemer even unto the ends of the earth : these constitute our work, a work which we are to do with all our might, and except we do it we cannot work out our own salvation, nor rightly honour that Redeemer whom we profess to serve. Now, when we have finished, as hirelings, our day, when we die, or when we sleep in Jesus, it is like going to rest ; the body rests in its grave, the soul rests in the paradise of the Lord, surrounded by the elements of a sweet and balmy tranquillity that cannot be ruffled or disturbed. Are we *labourers* ? Then we leave the field and lay down the implements of our husbandry. Are we *travellers* ? Then we terminate our long and wearisome journey, and cross the threshold of our Father’s

mansion. Are we *soldiers*? Then we take off the helmet, and the corslet, and the entire panoply of war, and lay down the weapons of defence or of assault—the spear, the shield, and the sword. Are we *mariners*? Then we heave over the last ocean-billow, and enter into the desired haven. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet; and oh! how sweet is the slumber and last repose of those who have believed in Jesus, and who have wrought for God! No suffering, no cares, no uneasy recollection or foreboding anticipations to disturb *there*; no appalling dreams *there*, no irksome and unhealthy nightmare to spoil or mar *that* placid rest. Every jarring noise is hushed;—the winds are still;—no heavy tread, —no loud tramp,—no awakening roar,—no trumpet-sound startles:—all nature pays the deference and tribute of silence whilst the Christian sleeps. ‘They enter into peace and they rest in their beds, each one who has walked in his uprightness.’ ‘There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.’ ‘I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’ How happy, my brethren, for you and for me, if as Christians we labour, that as Christians we shall rest when we shall have fallen asleep!”

These citations are from the middle period of Mr. Parsons’s ministry. We can scarcely think we tire our readers by the presentation of extracts, in all probability so little known, and which, moreover, furnish a better idea of the manner of this eminent preacher than anything which can well be said in the way of criticism or description. With one other extract, however, we will close our catalogue of citations, and this is from the

celebrated sermon before the London Missionary Society, in the year 1827, when Mr. Parsons was but in the first prime of his manhood or youth. The extract betrays all the faults of his style—all its rapidity, its excellence, vehemence, declamation, appeal, and apostrophe.

“ Yet especially refer to the examples furnished within the Church of the Saviour, by the contemplation of which we best can ascertain the character of our own day, and the station after which we ought to strive. And oh! how far are we beneath them! *Will you think of Him*—the great Example—the appointed Pattern, whose steps it is our duty to follow—who came down from Heaven, the Messenger of Mercy—who placed before him one grand object from which he never swerved—whose meat and whose drink was to do the will of Him that sent him, and who gave himself in entire and perfect devotion to the business of his Father, and for the redemption of mankind? *Will you think of those honoured heralds* who first went forth at the command of their Lord—men who, for Jehovah’s honour and the Saviour’s cross, sacrificed all their earthly good, and were content to be esteemed ‘the filth and offscouring of all things’—men who laboured with unruffled patience—men who reared the monuments of their diligence, and the trophies of their success, in many climes and empires—men who met the King of Terrors, as he came to end their career amidst torture, and racks, and flames, having the sacred name of their Redeemer as a charm to cheer them, when they died, with the certainty of an immortal triumph? *Will you think of those who issued forth in the high spirit of reformation* to awaken a slumbering world, and braved the angry tempest that burst upon them, amidst the thunders of Antichrist, though they themselves should be crushed

beneath its bolts? *Will you think* of such a one as Whitfield, the fervour of whose spirit, and the extent of whose labours, have enshrined his memory in a radiance almost peculiar and alone in the annals of the faithful; and of others in modern times, some of whom have fallen asleep, and some of whom yet live to work for him 'who shall build the temple of the Lord and bear the glory'? Oh, yes! there are those before us, passing as in a procession of splendid array, in whose presence we may well sink, confessing our insignificance—ashamed of our misapplication and indolence! *And shall we not arise* to emulate their virtues, and to catch a portion of their fire? *And shall we not arise* to seek the power that shall lift us above the elements that oppress and clog our progress; and strive, in holy ambition, for the renown of sacrifice and ambition? *And shall we not arise* and follow on, in noble, chivalrous exertion, which shall fight for the cause of God and man, caring nothing for the monsters of the moral desert, there breaking the fatal spells and overturning the dark enchantments of Hell, and giving to groaning captives the emancipation and privilege of immortality? *Shades of the departed, give to us your mantle! Spirit of the living God, descend thus upon Thy people!* and then shall the Church go forth, 'fair as the moon, and clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!'"

Thus we have attempted to give some idea of the pulpit powers of Mr. Parsons, but we have described rather a dead than a living man. He is now stout and heavy in his appearance, and his composition and his delivery are alike shorn of their ancient beams. At times, still, there rays forth an intimation of the power that captivated and enthralled so many thousands, and again, as of old, his tones and images rivet the atten-

tion; and certainly he is heard as advantageously at home as abroad. He does not carry about with him sermons composed on purpose to "take;" he does not, like one or two other celebrated preachers, and doctors, by the bye, reiterate again and again, and yet again, the same discourse preached, printed, and sold nearly a quarter of a century since. There are, indeed, some men to whom it is an era in their history, popular as they are, to produce a new sermon. Two men celebrated in their way, known for many years to each other, preaching together—one deservedly eminent, the other, as we venture to think, very undeservedly, eminent, and both doctors—said one to the other, "That was a new sermon I preached to-day; how did you like it, James?" "Pretty well," replied worthy James, "but I think I'd stick to the old ones, Robert; they are the best." But notwithstanding the immensely varied labours of Mr. Parsons, and that repetition, necessarily compelled upon such labours, it must be said that he carries with him freshness of matter, and newness of imagery and impression: and still wherever he goes—to Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, or any of the mighty cities and towns of the North—the chapels are usually thronged within and without, to listen to his voice. His own chapel is not particularly large, and the state of the Independent denomination in York cannot be said to be flourishing, when compared either with the other towns of Yorkshire, the size and population of the city, or the talents of the eminent preacher. Mr. Parsons's income from his congregation cannot be large; and this places, certainly, in a very striking light the fact that he has refused repeatedly (so we understand) invitations to some of the largest and wealthiest churches of his denomination.

Yes, beyond a question, Mr. Parsons is an orator of a very high order, and on great occasions his sermons abound in passages of great and sustained brilliancy—brilliancy arising not from the master-strokes of a great magician's wand, but from the happy concatenation of verbal imagery. He never argues—he never reasons, as we have already said—he never even intimates to you the more profound lines of thought—he never indicates any of the higher occupations of the mind. The style betrays no readiness of mind—no variety—none of those micaceous felicities by which the man of reading and thought will show his auditors that, if he disdains those realms in the pulpit, it is not because he has no command over them. He would seem to be perfectly memoriter in speech, and he is unable to say anything out of the pulpit-routine. If you catch him on the platform, you may be sure, if he speaks, that he will only deliver a sermon. He and Mr. Melville are alike in this—they can preach well, but they can only preach: and Mr. Parsons is said to bind himself, by inexorable rule, to study and pulpit-preparation—it must be moral preparation, for one would think it impossible that any man could need the long course of a day, or days even, for the preparation of ordinary discourses. And what an imposition there is in that preparation so sedulously for mere ordinary teaching! How frequently by such preparation the preacher loses far more than he gains! Mr. Parsons clothes himself in a stately and ungenial reserve. You see severity and mercilessness in that large cold grey eye as it ranges the congregation. There is in it a magnetic force, but no magnetic affection—great will, but no sympathy. We remember some years since a friend very near to us by ties of relationship lost a young and most beloved

wife. Mr. Parsons had married him. He had always venerated the great preacher exceedingly—so much that he had even desired to love him; and now, broken-hearted, he wished that he who had united him to his wife in marriage should meet her by the side of the grave, to consecrate that divorce of death with the Christian minister's assurance of the resurrection morning. On a Saturday morning (necessarily that time) a mutual friend, a member of Mr. Parsons's church, waited on him to request him to perform the office. The servant replied that Mr. Parsons was in the study, and could not be seen. Nevertheless the visitor insisted on his card being taken up: in a moment the servant returned—"Mr. Parsons could not be seen." He sent word up that he would not detain him one moment, simply asking him a question—"No, Mr. Parsons could not be seen." He wrote on a slip of paper, "Mr. ——'s wife is dead—could he on a certain day attend the funeral service?" "Mr. Parsons could pay no attention to it; he was in his study, but would be in the vestry to reply to any questions on the morrow." Is not this miserable? For our part, such visits and requests, whether we were able to comply with them or not, would come like providential hints, were we in the ministry, to colour the line of our thought, and to give a complexion to the order of discourse. Whenever our friend hears of Mr. Parsons since, and of his impressive eloquence, he says he recurs to that old day, and the cold heartlessness of the preacher and his messages of ice, when his soul was crushed yet frantic with sorrow, and needing the kind unction of a soothing Christian word.

We have often in the preceding pages reverted to the genius of Robert M'All. Our pen itches to set to the work of a general characterization and estimate of his

powers, and possibly we may attempt that perilous task on some future occasion; for the present we content ourselves by saying that some sort of comparison and analogy is suggested between these two men—James Parsons and Robert M'All. Externally they are alike; they have—let us cheat ourselves of a few years, and imagine the justice of a present tense—they have the same large blue, or grey eye, in a fine phrensy rolling; the same nervous restlessness of manner, betraying the absence of command over the subject and the audience, and the irksomeness rather than the dominion of the will; the same union of diseased love of approbation and self-esteem; the same meandering flow of rapid words; the same dominion over the audience, but the same consciousness of it, showing thus the absence of perfect dominion. Yet in their mode of treating their subjects they are wholly unlike. Dr. M'All has more width and breadth—Parsons more point and pertinacity. M'All wears his eloquence around him like an oriental robe—Parsons wears his like a close-fitting but chain mail. M'All does not fear to attempt a passage over the larger oceans of thought and speculation—Parsons always keeps near to the shore, and sails beneath the headlands. M'All has courage and daring—Parsons neither, but he compensates for the absence of both by caution and moral timidity. M'All shows himself to be not unacquainted with the fiery trials, “the red-hot ploughshares” of unbelief; he can sympathise with those who feel “the burthen of the mystery” pressing heavily upon their hearts in this dreadfully solemn, this mournfully beautiful world—Parsons shows no token of this tenderness; he cannot meet the unbeliever with any word of love; he pronounces at once over him and his creed a stern funeral service—“Ashes to ashes,

dust to dust," perish! A little time since we heard of his cutting off from his church a member, for reading, and in a measure adopting the views of, Emanuel Swedenborg; so also we remember the severe condemnation he launched by letter on a young lady who had united herself to a Wesleyan church, although a member of his own, in consequence of her inability to attend the Independent Congregational church, distant some miles from her village. M'All was vexed and irritated by the sense of his seclusion—Parsons lives in the atmosphere of his seclusion; he loves to be walled up within the castellated creed of his own denomination, and beyond the pale of its circle he is comparatively as unknown in York, as if he lived in a Cumberland village.

Ah! we have tried to hold a comparison, but it will not do. The men are essentially different. Robert M'All was a glorious being. With all his faults, his passion, his nervousness, his irritability, his fastidiousness, he was a glorious being; his wing was a most ample and glorious wing—it was the pinion of an eagle bathing in the blue cloud and the golden light. The wing of Parsons is not so ambitious. What then?

*"Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo."*

Neither eloquence nor perspicuous order shall fail him who chooses a subject suited to his powers. Parsons mounts high, like a lark's plume, and sings in light, fringed, arched, and overshadowed by the coping thundercloud. Both of these preachers thrill you, but with M'All a door seems literally to be opened in heaven, and we see the Lamb slain in the midst of the throne—the Lion of the tribe of Judah—the altar and the souls of the slain for the testimony of Jesus—the

city without a temple, paved with light, without a sun, beyond the sea of glass—the pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb. When Parsons speaks, we are instantly in the Spirit; we hear a voice as of many waters, and prominently we see—and to his honour let it be said—we see and only see, “One like unto the Son of Man walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.” M’All invests the whole of the Christian system with the sublime star-dust of his eloquence. Parsons gives a greater and clearer prominence to the wisdom of God in the Christian mystery. We will put your patience in peril by three extracts—two from M’All, and one final passage in Mr. Parsons’s most sustained style.

Our first shall be from DR. M’ALL :—

“ PRACTICAL ATHEISTS.

“ To the greater part of men, no perceptible alteration would be made in the condition of the universe, were the vast whole of being beyond the visible heavens and the earth on which they tread, absorbed and swallowed up in utter nothingness. Nay more, it would occasion them no regret, nor affect them with any sensible or present influence, were their own endless futurity to be cut off for ever by the mandate of the Creator—and if, when they died, they were to cease from being, and sink into oblivion—like a spark quenched in midnight—a cloud vanishing from the sky—a phantom fleeting from remembrance to return no more. They would eat, and drink, and sleep, as securely and as much at ease, after this dread and unspeakable catastrophe. The sun would seem to shine as pleasantly, and the seasons to return as gratefully, as before. The business of life would go on without interruption or

disorder. Their relationships would be felt as dear, as interesting, and as permanent, as now they are. Their whole inheritance of being, though shrivelled into inconceivable minuteness, would seem to have sustained no diminution. They would be, in every respect, the same in their own consciousness, and, to all practical purposes, the same in their condition. To them, in truth, so far as we contemplate any realising sense of their existence, or any direct and adequate effect of their operation, there are no spiritual objects, nor anything beyond the sphere to which the eye can stretch its vision, the ear its hearing, and the hand its touch. There is no God—no heaven—no Mediator, clothed in light and glory, pleading our cause on high—no choir of angels, worshipping, with songs and harps of more than mortal sweetness, before the celestial throne—no general assembly and church of the first-born—no holy fellowship of prophets and apostles—no triumphant army of the martyrs—no eternal city, glittering with pearls and gold, and radiant with uncreated splendour—no tree of life—no river of bliss—no land of rest and purity beyond the dark vale of death—no mansions of repose—no paradise of God. To them, on the other hand, there is no abode of misery beneath—no adamantine fetters—no doleful shade—no lake of fiery woe—no region of sad exile from the habitations of blessedness and the presence of the Creator. There are no tempting spirits—no snares spread out through all our path while advancing onwards to eternity—no tribunal of judgment—no irrevocable doom. The whole world of spiritual being is a blank; the whole reversion of their own is but annihilation; all on which their highest welfare must for ever depend is as if it were not. They live—they die—alike unconscious of the present,

and ignorant of the future. They are ‘as the beasts that perish.’”

Our second extract shall be from DR. M‘ALL :—

“ THE CHARACTER AND HOPES OF A FAITHFUL MINISTER OF
CHRIST.

“Such is the spirit which, when these sentiments possess their due effect, will distinguish all our conduct—such the union of zeal, and purity, and steadfastness, and patience, with which they will adorn our character. Beyond it there is nothing left to our attainment—nothing to our desire ; and though we may be far from arriving at the completeness of its measure, we need not despair of enjoying, in the exercise of faith and prayer, a large and increasing share of its results. Keeping our hearts with all diligence—instant in season and out of season in our ministerial work—ruling our households in the fear of God—studious in every act of life not to impair but confirm the impression of our public labours—mild, candid, forbearing even when called to suffer injury or to endure neglect—generous in our construction of other men’s motives, and charitable to their failings in the same degree in which we are intolerant of our own—too deeply in earnest, to be careful to maintain appearances, and too visibly, to be suspected of disguise—our hopes, our aims, our ambition, all summed up in this—that we may not be ashamed before our Master at his coming ;—we shall add to all the other graces of the pastoral character this union of *sanctity* and *affection*, and stand, like the high priest of other ages, with these as the badges of our glory inscribed in living symbols :—upon our breast the names of all the people, and on our forehead ‘Holiness unto the Lord.’ Persevering in this course, a nobler function awaits us,

and loftier forms of ministration, in the sanctuary above. While this anointing rests upon us, we are already invested with an earnest even of the joys and honours of an eternal priesthood. We have not all the emblems of our inauguration yet to be received; nor all the ritual of that sublimer service yet to be acquired. We know already the theme, the song, the sacrifice, and all but the felicity of heaven. We stand at the gate, and shall ere long enter it. Even now we may almost hear the acclamations that swell triumphantly within. Sweet momentary perfumes give faint relish of that fragrance which is ever ascending from the altar, or breathed around the throne. A light of more than earthly beauty steals sometimes around us, and, as its last ray flashes from the height of the inner shrine, reveals from whence it came. The herald will soon beckon us, and the summons welcome us to advance. But what a scene will open when we pass the threshold! Is it possible, that we, laden with impurity, surrounded with infirmity and sorrow—we, whose best efforts scarcely suffice to preserve unextinguished for a single day the flame of zeal and love, or to prolong through one sabbath of rest the exercises of devotion—shall stand so soon amidst the blaze of uncreated radiancy, and drink in the plenitude of infinite delight? Yes, though the darkness of earth intercept our view into those innermost recesses of the Divine abode—though the curtain of mortality divide us from them, and a vapour, which shall melt so soon and be no more, for a little while obscure their brightness—they are near, intimately near. We press closely upon them, and are almost within their precincts. Let the mist dissolve, or rise, as soon as it shall, slowly and majestically from before us, and they shall then be seen in all their glory,

and that awful cloud that veils, while it betokens the majesty of the Creator, shedding its insufferable splendours throughout the heavenly temple. Let us learn, then, this purest, calmest, noblest exercise of whatever can give peace to the believer, or seal with an indelible consecration the minister of Jesus—so every day to act, and think, and feel, as that it would be a cause, not of amazement and dismay, but of placid thankfulness, to be invited at any moment to pass within the barrier, and to partake in the adorations of angels and of seraphim, lost in ineffable contemplation, or rapt in the vision of God ! ”

Our final extract from MR. PARSONS :—

“ THE SECURITY OF THE CHURCH.

“ The security of Zion is frequently presented to us in the Old Testament writings as a subject of gratulation and praise, arising as it did, not merely from surrounding mountains and strong and lofty ramparts, but sealed in its completeness by the protection and by the continued superintendence of God. That security is applied to the interests of the spiritual church, in the use of the figure which is before us. ‘ I ’ (said Jehovah) ‘ will be a wall of fire round about her, and a glory in the midst ; ’ ‘ the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion a cloud and a pillar by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night, and all the glory shall be for a defence.’ And there is a beautiful exhibition of the security of the church under the figure which is before us, in the forty-eighth psalm.

“ The security of the church, my brethren, rests upon the purpose of the Father, the mediation of the Son, and the power of the Spirit ; and the perfections of the triune Jehovah are solemnly and irrevocably pledged to its

continuance. That security has already been manifested in past ages, in circumstances which only could have been met by the actual power and wisdom of Omnipotence; and we believe that by the same energy it will be kept invulnerable even unto the end. Fears, we are perfectly aware, are often entertained as to its stability and as to its powers of continued existence; and the alarm has not unfrequently been reiterated (as perchance also in our own times), that ‘the church is in danger.’ *The church* in danger! False systems, which have usurped the station and the name, may be in danger; but the true church, never. *The church* in danger? What! *that church*, ‘whose banners have streamed, like the thunder-cloud, against the wind,’ and pointed steadily toward the very centre of the elementary war? *That church*, whose genius has stood unmoved alike before the northern tempest and the sun-beam, and thrown off its defence for neither? *That church* which has been uninjured alike by Jewish bigotry, and by Grecian subtlety, and by Roman empire, and by Barbaric brutality, and by anti-Christian bloodshed, and by infidel blasphemy? *That church* which now bears around it the recorded triumphs of centuries, and which stands without a bridge circumvallated by the immortal fire of heaven? *That church* in danger? Is the energy of the Holy Spirit *in danger*? Is the mediatorial exaltation of the Lord Jesus Christ *in danger*? Is the throne of the eternal Father *in danger*? Oh! talk not and dream not of *danger* while HE lives, who amid the chafing and the tumult of the people has said that He ‘laughs’ and that He ‘has them in derision;’ and amid all change and all convulsion, repose upon the promise of Him who bought it by His blood—‘Upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.’

It was the vain panegyric of the eulogist of ancient Rome—‘While Rome stands, the world shall stand; and when Rome falls, the world shall fall.’ But Zion shall *never* fall—changeless amid the world’s mutation, and indestructible amid its ruin. ‘Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God!’

“And what, my brethren, was the end for which the Saviour died, but that He should be the propitiation ‘for the sins of the whole world?’ And what was the purpose of the Saviour’s exaltation, but that, presiding at the right hand of the Majesty on high, He should put down all His enemies under His feet?—in the poetry of the great apostle, represented as intensely watching the revolutions of the earth for which He bled, as it rolls round on its axis amid the mighty realms of space, ‘expecting’ (‘*EXPECTING!*’ and what an expectation in such a bosom!) ‘expecting till His enemies be made His footstool.’ And He must, as we are told therefore, ‘receive dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all people and nations and languages should serve Him.’ Already, my brethren, the march to the spiritual Zion which He has constituted has begun; and the representatives of various climes and kindreds are ever and anon passing her portals, that they may go and present before the sacred shrine the tribute of their adoration and their praise. *Here* science shall present the homage of her discoveries—philosophy, of her wisdom—commerce, of her enterprise—art, of her labours. *Here* warriors shall dedicate their weapons—nobles, their dignities—and monarchs, their crowns. *Here* civilisation shall pay the tribute of her soft refinement—and barbarism, of her untutored rudeness. *Here* shall be poured forth European power—here, Indian pearl—here, Peruvian gold. *Here* the free man shall present his charter; and here the

slave, now a slave no longer, shall bring the last broken links of the fetters, from which the Gospel shall have disenthralled them. Men shall be bound in one brotherhood of love, all harmonious, all pure, all happy. There shall be neither 'Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free;' but Christ shall be 'all and in all.' 'Paradise' will be 'regained.'

'For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon His sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd Him and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy—shall descend
Propitious, in His chariot paved with love,
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.'

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, oh City of God!"

THE PRINCE OF LIVING PREACHERS—so he has been called, and perhaps the character is scarcely too high. Recently we must confess to having heard him and having been disappointed. There is so much demand made upon the action of thought in our time; the power of speech is possessed by most men, now-a-days, too, in so large a degree,—the power of eloquence, too, is possessed by very many men in so large a degree, that it would not be wonderful if the fame of the mightiest preacher suffered some diminution. But we suspect Mr. Parsons's mind has not kept pace with the advancing mind of his age and nation. It may also be said that severely prostrating sickness has reduced his powers, and perhaps the influence of disease was at work long before it was visible and felt. But be this as it may, in many portions of England he is imperial still, and our memory travels back to those times when over our young mind he was all imperial. If it is strange now-a-days to see the heavy body of the stolid farmer-like looking man

instinct with life, or rather exercising, against all calculation and expectation, a spell so powerful over the vast audience, what must it have been to see it in the day when it, too, was a light thin framework of a body, so frail that you almost expected the soul to rend it in its efforts of eloquence and power? We did not then know Goethe's celebrated image by which he describes Hamlet as an oak planted in a glass jar or vase;—but it surely typified the body of the orator. We could have wept for the apparent pain with which he spoke—the apparent bronchial affection of the throat. At that time it seemed to us the indication of weakness, and suffering, and premature death. Then the face glowed with pity and beseechingness; now it seems simply stern, or something more. How often have we walked six weary miles, and returned as many, standing the whole period of the service, watching with a kind of reverence the downcast head, and eye furtively glancing, to us the symbols of so much power! How often have we strained the ear to catch,—if possible to travel over the thousands of heads—the first tones of the voice, the rapid muttering, and then that cough in the gallery, and the quick, sharp eye of the preacher, darting round, determined, apparently, to have no coughing *there* during *his* speech! This appeared to us the token of power then. It seems to develop the want of power and true self-command now. And then the first hurried climax. Words like the gently unloosened winds, and another period of comparative silence, a hush, as of death, a waiting, and a longing, an undefined desire, a quickening of the pulse, while the preacher turned rapidly the leaves, and always seemed to us, as if by magic, to light upon the right quotation, and the winds again, the winds, wailing louder, louder, from their caves, even as when we hear

them among the high tree tops, presaging and prophesying a storm. The second climax was reached, and we felt our own eyes starting, half with terror, half with wonder, so rapid the flight up, so rapid also the descent.* But now the matter was more continuous and sustained, the quotations were not so numerous from Scripture. The first half of the discourse usually consisted mainly of quotations and simple statements, but now the sentences began to fall like flakes of fire about us—it scarcely took at all a stretch of the imagination to believe that the being before us held lightnings in his hands and eyes, and darted their forked arrowy fires over the assembly. Strange, indeed, no simple monosyllable affected us so before. We did in those times believe the preacher clad with supernatural power. He electrified his pronounciation—he placed his words as we place wires—he made them the channels of a current of fire. As we now read of Mesmerists, who communicate their power to objects, and thus make mute and dead things alive with a magnetic force, so did he with the words he used. We pronounced them, they were powerless—he pronounced them, and they clove the soul in twain. Those days are past. At that time Robert Pollok was to us better than Milton, as a poet, and James Parsons greater to us than Demosthenes, as an orator, but,—in neither instance is it so now.

* When James Parsons preached first in Leicester, Robert Hall heard him. Next day a friend of ours said to Mr. Hall, "What did you think of him, Sir?" "Think of him, Sir!—think of him, Sir! What could I think of him, Sir? Glorious Gospel of the blessed God!" "Yes, but the climax, Mr. Hall! What did you think of the climax?" "Oh! London lamplighter, Sir! London lamplighter! No sooner up than down—no sooner down than up!"

THE WELSH PULPIT.

“ Oh, brethren, I have seen Sabbath sights, and joined in Sabbath worships, which took the heart with their simplicity, and ravished it with sublime emotions. I have crossed the hills in the sober and contemplative autumn to reach the retired church betimes, and have descended towards the simple edifice, whither every heart and every foot directed itself from the country around; or on the Sabbath morn beheld issuing from every vale and mountain glen its little train of worshippers, coming up to the congregation of the Lord's house, around which the bones of their fathers reposed. In so holy a place the people assembled under a roof where ye of the plentiful South would not have lodged the porter of your gate; but under that roof the people sat and sung their Maker's praise. Oh, what meaning there was in the whole of their piety! What intelligence! What simplicity! The men were shepherds, and came up in their shepherds' guise; and the very brute, the shepherd's servant and companion, rejoiced to come at his feet. Oh, it was a Sabbath! a Sabbath of rest! The body and soul were equally refreshed, and all nature around seemed to sympathise in the unity which breathed through the congregation.”—EDWARD IRVING.

LITTLE enough is known in this country of the great Welsh preachers, those masters of pulpit power, and relics of a more primeval style of Christianity, and Oriental style of discourse.—We have nothing in England that can at all match the religious life of that remarkable people. Religion, in many parts of Wales, takes the place of our fairs, races, and plays: it is to many of the inhabitants a matter of the same import and moment. Religious services form the amusements, the excitements, the very business of the people; and there is very much that must be regarded as simply beautiful. Possessing but few books—following the same round of

observances from day to day, and from age to age—living in a mountainous country, and, from their isolation, bigoted to their own forms, and deeply impressed with the superiority of Wales to any country on the face of the earth, their life, religion, and manners, regarded from the narrowing confines of our civilization—which we compliment by denominating broad and intelligent—appear contracted; but bringing our sympathies more into unison with theirs, and judging them from their nationality,—their character, their religious life, then, is not untouched with rays of the most exquisite beauty: they are a most primeval people—a solitary fragment almost of a lost race; for the efforts to identify them with the Ersic or Iberic people seem far from clear.

Their religion, then, is impressed with the character of their own Ethnographical and mineralogical development? it is wrapped, like the first, in a cloud of solitary majesty, and, like the last, it is stern, granitic, and hardy. That Wales is a highly cultivated, and refined, and educated nation, it is impossible to assert; it is not possible that such a country and people, situated as they have been, could be highly cultivated; but the proportion of their education is beyond the average of many of the counties of England. We have felt some considerable degree of indignation when we have heard the base accusations of the hired lacqueys of Government levelled against the morality, the intelligence, and piety of the old land of the Cymri; for we have known it well: time was when we found a Prophet's Chamber and a Prophet's Bed in hundreds of the Welsh villages; as we passed along we have met, English as is our tongue, thousands of people on many hill-sides—we have met them amid the ruins of the tottering castle, or in the market-place, or court-house—in the rifted glen, or the

wayside chapel, and through the whole land we have only perceived kindliness and hospitality; rude, but real intelligence; obtuse perhaps, but capable of grappling with the matter presented to it. We have never sat very silent when we have heard or read the attacks made by the interested tribe, unable to compute the value of the people, or the worth of the land.

The mind of the Welsh people is written very plainly in the names of places through which you pass. You read the religious life of the people, and their Scriptural reading and lore; they have no books but the Scriptures. Well we remember winding our way from Haverfordwest to Cardigan—a glorious ride through scenery thrilling, and tingling, and kindling every nerve. Just beyond Fishguard we came to a little village called Bethany; but beyond this, where the rocks scowled and frowned in their majestic defiance of isolated grandeur which characterises especially the coast of Pembrokeshire, in a part of the scenery at the foot of the hills, amidst Nature's own wildness and peculiarity of desolation, the guide cried, "Look there! yonder is the cave of Machpelah!" Yes, opposite to the howling and ever-sounding sea, embosomed amidst the bleak, bare, and desolate crags, the children of those hills and coasts had fixed their cemetery—their stern, sad Necropolis. It was affecting to find such a place in such a spot. We had a sweet companion with us then, whose tears started to her eyes as she glanced upon it. She has found her Machpelah cave since, in another more populous seat of death. And that day farther on we came to Jericho, and saw in the distance Siloa. These names are scattered lavishly over the Principality, and as we say, they very obviously illustrate the sentiment and reading of the people.

Few persons who merely visit Wales know much of its interior localities ; they keep near the great towns. We have been pedestrians there, and have often had our repayment in rich amusement and instruction. It is a primitive realm, haunted still by all the glamour of the past. Ghosts have not been banished from its glens and valleys. Fear, and faith, and superstition, routed from most parts of Europe, keep their watch and ward there yet. You will not go far without your formality and your pedantry receiving sad shocks. It may be you shall give some shocks also in return. Only a year or two since three respectable Congregational ministers from England—one, however, a Cymraeg—found themselves in the heart of Wales, in unpriest-like Jem Crow hats and brown jackets, and free manners. Their appearance was judged so suspicious in one place, they were refused admission, till they described themselves as ministers, a title of great warrant in Wales ; this threatened to make the matter worse—it seemed they must be wicked impostors—till the landlord suggested that they should down on their knees and pray, and prove themselves to be genuine “lamps.” They did so, and the Welshman prayed, and the landlord was satisfied. Ah ! simple life, in which the gift of public prayer is taken as the test of character !

And may it not be adduced as a proof of the superiority of the mind of Wales, that only within our own times the voices have been hushed of three preachers, great among the greatest of all ages—Williams of Wern, John Elias, and Christmas Evans ? In the measure of their pulpit power and usefulness—in the vast impression produced upon the minds of their countrymen by their labours, it is not at all too much to say that our

pulpits in England have produced lately no preachers like these. We have had preachers of more classic taste and polish—preachers of more correct and disciplined fancy; but the writer believes we have *not* had preachers of such imperial power. Our most popular preaching, like William Dawson's, has descended to coarseness. Our highest preaching, like M'All's, or Melville's, has passed into gaudiness and obscurity; but these men retained in the pulpit their self-respect while stooping to the lowest apprehension, girding themselves round with power in public, from the life of deep communion with their own hearts and with the Father of Lights.

Of these three men it is almost impossible to call either greatest. Williams was pre-eminently a philosopher; he thought, he beat out great principles upon the anvil of his own heart and understanding. His sermons most abound in thoughts; they stand before us, even reading them, in all the severity of mental independence. Christmas Evans was a poet; he was the Bunyan of the pulpit. He used similitudes; he spoke in allegories—allegories which we have heard people in all parts of Wales date from, as naturally as from the events of their life, birth, or marriage. And Christmas Evans' sermons on many a theme, with many, are a chronological data. He was a dramatist in the pulpit. It was not merely a poem, it was an acted poem, too, which you heard; and that without the slightest impropriety of manner or gesture—all solemn and impressive, and all descending down and fusing into the memory of the hearers. John Elias was an orator accomplished and imperial. His power was derived from books, by all account, rather than from thought. He had not the creative force of either of his contempo-

rières ; but, in the pulpit, he is said to have equalled Evans, and some say to have surpassed him. He is said to have possessed all the constituents of a perfect pulpit orator—a commanding figure and most solemn demeanour, complete self-possession, and a thrilling and tremendous verbal propriety ; a power of rousing all emotions—dignity investing the most simple and apprehensible common sense. These were the three great Welsh preachers. It would only mislead to point to any of our pulpits in England for their counterparts ; they—especially Evans and Elias—do emphatically stand alone.

Now we may with propriety pause here to notice two or three of the characteristics of the religious life of Wales, for this of course produces an immense difference in the appeals of its pulpit oratory. Religion is more popular there ; there is a greater love to the decencies and formularies of religion. Of course this is not always godliness ; it sometimes is but a vesture for very heartless hypocrisy. But the same may be said in our own land, where religion is not so popular. The characteristics, too, of the religious life are frequently of a very narrow and contracted order ; doctrines are rather followed than either understood or believed—all this as a matter of course. Still the great treat of a Welshman's life is to attend a preaching, or “a publication,” and for this he, and almost all his fellow-villagers, will rush away from business, from the shop, or the harvest-field, renouncing eagerly their profits, or contriving to economise so, that they can dispense with that day's labour, in order that they may listen to the words of the popular preacher. Mr. Jones, of Kilsby,* in his very eloquent and philosophical analysis of

* Now of Highbury Chapel, Birmingham.

Welsh preaching, takes away many of the romantic illusions which induced us to look upon all these as so many indications of a highly superior piety to our own ; and there can be no doubt that the religious life of this people does arise in no small degree from the paucity of their pursuits and amusements, from the influence of the grand and magnificent scenery of surrounding Nature, and from that stern peculiarity of mind to which reference has been already made. And all men feel the impression of lofty and sublime scenery in preaching, if their hearts or minds are gifted with any sensibility. The temple of the Welshman is frequently in the open air ; vast are the gatherings of the associations in some lonely or retired valley, some romantic glen or dale among the mountains of Caernarvon or Cardigan, hemmed in by the beetling crags, or allowing perhaps the vista to open to dales and distant hill tops, reposing in the clouds. Such meetings usually take place in the summer ; over the whole country and scenery there spreads, although it is the week-day, a blessed Sabbath calm. A chapel stands in the distance, far too small to accommodate, large as it is, even a fifth part of this immense mass of people ; a platform for the ministers, while the people seem arranged upon the gentle slopes of the rising hill before it. We have been there and witnessed the perfect hush, the silence before the service so profound too, broken only by the twitter of a bird ; not a leaf rustling, not a wind straying abroad. You have heard singing, my friend, in cathedrals and chapels, but what would your heart say to the burst of song from those thousands of voices beneath the clear, cloudless, coping arch, amidst those glorious rocks, and fields, and woods ? And then in such scenery, conceive a man rising to talk to the people, himself at once bap-

tized with the spirit of Nature, and with the diviner fires of Grace—a man like Christmas Evans. It was amongst such scenery that he preached his celebrated sermon on “The spirit wandering in dry places, seeking rest and finding none”—Satanic agency defeated in a mind preoccupied by holiness. This was the subject wrought out in an allegory running over the greater part of an hour, full of delineations of scenery, of quaint saying and homely illustration; broken by song, of course, in the Welsh language, but which we have taken the liberty of rendering into corresponding English verses.

He first represented the evil spirit as rising from his cavern, bent upon the destruction of the souls of men. Now to begin: he was upon a wide Welsh moor, and approaching him, in the distance, was a poor ploughboy. And thought Satan—“I will enter that boy’s mind and lead him astray; he shall become vicious; he shall lose his place; he shall go to prison, and be transported.” Satan had settled all this in his mind, and just as he approached the boy to inflame his heart with sin, the ploughboy began to sing in a loud hearty voice—

“My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.”

“Alas!” said the foiled Satan, “this is a DRY place.” “He sought rest and found none.” He went on, however, until he came to a lovely village, lying in a Welsh valley, a place of still and silent beauty; the hills rose round it all fair and soft in the quiet light; and there in the distance, in a garden beneath a cottage-porch, a girl sat sewing or netting. “Another chance,” said Satan; “I will enter that girl’s mind and whisper

impurity and uncleanness there; then she shall be jeered at and scorned by her companions, and she shall leave the village, and go to the great town, to Swansea—to the great city, to Bristol; and I shall have her: she shall die in the infirmary, and so be mine.” So had he settled it; and, as he drew near to whisper to her the first thought, she too began to sing in a low, yet clear voice, that startled the hills and made them echo it—

“My God, I am thine—what a comfort divine!
What a blessing to know that the Saviour is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name.”

“Ha! ha!” said Satan, foiled again; “this too is a dry place:” he had sought rest and found none. Satan wandered about, wearied and unsuccessful, the whole of that day; and night came—deep midnight: he passed through a still little hamlet; the lights were out in all the cottages save one; there, in an upper room, a faint, feeble glimmering was seen, and Satan took courage. “Why, why,” said he, “old Williams is lying there dying; I had been better employed if I had been at his elbow all day. Ah, he has served God for fifty years! Now, if I can get him to doubt—then get him to despair—then to curse God and die—capital!—that will be worthy of a Devil”—and Satan chuckled at the thought, and he went up-stairs. The house was very still; he entered the room; there was a faint flickering rushlight casting its ray upon the feeble, attenuated figure. As Satan entered, all seemed to be stirring as if a crisis were come; the nurse bestirred herself, and the relatives came flocking in from different parts of the house; and, as Satan was crossing before the bed to whisper in the ears of the dying man, he roused himself,

and held out his thin, feeble, wasted arms, and said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall, fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me; Thou preparest a table before me *in the presence of mine enemies*; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runs over. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of my God FOR EVER:" and, as he sank back exhausted, and died, those words beat Satan back into hell—it was a very "dry place." He sought rest and found none.

This may serve to give some idea of the method of Christmas Evans; nothing more must be expected in English; nothing more than the merest outline is possible. It must have been a privilege to meet in such services as he conducted, and to listen to such thrilling instructions, so powerful in their adaptability, as he conveyed. All the sermons we have met with of this distinguished preacher have been communicated to us by those who heard him—from the graphic delineations of his auditors, who will carry vivid impressions of his power and his words to the grave. That parable so well known of Justice and Mercy has much more of Raffles than of Evans in it; there is too much colouring; there is an affectation of verbal elegance which the preacher never attempted; it is obviously enough a very prolix translation. Ah, reader, if you and I could but attend some of those associational meetings, and hear him give that allegory of the Wedding Ring, or the Dog and the Kettle, or the Pilgrimage of the Wise Men, or the Discontented Servant, or the Prodigal Son!—in all these allegories the adaptability was the most remarkable circumstance. Many of his sermons were translations of our Lord's parables into Welsh; he cast

away the Oriental dress, and darted an eye immediately into the spirit and meaning of the parable, and presented it in such a light that all hearing must see it too. What, for instance, would you say if you saw the Prodigal Son quitting his father's house, in best beaver hat, blue coat and brass buttons, and top-boots—this at that time was the topmost height of finery in Wales—with a dangling spy-glass and a cigar? And when he preached this sermon near Llandiloes, and, directing his finger in the open air to a distant mountain, described the father as seeing him while yet a great way off, the heads of the thousands of the congregation were turned in the direction of the preacher's finger, expecting to see the father coming down from the hills too. Sometimes his parables entered more entirely into the pure region of fable; after a most eccentric fashion he described the faithful minister and the inconsistent office-bearers in a church, under the ideas of a dog and a tea-kettle—a kettle of water boiling on the fire; the water must lift the lid, and a few drops fell upon a dog sleeping near the hearth; he gave an angry growl, looked up, and soon went to sleep again. A very little time elapsed before again the boiling spray fell upon him, and this time more heavily than before; he uttered another growl, but still slept on: but what could a kettle of water care for a growling dog?—the fire burnt on—the water boiled on—it boiled furiously over; the dog in agony darted up to revenge himself on the kettle, and received the full volume of boiling water for his pains. Thus Mr. Evans chose to illustrate the relative position of a faithful ministry to unfaithful church-members and officers.

From Mr. Stephens's *Life of Christmas Evans* we will extract two of his parables as specimens also of his

usual style; and first, the parable of the Vine Tree, the Cedar Tree, the Thorn, and the Bramble. The trees of Lebanon held a council to elect a king on the death of their sovereign the yew-tree. It was agreed to offer the sovereignty to the cedar; at the same time, in the event of the cedar's declining it, to the vine-tree, and then to the olive-tree. They all refused it: the cedar said, "I am high enough already." The vine said, "I prefer giving forth my rich juice to gladden man's heart." In like manner the olive was content with giving its fruit, and would receive no other honour. Recourse was then had to the thorn. The thorn gladly received the office, saying to itself, "I have nothing to lose but this white dress and a berry for pigs; while I have prickles enough to annoy the whole wood." The bramble rebelled against the thorn, and a fire of pride and envy was kindled, which at length wrapped the whole forest in one blaze. Two or three vain and high-minded men have frequently broken up the peace of congregations, and by striving for the mastery have inflicted on the cause of religion incalculable injuries, when they have had no more fitness for rule than the white thorn or the prickly bramble.

Again, we have the parable of the Three Birds:—"A gentleman kept in his palace a Dove, a Raven, and an Eagle. There was but little congeniality or friendship between them. The dove ate its own proper food, and lodged in the aviary. The raven fed on carrion, and sometimes would pick out the eyes of an innocent lamb, and had her nest in the branches of a tree. The eagle was a royal bird. It flew very high, and was of a savage nature. It would care nothing to eat half-a-dozen doves for its breakfast. It was considered the chief of all birds, because it could fly higher than all. All the

doves feared its beak, its angry eyes, and sharp talons. When the gentleman threw corn in the yard for the dove, the raven would be engaged in eating a piece of flesh, part of a lamb haply, and the eagle in carrying a child from its cradle to the eyrie. The dove is the evangelical, industrious, godly professor; the raven is the licentious and unmanageable professor; and the eagle the high-minded and self-complacent one. These characters are too often amongst us. There is no denomination in church or meeting-house without these three birds, if there be birds there at all. These birds, so unlike, so opposed, never can live together in peace." Dare we essay to put on paper what perhaps has never been on paper yet, a parable, communicated to us at Nantyddwyddlilan? Those we cited first have probably never been penned before, and it is impossible to pen these words without their losing much of their effect. All translations are bad; but who can translate from the Welsh? not even a Welshman.

Describing the difficulties besetting a sinner on his way to Christ, the preacher took up his parable from the progress of the Wise Men, by the light of the Star, to the place where the Child lay. We have already informed our readers that Christmas Evans never, in describing the scenery of the Bible, made it Oriental. He always sketched Welsh scenery, and at bottom all his characters were Welsh too. He sent these Three Wise Men forth to inquire for Christ. They rode along upon asses, and we are not surprised to find them soon stopped by a turnpike-gate. Earnestly they asked of the gatekeeper, "Do you know anything of the young child?" "Young child! young child!—what should I know of the young child? No! I want sixpence a-piece for the donkeys." Selfishness knew nothing of the child.

Cheerfully they paid the money; mournfully they pursued their way till they came to a Blacksmith's forge. Horses and asses were there, waiting to be shod. Their asses were in good trim, but they passed through the crowd. "Tell us," said they, "know you anything of the young child—our child?" But the blacksmith misunderstood them. "You must wait till your turn comes," said he. "The child," said they; "do you not see his star? Our child—where does the young child lie?" The blacksmith thought them mad, and laughed loudly. They hastened on. Business could tell them nothing of the child. They came to a City. They went to a News-room, and asked to look at the paper, and they inquired of the keeper about the child, and he told them to look in one corner there—Births, Deaths, and Marriages. Earnestly they looked. No news. "But," said they, "he is born; we have seen his star. Have you not heard about the child—the wonderful child?" No, no! Pleasure and news knew nothing about him. "But," said the keeper, "there is a strange old man lives down in a singular house in yonder street. He talks much about a child that is to come. Go thither; he may tell you." They went and entered a singular building, and met a singular man, in robe and mitre, and said they, "Oh, if you know, tell us, tell us; where does the young child lie? He is born, and we would worship him." "Ah," said he, "I will see;" and he took down a mysterious book, written with strange and wonderful characters, and then said he, "He is not born. Go, I will tell you when. Yes, he shall come—the wonderful Counsellor, the everlasting Immanuel, the Prince of Peace. But not yet, not yet. I will tell you when." The Jew could not guide them to the young child. But they replied, "He is

born—we have seen his star.” “No,” he said again; “there is one by yonder water who preaches that he is born, but he is an impostor. Fly from him, and wait for me.” But they hurried to the river’s brink, and saw a wild man there, clothed in camel’s hair, attended by a crowd of listeners, and then, pressing through, they said to him, “Can you tell us of the young child?” And he said, “Come with me, and behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!” The anachronism in this parable is obvious. But such anachronisms are true unities. Still, let us say we should be sorry that Mr. Evans should be judged after these poor translations. The style of preaching is so remarkable, and it strikes us as being so useful; so little is known of Mr. Evans in England, and Mr. Stephens’s memoir of him is so impoverished, and the sermons especially so bald and lifeless, that we have lingered thus long in remembering what may present some idea of him to the mind. We were surely right in calling him the Bunyan of the pulpit. It seems to be preaching of an order that can only be indulged in, not merely by a peculiar class of mind, but a peculiar status of experience also. It is preaching, too, that can only be serviceable to a certain height of mental character. Yet, if these could be combined with dignity of manner and comportment, and if over the whole there were shed the truth of a most holy character, may we not ask, could any style of preaching be more useful to some portions of England than this? It could only fall from the lips of a most hearty character. It is preaching for children. Oh! in our intellectual mountings do we not forget that the majority of our congregations, large and small, are children still?

But we have forgotten our other two great masters of Welsh pulpit eloquence. Suppose we allow the silence to creep over our spirits in the same dingle where we heard those mighty words, and let the people disperse while we hie away to the wood to meditate.

Well then, instead of an open-air gathering, enter within this spacious chapel; but who could have expected it here, in this place, in this solitary and unfrequented lane? Nevertheless, here it is, and hundreds of chapels in Wales stand in places as lonely and unfrequented. A vast church, too, capable of holding from twelve hundred to two thousand people, yet every Sabbath it is crowded; they come thronging down their mountain sides. "Passing through the valley of Baca, they make it a well; the rain filleth the pools; they go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." Coming in the morning, they probably continue the whole of the day there. Let us go in. You have ceased from astonishment at the crowd of hats covering the heads of the women, with the gay black tassels hanging by their side. And now, sitting in silence, we wait the commencement of the service; no unnecessary pomp—no affectation here. We may suppose that all these people have their own pride, in their own way, but all still very unlike the glitter and the parade of our fashionable congregations, though Wales itself is beginning to bid farewell to its ancient sacerdotal simplicity, and we have seen chapels that for beauty rivalled any we ever beheld in England. The services of Welsh chapels, as may be gathered from our preceding remarks, are far more hearty than the English services. The singing is enthusiasm combined with profound solemnity and awe; and the pulpit is very frequently occupied by two or three ministers; the

people listen with deep and earnest attention, and give vent from time to time to expressions of approbation—not boisterous, but approbatory—a deep grunt, equivalent to our hear, hear! The intimation runs over the chapel in a murmur of applause. The religious services of Wales much more resemble the missionary services of England than any other to which we can look for a parallel: rousing, anecdotal, illustrative, they are characterised by a simultaneousness, by a warm genuineness, free from cant and vulgarity, to which indeed it is hard to find a resemblance in England. Our services bearing the stamp of heartiness, are composed most frequently of young converts or impulsive natures; but the Welsh congregations, where this feeling is exhibited, are composed mostly of the more aged, the more experienced Christians of the Church or the Association. The preaching of Wales, too, appeals to a class of deeper experiences generally than those with which young converts are familiar.

Thus, if we now step into a Welsh chapel, to hear one of our favourite preachers, we can find little to surprise us in the size of the place, the costume of the people, or the order and vivacity of the service. It was a great day whenever John Elias, the once poor weaver-lad, addressed an assembly. All the varied powers of the sacred orator blended together in him. We have already alluded to them, and before his breath the people swayed to and fro, like a field of wheat beneath a shock of wind. By all accounts, Whitfield himself could not be superior to him in the functions of sacred eloquence; the people trembled, and wept, and felt possessed with the irresistible charm—the strange power of the man—it was oratory: the spirits of thousands of people taken captive by speech, over the whole audience. When the

divine *afflatus* was upon him, the outpouring descended; the young were electrified, the old subdued; every passion swaying the human bosom alternately paid homage to the preacher's powers. Christmas Evans far surpassed him in his great flights of fervid fancy; the people then more completely owned his sway: but the whole manner of Elias was great; his *manner* was great. His sermons cannot be quoted by the side of Evans, and there was no wonderful force of conception. His matter does appear to be superior to that of Whitfield, but his power consisted in his electric energy. He could, and did, bring his mind to reign over the people. He entered the pulpit determined, by the help of God, to do it. His power lay in his great faith, combined with great energy.

On the contrary, Williams of Wern was conceptional. His was the greatness of the man of thought. All that you heard from him was evolution. His eloquence, too, partook quite of this character. Even in the sweep and rush of his discourse you were compelled to notice most the laborious and earnest student. He held his eloquence always in subjection to the dominion of thought. Neither Evans nor Elias would ever have expressed themselves as in the manner of the following sentences:—

“The mind of man is like a mill which will grind whatever is put into it, whether it be husk or wheat. The devil is very eager to have his turn in the mill, and to employ it for grinding the husk of vain thoughts; hence the necessity for constant watchfulness, in order to keep the wheat of the Word in the mind,—‘Keep thy heart with all diligence.’”

“There are three devils which injure and ravage our churches and congregations;—the singing devil;—the

pew-letting devil;—and the church officers-appointment devil: they are of the worst kind of devils, and ‘this kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting.’”

“Ejaculatory Prayer is the Christian’s breath—his secret path to his hiding-place—his express to heaven in circumstances of difficulty and peril. It is the tuner of all his religious feelings. It is his sling and stone with which he slays the enemy ere he is aware of it. It is the hiding of his strength; and of every religious performance, it is the most convenient. Ejaculatory prayer is like the rope of a belfry; the bell is in one room, and the end of the rope, which sets it a ringing, is in the other. Perhaps the bell may not be heard in the apartment where the rope is, but all can hear it in its own. Moses laid hold of the rope and pulled it hard on the shores of the Red Sea; and though no one heard or knew anything of it in the lower chamber, the bell rang louder than ever in the upper one, till the whole place was moved,—‘Wherefore criest thou to me?’”

“The Prayer of Faith is sure to succeed. Our prayers often resemble the mischievous tricks of town children, who knock at their neighbours’ houses, and then run away. And we often knock at heaven’s door, and then run off to the spirit of the world, instead of waiting for entrance and answer. We often act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered.”

“Many wicked thoughts may present themselves to my mind, for which I am not accountable, so long as I do not welcome and harbour them. Should a gang of thieves call at my door to seek lodging and entertainment, I cannot help it; but if I take them in, I then become a partaker with them. If the mind invite unhallowed thoughts in, and entertain, instead of driving them away, it then participates with them, and is respon-

sible: but it cannot help these thieves calling at its door to solicit admission."

Of course, it is impossible to convey in a few sentences like these any adequate impression of the preacher's mind; but they do show very plainly what was the general mould of his thought, and how felicitous were his illustrations. We have no hesitation in recording our conviction that, of the three minds we have referred to, his was the noblest in its structure. His eloquence was really the most colossal, and his oratory the most in harmony with higher intelligence and power. In this opinion few will join. His preaching most resembled the English style of discourse, although far removed, we believe, from anything which we either have now in England, or have had in these latter days; for, to those powers of comparison to which we have reverted, we have yet to join a real affluence of language, and great power of impulse. The lamp was kindled and beamed brightly, but it had been kindled first from the fires of the understanding, and the flames were made intense and brilliant by the fannings of feeling. His audiences confessed his power; he held them enchained in no common way by his descriptions. Ah! if you had heard him, even as an Englishman, you could but have yielded yourself to the current of warm emotions and lively graphic colours, glowing in the manner of the preacher.

Once, we believe, we heard him; for we were by chance staying in a village among the mountains in the iron districts, a village with a most outlandish name, and it has altogether gone from us,—could it be Abernwydd?—we heard that Williams from North Wales was preaching there, and immediately after tea we left our inn and posted to the chapel. Service had begun; it was but a village, a mere village, but the chapel would

accommodate nearly two thousand people, and it was crowded. The service had commenced; we knew nothing of the text, and could divine nothing; but from the preacher's manner we found that he was describing—we suspected, that he was describing, a storm. How wrapt was the attention of the people,—how deep the hush and the silence! Soon we heard the word “Gennesareth,” and we discovered our latitude. We heard, in the manner of the preacher, the deep and profound entreaty, the passionate wail of sorrow and despair,—presently we saw the Redeemer rise, and, as the preacher *breathed* over the vast assembly (so he described the Saviour's method of stilling the tempest), the whole of the great audience appeared to be relieved—the description was closed—there was a stirring, a wiping of eyes, an agitation full of satisfaction; had it been the clearly discovered termination of some incident of which all were in doubt, rather than one with which all were familiar, the delight, the surprise, could not be more ineffable and complete.

But we must close our notice, brief and unsatisfactory, of these remarkable men, and of the pulpit with which they were connected. Evans was a Baptist; Elias, a Calvinistic Methodist; Williams, an Independent; all three of them great apostles. They travelled through the Principality clothed with great power; their names still, through the whole of their land, are pronounced with immeasurable affection and veneration. Of course, they have not left their rivals behind them; for they were men, like our own Whitfield, or Hall, only appearing once in an age;—but the pulpit of Wales is still filled by men of extraordinary power; their names do not often transpire in this country, although in Wales to be popular even in a village, is to be popular

over the whole land ; and in that country the preachers are assiduously devoted to their calling—it absorbs their whole attention—to it they devote their nights and their days ; it is their ambition not to exhibit their own gifts, or learning, or eloquence, but to obtain power over the minds of their auditors ; ever, and ever, they are seeking for fresh illustrations ; and if we have found them, in our frequent intercourse, sometimes tedious in the parlour, we must confess them to be, both by report and observation, masters, beyond all men we know, in the pulpit.

JOHN PULSFORD,

HULL.

"I have an ear for other divines, but I have a heart for you."—
SIR JOHN CHEKE to *Latimer*.

THERE was a time when experimental preaching was the most favoured method of pulpit address. We have no doubt it was a mode of address perverted, very frequently, to ridiculous and truly useless purposes; but now, experimental or subjective preaching is altogether out of date—it belongs entirely to a bygone code of things. Our ministers appear to be afraid of experiencing too much: they desire apparently to be on good terms with the mental and moral biographies of all other people, and to say nothing of their own. But, in fact, very much of the literature of the day demands a tone of deep experience to reply to the "Sorrows and Aspirations of the Soul," the "Nemesis of Faith," and many other volumes of the same class: and many experiences which have not yet written themselves in volumes, demand the life of subjection and experience to reply to them. There are mental states to which no objective argument can possibly present a fitting reply. The teaching of our times is, for the most part, *outer*: it results from books and colleges—from the influence of visible and sensible things upon the soul; and very much of the unsatisfactory state of the modern preaching results, too, from this characteristic of it. The hearer perceives that his teacher has been swimming in

waters no deeper than those through which he has passed himself. He cannot feel the moral superiority of his guide; the very difficulties through which the poor hearer is struggling, the preacher is floundering through at the same moment of time. How, then, can he be a guide? How can he claim the meed of superior regard and respect? Or, perhaps, he attempts to ignore the dispute altogether; perhaps he laughs at the solemn voices of the infinite deeps in the human soul; for we know ministers who have done, and who do this, too—sneer at the moral agonies of the young man who is seeking after a faith—laugh at, and ridicule the wailings of the soul in her dread adventures. Such men know nothing of such experience; they have lived and wrought ever in the dark mines of a dogmatic and un-experienced theology; all questions are solved by some textual criticism—all difficulties are supposed to melt before the nod and word of priestly authority. Is it wonderful that such teachers are left—their chapels vacated—their preaching despised? Or, if some soul in real earnest speak out in their neighbourhood, is it wonderful if it seem to such teachers necessary to crush him by the cuckoo cries of infidelity and heterodoxy—those two convenient phrases? Why, it is amazing to find that almost all the so-called heterodox are truly among the most faithful souls; they have worked out their faith through a baptism of fire; their eyes are wet with scalding tears; they have endured a mental and moral martyrdom; they are the real witnesses for the truth. They have not, at any rate, relied upon the dead spiritless letter; they have a warm, glowing, lively faith. We have found comfort and consolation in such men. They have been our bishops; they have expounded to us the word and the will of the Divine

Father ; they have fathomed the caves of the inner life. In their experience "deep has called unto deep." Sometimes such experiences may be comparatively crude—embryotic—but we like to behold the efforts of a spirit attempting either to swim or to soar. It is an exhilarating spectacle ; the very sight ruffles one's own plumage. The prudence of some of these observations will be matter for criticism among our friendly readers ; to these, then, we may only say further, that the religious life, and pre-eminently the religious life of the teacher, should be most eminently experimental—a deeply-rooted, a growing, branching experience. Every man, every Christian man who wills, may see spiritual things in quite new and wonderful relations ; his introspections may make him wonderfully familiar with the affairs of the spiritual world, and from this height, without misleading his disciples, he may surely and gladly conduct them from cliff to cliff, till they too, above the fogs and mists of the lower regions of faith, exult in the bracing winds and airs of the higher worlds of spiritual life.

"Wise to win souls" to Christ ! It is a most inspiring wisdom, and Paul and John were both wise ; but they have exhibited to us a series of problems and pictures very different from those which would enchant the superficial ears of the men who live a moment of their time in the church, and a week in the world. Say, gentle and ungentle critics—say, ye who would make all theology so simple—who would put the universe in a spoon and the whole Scripture in a nutshell—say, are there not questions which even elude your sagacity ? Leave them ! Leave them ? Scripture has not left them. There are those who are born to discuss them, because there are those who are born to feel the

cloud and the despair lying on that side of faith. There are cloistered students—there are lonely and meditative men, who can no more leave such questions than they can leave their individuality. There are those who are born with wings, fated and compelled to hover near

“Thick clouds and dark, where heaven’s all-ruling Sire
Doth with the majesty of darkness round
Cover his throne.”

It is true that Milton has with great propriety linked together a band of logical and inquisitive angels, in the fields and outskirts of Pandemonium :—

“Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, *and reasoned high*
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fix’d fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute :
And found no end in wondering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame.
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.”

Truth looked at from her logical side implies a fallen being, since it supposes truth as a matter of debate. Logic is a torch, by the aid of which we grope after truth. Well these reasoning devils in our world need Ithuriel’s spear and its ethereal spark, to dissolve for them the enchantment of the haunting fiend! It ought never to be forgotten, that we need not only the men sufficiently popular in their pulpit style to address the masses; there are men needed to appeal to peculiar temperaments—peculiar forms of thought; and the moral influence of a great man—a mountain man—an Ararat of a man, on the mind, when he is truly and heartily a Christian, is especially healthy to those who walk in the Valleys of Doubt unconvinced. “He,” may the doubter sometimes say, “has with his rich and

brilliant intelligence humbled himself to the Cross,—and whence and who am I?”

We must not forget, as the old proverb says, that “Christian truth is an ocean in which an elephant may swim,” as well as “a pool in which a lamb may wade.” We see few elephants now in our theological oceans—none indeed like the mighty ancients, the fathers of the church, and the fathers of the puritan theology. We shelter in these days our shallow meditation, our superficial piety, behind the apt quotation, that “secret things belong to God.” No: conceal it as we may, we have no Augustines now; we have no Origens now. Bernards, and Calvins, and Howes, and Baxters, and Edwardses, we have no longer with us—their representatives and likes we have not. We have fallen upon the Liliputian age in divinity. “There were giants on the earth in those days.” The most famous of our modern doctors are dwarfs by their side. What we have gained to balance our loss is not the question. We have lost those awful fathers who seemed by their writings to hold perpetual and mysterious communion with the most inscrutable mysteries. They were the Andes and the Himmalays of theology, and of literature too—those solemn men—vast granite peaks were they. In these diluvial and alluvial ages we are able to crystallise no granite. How solemnly they rose, it must be admitted. Stern—one may almost say, unloving—the base of those dreadful heights of thought lay on a platform of internal passion and fire; their summits wore a repelling coronet of snow; antagonistic elements always seemed to meet in them, but were they not glorious mountain-ranges—Mount St. Augustine—Mount St. Bernard—Mount Calvin—Mount Baxter? What a clear, pure, marble air bathed those sparkling

glaciers and craggy clefts! What a war—what a rush of eloquent wind, and trumpeting tempests, on those dizzy summits! What a gorgeous outspreading of orient cloud! And how the moon paused and sparkled over those heights, and those tarns and lakes! And the sun—*our* sun! How he spread his morning on those mountains! From those awful solitudes, what glimpses opened into dreadful passes, and grim and bottomless deeps, black but impalpable, through which the thunder might be heard roaring as at the spectator's feet—over which a cloud seemed ever to rest, save when some blue, fitful gleam of lightning gave intimation to the shuddering spectators of the “depths of Satan!” No! men do not study theology like that now; nor do they write as of old. Here and there the solitary wanderer who shall dare to betake himself to such adventuresome journeys—such fearful solitudes, would be instantly tabooed as “tainted with German.” Our preaching is so practical, and must be so practical, that it might be supposed that all the New Testament was written by the apostle James. The Epistles of Paul, and especially the glorious Epistle to the Romans, have recently become a forbidden ground, and men and women have found more pleasure, if stepping at all from the beaten and obvious pathway, in discussing empty platitudes about unfulfilled prophecy and apocalyptic dreams, than all the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths, of the seventh and eighth chapters of the Romans, or the vast and radiant problems of the Epistle to the Galatians.

“Something too much of this.” And now a word or two upon the subject of our present sketch, John Pulsford, of Hull. Among all the men of this book, there is not one more worthy of extended notice—there is not

one more extraordinary. Well could we devote long space to an analysis of his mind and his method, in its relation to the times ; but see, our pages become fewer and fewer, and we shall soon have altogether to lay down our pen. We have never heard John Pulsford, then, let us say, in the first place, but we have been disposed to apply to him the words of Salis, so beautifully translated by Longfellow :—

“ Into the Silent Land,
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And scatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
 Who leads us with a gentle hand,
 Thither, oh thither,
 Into the Silent land ?

“ Oh Land! oh Land!
 For all the broken-hearted!
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great departed —
 Into the Silent Land.”

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE—those great teachers—those wonderful ministering angels—from these our friend derives the main portions of the instructions which he deals forth to his people. And perhaps most of us would need few preachers at all, if we could but allow silence to put its word into our minds—if we did not so dread solitude and loneliness. But we can talk of solitude better than we can endure it. We can be eloquent upon silence, “but we cannot sit still.”

“But who is he? who is he?” says our reader; “I never heard of him before.” Very likely not, for he rarely, rarely leaves his own pulpit. It may be, therefore, necessary to say that he is the minister of a

Baptist Chapel in Hull ; but he has so retired from all association with outside movements and workings, as in a large and very populous town to be almost as much alone as Richter at Bayreuth, or Kant at Königsberg.

Silence and Solitude ;—we said, and we feel their influence as soon as we sit within the walls of that temple. The preacher magnetises you : the writer was never there but he felt the awful glory of the place ; it was not in the place itself,—a quiet and most unostentatious interior—neat, with its chaste gilded mouldings—its organ quiet and impressive—and the chantings of the congregation much like what you would expect from other temples ; but over the audience there is a breath and power of silence. We have felt that this ministry carries might with it—irresistible might—free from all the folly of robe and band—free from everything that could impose, or attract, or excite by appeals to the senses ; yet the reading of the hymns from those lips thrills us as we never were thrilled before : and you observe that, in reading the Scriptures, you are listening to a paraphrase—to a new translation—to a running exposition, in which is substance and matter for many sermons. But the Prayer—oh, the prayer !—how shall that be characterised ? And indeed, we all feel that prayer is no subject for comment ; and yet, did you ever listen to prayer like this ?—quiet, deep—the hushed fluttering of a dove-like spirit through the heaven of its devout contemplations : this we may notice in it—that adoration, and ascription, and devotion, form so large a portion of it, and petition so little. It is in prayer that we feel how powerful is the voice of God and eternity in the soul of our teacher—our confidence in him is deepened. We know that he has travelled into “the heavenly places.” Oh, reader, the human heart is deep

and deceptive: but do we not all know our instructor better by the tone of his prayers than his preaching? do not his supplications make our best music?

And when our preacher discourses to us, he still lingers near the light that rayed through his prayer like the glory round a shekinah or a shrine. Subjects how remarkable,—how simple—how full of majesty—how full of love—how full of light! We have even now before us the fragments of one from the text in Daniel: “I was left alone, and saw this great vision:”—a powerful voice, it was from a deep introspective being, it was an invocation to THE LONELY LIFE—to the life of inner wrestling and waiting. “Man,” said the preacher, “is no better than a leaf driven by the wind, until he has conquered his lonely duties. His muscles may be powerful, and so are a horse’s; his nerves may be strong, and so are a lion’s; but within the soul of the man shrinking from solitude, is the coward’s spirit; many such men have brought death upon themselves through inward fear and weakness. Now, I can show you persons who have no muscular strength, and very little nervous energy, and yet within are stronger than a whole world full of muscular men; it is neither muscle, nor nerve, nor flesh, nor bone, that makes a man; but this makes a man—the habit of confronting great things in solitude, and chiefly the habit of conversing with God alone, and of filling the soul with his strength. For remember, the man who is a stranger to these habits of solitude, is neither his own master nor the possessor of his own house. He owns a great house—a wonderful house, an eternal house; but it is shut up and locked, and he lives outside; the inside is unknown to him, and he has lived outside so long, that he is afraid of the inside. Every man has such a house, who has a soul. But every man

does not possess his own soul; neither is he the master within. Liars, tempters, deceivers, destroyers, hold possession, and work horrid confusion within, and the poor man cannot turn them out. No wonder that he should dread loneliness with such a houseful. There is no hope of such a man getting the possession of and the mastery over his own house, until in his solitude he join God unto himself."

There would seem to be no very venomous taint of heterodoxy in this vivid and striking language, one would think. Another mighty hymn occurs to our memory, called "CENTRES." "I will dwell *in the midst* of thee, saith the Lord." And this sermon developed some of the radical doctrines of the preacher. "As is the centre, such will be the circumference. All things represent Centres. Hearing represents the ear; seeing the eye. All thinking represents the mind—dark minds think darkly—gross minds think grossly. All philosophies represent the centre, from which they are evolved. So, as is God, such is his creation; the creation is the circumference of Himself, the centre. Had there been no centre, there could have been no circumference." And this thought was passed through several beautiful illustrations. The vegetable world furnishes one. "I approach the tree—and find root, trunk, branches, and leaves. All this is circumference, and must have been produced from some centre. The living centre, from which it was produced, is, where God is in contact with nature; I find bloom or fruit on the tree; in the very centre of the bloom or fruit I find seed; in the very centre of the seed is the living germ or actual seed-principle—Here is the pure and mysterious centre of the vegetable kingdom, where the force of vegetable life abides; and from this centre all development takes

place. God, the central spring and life of all things, is in contact here with his creation, at this centre. Apple, pear, melon, plum, or any such.

“To the sensual eye it is one and simple; to the deeper soul it is awfully complex. Skin is all the sensual eye can see; inside the skin is the pulp, or fruit; in the centre of the pulp is the stone, or husky covering, defending the seed; in the centre of the seed lies sleeping, mysteriously, the life-energy, from which the whole circumference of the tree is to be produced. God is at the centre, and works from thence to the outermost.”

After carrying the analogy through the whole system of nature—through the animal and stellar worlds, “It will seem,” said our preacher, “to the senses of the natural man, a descent to go from the blazing centre of many worlds to the out-house of a village inn—a transition from dazzling glory to no glory. But patience! a brighter glory than nature’s may be wrapped in clouds.—The babe that thou seest in the manger of that out-house, they have called Jesus. He seems to be the lowest and the poorest creature in nature; but there is within him more than nature, more than humanity—there is a Divine Centre. The best men of all the centuries since Jesus appeared were made best by Jesus. All the pomp, and mystery, and glory, and tragedy, of the old Romish Church, from the beginning until now, are the effects of His central energies, working in corrupt men’s hearts. St. Paul’s and St. Peter’s, monasteries and cathedrals, churches and chapels, the most wonderful architecture, the most exquisite paintings, the most enrapturing music, must be all looked to as the working out of the forces of which Jesus is the centre. The glorious Reformation, terrible Puritanism, and splendid modern Professionalism, are alike effects from the same

Divine centre, through men more spiritual or more sensual. The omnipotent forces which radiate from Jesus can never be inactive. When the centre is corrupt, the working will be corrupt; when the centre is holy, the working will be holy. If there be no Jesus at the centre energising my soul, and giving direction to my soul, there will be no holy beauty in my countenance after death; there will be no gloriousness in my everlasting body. If the Lord be working in the centre of me, he is changing my corrupt nature into an image resembling his own, by the power whereby he is able to subdue everything to Himself.

“I have this moment, in my mind’s eye, a whole beautiful world peopled with a glorious and right happy humanity, full of truth and love; and the whole a development from the single centre of the once rejected but everlastingly to be adored Jesus: he is the sole centre of which the whole glorious and happy universe will be the circumference,—and that circumference, already beyond an angel’s thought, will be to all eternity an ever enlarging circumference. For of necessity a circumference which grows round about, and proceeds from an infinitely powerful centre, must be endlessly perfecting, and endlessly widening.”

All such citations as these are very unfair, never intended for the eye, delivered to the people in the quiet of unpretending Sabbath service; but are they not the strong tests and evidences of an intuitional life? Every sentence, almost every word, is bathed in the same halo of spiritual beauty,—they fall forth, these golden sentences, without effort, yet an afflatus of divine fire does appear to accompany every one. Emerson christianised,—Emerson believing in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, this is the nearest characterization we can

find for our beloved teacher.—It may, perhaps, be thought that if the manner of the preacher is not rapt and earnest, and if the matter is abstract, then there must frequently be a cold and northern iciness about the service—but not that, not that, anything but that; in the first place the name of Jesus on the lips of our friend is sufficient to warm the coldest temple for an hour after its utterance. But the thoughts and the words are never occult; we should say they have an intellectual tint and tone of colour like that of the great American Transcendentalist; but then there is nothing occult or dark, and there is most visible consecution and continuity in the whole of the matter, and everything is warm. The eye of the preacher—a blue one—is often like a violet bowed by the first dew-drop of the morning; it is bathed and suffused in tenderness, and the face is warm with such a brotherly smile—a smile so chastened by the influence of thought, and of sorrow—for who can think much without suffering much?—and the words are warm; the commonest words say as plainly as words can say, “I speak because I love, and I love because God is Love.” The hearer feels that he is with Moses, a face shining after talking with the Divine.

Mr. Pulsford is a Transcendentalist; he believes in “a peace *passing* all understanding;” he believes in “a love *passing* knowledge.” You see, readers, if Mr. Pulsford is a Transcendentalist, Scripture is transcendental too; and human nature is transcendental; and surely God transcends all our knowledge and all our thoughts. Good, innocent, easy folks, who sneer at intuitions, and laugh at the revelations of God within the soul, do they know that they are the apostles of materialism and all infidelity? Do they know that if we were to follow their teachings, we should ignore all faith—all religion—

from the universe? Thus, Mr. Pulsford, we fancy, would declare a belief as hearty in the voices of Eternity within the spirit, as in the voices of Nature without. Transcendentalists are a very numerous class, and are divisible into very numerous classes; and the Christian, indeed, belongs to a nobler and more sacred band than that headed by Plato, or Berkeley, or Fichte; he believes in the operation of energies beyond the sphere and calculation of the cold intellect—beyond the authority of the understanding—"a sure word of testimony—a light shining in a dark place:" why, every one who acknowledges the Holy Spirit's power must be a Transcendentalist. Sneer as you will, we rather think the mystery of the Comforter passes knowledge.

And then comes another question, growing from that of the transcendentalism of our preacher. He must be a Mystic. A mystic! Oh, what and who is a mystic? Why every artisan is a mystic—every Christian man is a mystic—every man is a mystic who lives and energises in a sphere to which another is wholly a stranger. It is the reiteration of the already expressed sentiment—the depth of our experience must be the measure of our solitude. Coleridge, in his *Aids to Reflection*, discourses of mystics as if nobody could ever allege against him the charge of mysticism. To him Böhmen and Fenelon are mystics; to crowds of his readers, Coleridge is far more a mystic than is Fenelon. Mysticism is a necessity involved in the advance and progress of our spiritual being. Climbing high mountains, we take far wider views of earth and heaven, while at the same time we are disappearing from the eyes of men. Certainly all the thoughts of Mr. Pulsford are not immediately to be gathered from his first words; every thought appears to be symbolic of some other thought

lying beyond it. All his sermons abound with shadows cast from unseen suns; the star-dust of a spiritual galaxy streams and shimmers over the whole of his discourses.

But if you speak of mysticism—is not this surprising? yet have we known it—things which took us weeks to spell out from the writings and pictures of Böhmen and others, meek-eyed simplicity has comprehended at a glance—a word has revealed it all; so much more keen in intelligence is simplicity than worldly wisdom. Poor old cottage-dames and tottering old men comprehend things hidden from the wise and prudent—are not they mystics too? Surely it is no new thing that intellect is horny-eyed—that clear, shrewd worldly intelligence is no match for instinctive piety. Surely we do not expect that “the bright and morning Star” is an object to be surveyed through the telescopes of Herschel and of Rosse! “I am come that they which see not might see, and they which see might be made blind.” The ideas of Mystic and Transcendentalist are very old. It has appeared to us that all persons not quite mere rationalists in their faith must be something both of one and the other. Certainly when the Christian mystic is styled a rationalist, he may with a good grace turn the tables upon men who would carve the very wood of the cross from their own understanding, and base the scheme of the atonement upon an analogy with their own perverse nature.

Of all writers, old JACOB BÖHMEN is little known in England or elsewhere; few read, and fewer still can understand, the inspired words of the shoemaker of Görlitz; he is but known for the most part by rumours and reports, and some of them of the most extraordinary character. He is described as a Unitarian! a Deist!

an Atheist!!! a Pantheist!!! For all such opinions it behoves us to entertain the supremest pity, as betraying the most utter and absolute ignorance of his writings and his mental and moral attitude. He was a mystic certainly enough, but as orthodox in opinion as any member of the Evangelical Alliance. Böhmen, at least, was a man who derived light from very strong intuitions; his was not what we mean by an introspective life; no man of whom we have ever read or heard seems so to illustrate to us what we mean by inspiration. "Art," says he, "hath not written here, neither was there any time to consider how to set it punctually down according to the right understanding of the letters, but all was ordered according to the direction of the Spirit, which often went in haste. And though I could have written in a more accurate, plain, and fair manner, yet the reason was this—that the burning fire did often force forward with speed, and the hand and pen must hasten directly after it, for it cometh and goeth as a sudden shower." Of all men who have written to and for the world, after the sacred writers, Jacob Böhmen seems to us the most wonderful, and to those to whom it is given to understand, he is the most instructive. And it must by no means be supposed that all his writings are in the hieroglyph and the cabala: witness that lovely book, the 'Way to Christ;' its words are so simple that the youngest infant in Christ's school may comprehend them. Few words ever penned by man are more calculated to soothe the vexed and irritated spirit than the beautiful dialogue between the Master and the Disciple. Harken: "The Disciple said to the Master—How may I attain to the supersensual life, that I may see God and hear him speak? The Master said—If thou canst raise thyself for a mo-

ment thither, where no creature dwelleth, thou shalt hear what God saith. The Disciple said—Is it near or far? The Master said—It is in thee; and if thou canst be silent, and cease for an hour from all thy willing and brooding, thou shalt hear unspeakable words of God. The Disciple said—How may I hear if I cease from all willing and brooding? The Master said—If thou wilt cease from all willing and brooding of thine own, then the Eternal hearing, and seeing, and speaking shall be revealed to thee, and thou shalt discern God through thee. Thine own hearing and willing and seeing hinders thee that thou canst not see and hear God. The Disciple said—Wherewith shall I hear and see God, seeing he is above nature and creature? The Master said—If thou keepest silence, thou art what God was before nature and the creature, and out of which he made thy nature and creature. Then shalt thou hear and see with that wherewith God in thee saw and heard before thine own willing and seeing and hearing did begin.”

The whole of this dialogue is divinely beautiful and instructive; nor have we quoted the most delightful passages from it; but we have made these extracts because they do, beyond any others, illustrate the teaching of John Pulsford; and we fancy, from what we have heard, we may say his life, still more than his teaching. Perhaps it would be more true if we called him a Theosophist than a Transcendentalist; there is certainly not the same danger, in these days, of misconception from the one phrase as from the other. Let the reader who knows Böhmen conceive the rough old Teutonic philosopher in the pulpit, his rugged mysticism chastened and softened by the holy beauty of dear old Isaac Pennington, dearest and most beloved of the Society of

Friends, and he may form some idea of Mr. Pulsford. We sometimes wonder whether any one else in England understands Böhmen so well; we have heard of no one who has attempted to comprehend the shoemaker in the shoemaker's own sphere; people have sought to commentaries and expositions—to William Law, for instance; so far as we dare venture to speak, we will say Böhmen can only be comprehended by the spirit of a deep religious experience; the letter will not aid you—no; there must be “a ceasing from all willing and doing”—Silence and Solitude again we say, and these are our preacher's friends: we surely mean nothing that is invidious when we denominate him our English Böhmen; and we say this all the more readily because we know, from his personal friends, that it is but recently he has begun the study of the strange German volumes: spirits similarly constituted, in passing through the same experiences, see the same visions, and are impressed with the same ideas. To John Pulsford has been given a strangely bold and vivid imagination, and, originally, a most bold and vehement temperament. What has calmed it? We knew him as a preacher, fourteen years since, in Southampton, in the very first days of his ministry; at that time his preaching was simply and purely intellectual—intellect now forms the lowest staple of his discourse. He has been wont to indulge in flights of vehement and fervent language—now, ordinarily, his manner is quiet, full, and most collected; his language is not in equal proportion to his ideality; he is very felicitous, but very fastidious in his diction, and therefore we have not that flashing and rushing forth of the torrent which we may well conceive when Böhmen ventured to speak to some familiar friends. Are we wrong in saying that more and more

our friend appears to pass beyond the sphere of passion and emotion, and passing affection; more and more his spirit appears to sink to quiet and to rest? We have thought that at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper there has flamed forth a more seraphic ardour, a more burning and beautiful adoration; his words then are frequently soliloquies, we should judge, for we have been at several such assemblies; nor do we ever remember to have felt so fully the baptism of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. It was on one of those occasions, in praying for a friend then present, he implored that he might "always have the pillar of cloud when his day was too bright, the pillar of fire when his night was too dark."

We have recently had renewed to us opportunities of hearing him several times. His discourses seem to us even higher and wider. It is but a short time since we went with a sweet companion, now an angel, to his temple. He had been so infirm in health during the week, and for some time, that when he announced his text, "He weakened my strength in the way, and shortened my days," it sounded to us like a Mozart Requiem; and as he proceeded to show how Divine strength weakens the outer tabernacle to make the inner manhood stronger, even as Jacob went halting all his days after his wrestling with the angel, so weak seemed the preacher himself in the midst of his kindling aspirations, the tears started into the eyes of our companion and our own. It seemed as if we heard him chanting his own elegy. So blind were we, we did not see nor know that nearer to us—in our pew, not in that pulpit—the days were shortening—so rapidly shortening.

The next Sabbath we saw him administer the ordi-

nance of Baptism to seventeen persons on their admission into his church. That service was wonderful—never to be forgotten. He took, as is the wont with him, several texts; the sermon was full of suggestion, description, of lofty Christian philosophy, and most useful application. It was a fine conception in which he delineated the two Ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper as the two mute and dumb statues standing on either side of the altar of the church in all ages. It was a lofty thought that the sign of man's re-creation—man's new birth and admission into the Church—was the same as that which first organized and created him as a man—"Let *us* make man." "I do not say," said the preacher, "there are, it is possible that there *may* be, beings, intelligences, in other worlds created in the image of the Father alone; others in the image of the Son alone; others in the image of the Spirit alone. Man is created in the threefold image, and therefore the three have united in his salvation, and we name the three in Baptism—I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." It was a sublime sight, the spectacle of our preacher standing at the head of his baptistry that night, surrounded by his catechumens—the chapel thronged, and every breath hushed—not a sign, not a word, for many moments—silent prayer—until we awoke from our trance by the dashing of the water as our Baptist descended into the significant pool. We are not a Baptist, but how could we be other than affected by that sight? It carried us farther back into the first scenic pictures of the foundation of the Christian faith than we were ever carried before.

Lingering round the pulpit, we remember one discourse on EQUILIBRIUM. The text, "As in heaven, so on earth." The design of the preacher was to show

that all things are struggling, beneath a divinely pervading energy, to rest and order: that all evil, all sorrow, all pain, is a disturbance of the divinely arranged method of law. We will seize a few memorable sentences. For example:—"If you grasp a lump of ice, you at first feel a smarting sensation, which you call coldness, but which is the commencement of a violent action in your hand towards an equilibrium. If you continue to grasp the ice, the smarting sensation subsides, and a comfortable glow ensues, occasioned by the powerful rush of the general heat of your body to the surface of your hand. Many of you will already see the spiritual analogy of the ice and the hand. What a leap from ice to Godhead—to blazing, almighty, ineffable Godhead! Yet did not Godhead lay hold upon our cold, icy, dead nature, in the Virgin's womb? The Infinite took not on him the nature of angels, he took on him our icy humanity." Another illustration:—"You are seated in a warm room, by your wintry fire-side; the doors and shutters are fast; you have done your best to keep the outside air outside, but there is a rush of the outside air towards the key-hole, and every other little crevice, and you hear the whistling effort which it is making to get inside. But why this effort? Why cannot the outside air quietly remain outside? This is the reason. There is no equilibrium between the outside air and the inside. The temperature of your room is a great deal higher than the temperature without, and Nature makes ceaseless efforts to restore equilibrium. And Nature receives this law from God. There is the same effect in the light as in the air. Exclude the light from your room, and if there be a single chink or opening, you see the light in the effort of coming, showing you that it would, if you would

allow it, make it as light within your room as it is outside. The same effort is in heat, and even greater. The Psalmist, speaking of the sun, says, 'Nothing is hidden from the heat thereof.' You may shut up your house as you please—the summer's warmth will get inside; even as a person may exclude your truth who cannot exclude your love. Now this law contains a voice within it from God. It is from God. The law is spiritual. It works in things material, but the law has its power in spirit. All effort is in spirit, and from spirit it descends to matter, and this is the fact and the law. There is in the great spirit a stupendous working and effort toward a spiritual equilibrium. 'As in heaven, so on earth.'

"This is the way the tide of the great spirit ocean rolls: Heaven rushes towards all the key-holes and crevices of our world. The souls of mankind are shut up against the entrance of this tide of holy influence, and there is no equilibrium between the spiritual temperature of man and the temperature of heaven. But heaven presses itself upon their souls, and strives by every little inlet to effect an entrance. Why, all the commotion, and restlessness, and heaving of the nations, have their origin in the laws of the spiritual universe. Heaven, or pure truth and good-will, are in the ceaseless effort to descend—'as in heaven, so on earth.' In this effort to descend, they throw into turmoil the opposite principles of falsity and selfishness; and the shaking of nations and thrones must go on, until those principles fill the world, which cannot be shaken. Until the earth is as good and true as heaven, heaven cannot but go on in the energy of descent; the effort cannot cease, then, until the earth is heavenly, any more than higher waters can cease to flow down to

lower waters, until the lower waters are raised to the same level; and when they both have the same level they rest. So heaven will rest when the spiritual state of our world is as it is in heaven—in equilibrium.”

Some time since we were talking with a friend of the wonderful words of JEAN PAUL RICHTER, and we chanced to remark that his was a character of which we could present no duplicate in our English literature: our friend said, “Perhaps you are right; but as far as Richter could be represented by an Englishman, and that Englishman a Christian minister, he is represented in Hull by John Pulsford.” Well, the criticism was just. John Pulsford is an English JEAN PAUL, with more of the artist—more of the artist’s education and purpose. Like Jean Paul, he extracts the fragrances and essences, the spiritualities and homologies of all things—loves to set to sweet music and spiritual life the pattering of the rain-drop on the boughs, and the music of dew-drops among the flowers; but then he sees God in all things—all things in God—and that God the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. He looks at everything in Nature and Art from a Christian stand-point. As CHATEAUBRIAND, in his ‘*Beauties of Christianity*,’* invoked all nature—all science—all philosophy—all literature, to do homage to the Genius of Christianity, so does the subject of our present notice; but he suffuses his topics in a more experimental, in a deeper, and therefore a richer light than could ever be known to the Frenchman.

* We have often wished some one would take up that idea of Chateaubriand’s, and give it a more Protestant and Christian relationship. Our Preacher’s Discourses on the Fine Arts and their relations to Christian Truth and the Religions of the World, and their relation to the Christian Idea, would expand into a noble book on *Æsthetics and Humanity* in their connection with the Cross.

An illustration is lying before us, in a sermon on Flowers, Children, and the Scriptures, intended to develop the idea that Divine mysteries lie in Divine simplicities. It is a beautiful exhibition of his teaching, though only a crude outline, the appearance of which in print will greatly shock our preacher. It justifies us, we think, in calling him our English Richter.

“ Matt. vi. 29 : Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

“ Matt. xviii. 10 : In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

“ 2 Tim. iii. 15 : From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.

“ My three texts are my three subjects. My first is about Flowers. My second is about Infants. My third is about the Sacred Scriptures. Simple subjects, but too great for us. The greatest simplicities hide the greatest mysteries. Flowers, for example, are supposed by many to be too childish for mature thought—they are very well to please children, but what can men see in flowers ?

“ 1. It is quite true—uncultivated, unpoetic men—uninspired men—men with neither depth nor genius—see nothing in flowers. But highest, deepest, broadest men, admire flowers down to old age, with all the fresh love of childhood. Men who are the most inspired of God and Christ see most in flowers. The old man and poet Wordsworth, with the mystic depth in him of a Platonic philosopher, says—‘ The meanest flower that blows awakens thought in him too deep for tears.’ Tears speak more than words, and come forth from a deeper fountain ; but the old philosopher has thoughts about flowers too deep for tears.

“ 2. Oh, yes ! flowers are for little children, and for deep, mellow-souled old men. Babes and angels love

them. Too much to do with the gross, selfish world, destroys in ordinary men of the world this pure love. Little children and angels linger over flowers. Heaven is the land of flowers much more than earth. The highest, fairest branches of Christ cannot develop themselves in our base soil at all. I have seen very little children all in ecstasy at the sight of a flower; I have seen them quiver with delight.

“3. It is the beautiful simple angel spirit which is in the child which gives it this delight. The child feels this inspiration of holy delight at flowers, because the angel soul that is in it is not yet made anxious and covetous, and hard and sensual, by this unheavenly world. When the reign of worldly anxiety, and worldly covetousness, and worldly sensuality, has set in, and confirmed these vices in the man’s soul, he can no more have the inspiration of the little child from flowers.

“4. Properly, flowers do not belong to the world that man makes and loves; they will hardly live, and never thrive, in this world. They are vestiges of paradise. They are signs that there is still somewhere a Holy Land.

“There is an instinct in children that they belong to an angel. They soothe old age, and speak to them of the sweet world to which they are going.

“5. It is evident that the very Divine Man—the only absolutely Divine Man—had deeper thoughts and feelings towards flowers than he could express in words. He never spoke more lovingly or more poetically than when he spoke about flowers. They are God’s clothing, he said, upon our dull earthly field.

“‘*Consider how they grow,*’ he said, and therein gave a problem to our deepest philosophers and divines which they have not yet solved. ‘Not Solomon in all his

glory was arrayed like one of these.' All Solomon's glory, not comparable with one of these! Now, our dull-souled men of the world see much more in Solomon's glory than in many flowers. The Queen of Sheba came from the ends of the earth to see the glory of Solomon, and was above measure astonished.

"6. Consider that the meek wisdom, the sunny love, the Divine beauty of God, are secretly present and working at the roots of all flowers. Yes, there is a field that we cannot explore, and a depth that we cannot fathom, in their unsightly winter roots.

"7. They are kind visitors; they are too good to last—too pure to abide long in our corrupt soil. Through the beautiful providence of our holy God, which worketh through our earth, they are turned out, but how soon they wither! Even flowers tell us that all fairest, purest, goodliest things are the shortest lived in our world.

"8. And even Holy Scripture tells us that they preach very heavenly sermons to those who have ears to hear. Hear these sermons—

"(1.) Be content as we are, and you shall be peaceful as we are.

"(2.) Yield to God's operations as we do, and your souls shall be beautiful as we are.

"(3.) Look up to God as we do, and you shall be fragrant as we are.

"(4.) Be modest under all your virtues as we are, and children and angels shall love you as they do us.

"(5.) Live without care and covetousness, as we do, and God's blessing shall be at your root, as it is at ours.

"Such is the wonderfulness of the works of God, that simplicities hide great mysteries. A flower pleases a child, as though it were meant for nothing more; yet

that same flower is a wonder and a puzzle to the philosopher; to the poet it is a cup of inspiration; and to the saint it is a holy and comforting sermon.

“Our second subject is Babes.

“1. Christ says that Babes ought to remind us of Angels. If there is much in a Flower, there is more in a Child. All the possibilities of heaven and eternity are hidden in a child. Meekly they sleep in the unsuspected babe; neither they nor the babe know that they are there, any more than the flower-root knows that the bloom is sleeping within it, or any more than the future bird knows that he is now sleeping in the egg.

“2. Babes are angels whose faces are turned outwards, so that we, artful, designing, covetous, discontented men and women, may see how sweet, innocent, trusting, peaceful, the creatures of the holy world are.

“3. Angels are babes whose faces are turned inwards, so that they see not this base world, but the holy world, and the throne of the All Holy. Jesus says, ‘Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.’

“4. Our very flesh looks to be innocent and without guile in the baby, so long as the baby-soul retains its simplicity. But as the human babe is a soul turned outward, and looking on our perverted world, and our selfish and corrupt conduct, it soon shows signs of the universal distemper. The babes that are liberated from their fleshly envelope, which turns their soul earthwards—turn their faces inwards, and see the holy God without fear, and learn the holy and innocent life of heaven, as easily as they would learn in this world the crafty and sinful life.

“5. If all things of heaven and God were not mysteriously present as latent possibilities in the form of the human babe, the world, in which all things are, could not have descended into that form. But if the germinal principles of all things heavenly and divine lie in the babe, then we have all the ground that is requisite for our greatest mystery—‘God manifest in the flesh,’ a Child whose name is ‘Wonderful,’ ‘Mighty God.’

“6. Turn the angel faces of your babes towards the face of God! or, now that they are turned towards this world they may run a terrible course away from God, and

“From babyhood let them see you turn your faces upwards; let them hear you talk to the Holy One. They learn a great deal before they can understand your words.

“My third subject is the Holy Scriptures.

“1. Here again is a land of Flowers and Mysteries. It is a Story-Book for children. It is a Picture-Gallery for the Artist. It is a Code of Morals for the Magistrate. It is a field of hidden Pearls to the soul new born of God.

“2. Every one who has had anything to do with children knows that there are no stories that interest infant minds like those taken from the Bible. Hagar in the wilderness with Ishmael; Noah’s ark and the Flood; the story of Joseph; Moses and the bulrushes; the crossing of the Red Sea; Samuel; David and Goliath; Daniel in the lions’ den, &c. No stories get into little children like these. They never tire of them. After they have heard of them a hundred times, their faces brighten and their eyes glisten if you promise to tell them again.

“ 3. Yet these very stories hide the mysteries of the church, and the depths of eternal truth, which angels cannot fathom. Such are the ways of God : He compasses both, and shines in his ways and in his words.

“ How beautiful and endearing my God becomes to me, when I think of Him as writing Stories for Children ! Nor are there any stories like His stories. By a depth and a sanctity in them, they speak very deeply to our babes. There is something truly magical about these stories. The very same stories give fresh and fullest scope, as well as great enthusiasm, to the artist. The very same stories yield spiritual lessons of great interest and profit to the faithful in the school of grace. The very same stories are a storehouse of mystic spirituality for the elders of Israel, who are only at home in the heights and depths of Godhead.

“ 4. What a sweep ! God by the same words and the same work amuses children and astonishes angels ! God is the first to entertain an opening reason ; and wander whither we may, we must all return to Him, for our last and highest instruction, inspiration, and comfort.

“ God waits upon babes and archangels, and provides both with what best delights them. And no one can meet a sinner with full relief but God—God in Christ. No one like God for our babes—no one like God for angels—no one like God for a sinner with a burdened conscience ! ”

The preaching of Pulsford, like the writing of Richter, reminds us of all soft, soothing, lulling tones in Nature. The voices of flutes over the still mountain-lakes at evening, or beneath the moonlight night—bells wafted on a calm sabbath-day to a listener on the mountain height—an organ from some lake-girt and taper-

illuminated minster at midnight,—such are the images which rise to our mind; or, say in a word, it is the music of crystals shooting into shape, and beauty, and cohesion—aërial, soft, but clear.

Would that our opportunity and our present space enabled us to present more of these glorious things to such of our readers as feel their meetness for such truths! Doctrines like these suppose a very simple and very holy life; and it is very beautiful to know that the private movements of the preacher are in beautiful harmony with his public ministrations. To quote his own figure, his life is an equilibrium.

Mr. Pulsford is about forty years of age; we may hope, therefore, that deep experiences and great usefulness are in reserve for him yet; let us hope that there is before him a life of greater activity than he has yet led. But he professes his belief in the life of silence: he could make himself happy in deep and far off forests; on the banks where the wild Oregon hears no voice save its own dashings. He is most passive to the influences around him: to calumnation he never replies,—to rebuke he listens with a smile and a thought,—all things work into perfect harmony—by and bye I shall be understood; if I move, I may disturb a providence—in silence I shall have rest. The storm of public meetings is hateful to him; the noisy trampings of the advancing hosts and vanguards of civilization only produce within him wonder when the last rearguard will close the march, and the brooding wings of tranquillity settle serenely over the scene. The world needs such men, too—oh! the world in the present age greatly needs them; they rectify thought, they heal the collisions, and the wounds, and the bickerings of men; they exalt our conceptions of private virtue; they elevate our ideal of what huma-

nity is destined to be, when the chastening graces of the Divine Comforter shall have subdued all opposing passions to Himself. But then, also, it must be said that life is no abstraction; it is real, and it is earnest: and the most material things have temporarily a real influence on human destinies. Active devils call for active angels. Active, not only in contemplation and in spirit-working, but in flesh and body battling too. This our preacher has not the present disposition for, and very much of the misunderstanding in reference to his own personal convictions—and would it not be strange were there not such misconceptions, with such a man,—has arisen from his resolution to let the misunderstanding work on; of course, it is scarcely possible that anywhere a very original thinker and speaker could deliver himself without being subjected to the charge of eccentricity, and probably of heterodoxy. We hope that Mr. Pulsford will write, will work, will move forth more and more from the merely hermetical life. Our own conviction is that he might exert over especially the youthful sceptic intellect of this day a mighty and most salutary influence. What if he were to give us the sorrows and the aspirations of *his* soul? We have heard him to little purpose, and much misinterpreted his sayings, if he has not passed through deeper hells, and soared to higher heavens, than Newman. Perhaps he could even introduce Froude to the Eumenides of Scepticism, and so balance his Nemesis of Faith.

Perhaps here we might stay from further illustration or comment. But we purpose again to break confidence. We have lying before us two letters, addressed by John Pulsford to a personal friend of our own. They were letters of consolation, when bowed beneath a deep affliction,—the loss of a wife most tenderly and thoroughly

beloved. Yes, there is a something like a breach of confidence in printing what no eye (save the one to whom it was addressed) was intended to see.—Breach of confidence is not our wont; and the preacher will be strangely startled to behold these words in print. But we think they illustrate his character better than any other words, and exhibit the deep intensity and blooming redolence at once of imagination and affection, with which his mind teems.

Here is the first:—

“ Newton Abbot, Devonshire.

“ Oh, my *dear, dear*, DEAR brother! how suddenly, from a luxurious revelling in the enchantments of this neighbourhood, my heart, filled with pain, grew heavy and sombre, and yearned in me for you!—Your black loss!—Your wild bitterness! I know well the affrightment, the distraction, that feeling of the soul that it cannot be! And why do I speak to you, when I know that the creature cannot help or comfort you? I do it, far more from a necessity in me, than from any idea that I can minister healing to the broken heart. Yet my brother must not ‘lie on his face,’ as though there were no hope; as though nothing were to be done in this hour; as though nothing were to be learned. The hour is precious, and largely freighted with pure treasure. Court the awful, and, if possible, say to the blackness of darkness, ‘Thou art not quite black!’ and it will unlock its bosom and show thee the hidden pearl, and whisper to thee the sweet secret.

“ This hour is worth all previous hours to thee, dear brother. Be still and strong in the all and always tranquil power; and new atmospheres will embosom thee, and new waters refresh thee; and the new life-fire will baptize and inspire thee.

“We must see to it that everything shall serve us, and nothing undo us. GOD IS ALIVE! The dark, dark event is the garment he wears, and in which he seeks to come very near to the quick of thee, that he may impress thee, not for ordinary good, but for EXTRA-ordinary. And your darling wife will not be less precious to you, nor less sacred, nor less useful, because she has slipped the shell. The Kernel is entire, and waits for you in the House of Life. This always was a House of Death, and never can be anything else but a house of death. Happy are they who have found ‘the way out,’ and have escaped. Don’t be afraid of sorrow, my dear brother; don’t wish for comfort. Lie under the night, and let the whole cross lie on thee; and in the night, when it is darkest, light will arise: and out of the cross balm will flow. And from the dove world to which your dove has flown, the sweet singing turtle dove, out of the bosom of God, will descend upon you, and ‘great will your peace be.’

“Your earnest, affectionate, and faithful,

“JOHN PULSFORD.”

Among all the words in this book we know none so thrilling and beautiful as these; the writer knows that they will touch the spirit of the mourner, like a gleam of inspiration. It is a perfect poem. We will yet venture to cite the other letter to the same friend, and on the same circumstances.

“My poor dear stricken brother may rely upon it, I should have hurried to him had I been in Hull. Your words of the 2nd I did not get till yesterday the 6th. The outermost garment of your meek-loving household angel is now clean gone from your eyes and embraces. Oh, it is cruel hard,—it is wildly agonizing,—I know it.

But don't say, '*all your hopes are cut off.*' Oh, no! It is only the flesh that says so. The flesh is first to speak—but itself is a fallacy, and it always speaks in fallacies. Your sweetest, dearest, deepest hopes, inextinguishable hopes, are but now budding; perhaps, not budding yet, only germinating in death. You know nothing is quickened except it die. How sweet and pure in her lily whiteness is your darling!—*and not far from you*: sensually and fallaciously far, but spiritually actually most near. Oh, *so* near, nearer than flesh can ever be to flesh. And you shall see her again, and embrace her right tenderly. Is this no hope? She is but gone to 'the green pastures,' a few days before you. There is no doubt of your following her. In the meantime no space can lie between hearts that are one. The one thing, which is the only *real* thing, and the only true substance, incorruptible, and living, and enduring eternally, that one thing is everywhere. In HIM there is precious—actual unity, and fellowship that is, and must be for ever. The outer corrupt substance is a cheat, and all the bonds and endearments that have their ground in it are infatuatingly plausible, but terrible cheats. We all find it out sooner or later, and so learn the first lesson towards essential life and peace.

"You must come to us soon as you can after we return home,—not to forget your bosom one, but to remember her sweetly, and to realise together with me the actual Fatherland, wherein we both have treasures.

"Most lovingly in the life of Jesus in me,

"JOHN PULSFORD."

Thus we have allowed Mr. Pulsford to speak for himself, and not the less because we hope that the beautiful words we have ventured to print may be to other hearts

bowed and broken with the world's woes, as comforting and as beautiful as they were to the sorrowing husband to whom they were addressed.

We cannot but hope for our preacher a sphere of wider usefulness than that which he at present fills. Wherever he goes he will carry along with him a protest for spirituality of mind and life. He is the apostle and herald of a more spiritual theology, adhering stoutly to the ancient doctrines at once of revelation and common sense, of apostasy from God, as the fundamental source of all the misery of the world, and of reconciliation by the mediation of Jesus, the only begotten of the Father. Holding these truths stoutly, from his lips they glow forth with a wonderful light and lustre, when compared with the tameness of their usual teaching. We call upon him to come forth from his secret chambers—to be alive muscularly as spiritually. The power given to him is very great. We will believe that gifts so transcendent may be shown in labours more abundant.

We must close this lengthy sketch with feelings of love, homage, and gratitude, of spiritual obligation, such as we personally owe to no other human teacher.

DR. BEAUMONT.

“ Having brought his Sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart before he preaches it to his people. Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Some have questioned ventriloquy (when men strangely speak out of their bellies), whether it can be done lawfully or no. Might I coin the word cordiloquy, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts, sure all would count this lawful and commendable. His similes and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible. Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon; but Similitudes are the windows which give the best lights.”
—THOMAS FULLER, *Holy and Profane State, The Faithful Minister*.

A REVIEW of the modern pulpit-oratory of England would be very incomplete, that did not present something more even than a passing notice of Dr. Beaumont. There are few towns in England (we may almost say there are few in Great Britain) where his voice has not been heard; and the style of his oratory, alike in its verbal and oral characteristics, is too remarkable to pass unregarded. No style could be conceived better calculated to impress and to arouse a vast popular audience. He reminded us in many particulars of Robert Hall's description of Toller of Kettering:—"The simple declaration of the Truth, of truth of infinite moment, borne in upon the heart by a mind intensely alive to its grandeur. Criticism was disarmed; the hearer felt himself elevated to a region which it could not penetrate. All was powerless submission to the master of the scene." All that could be said of Beaumont's preaching was, that it exhibited a heart all alive, full of honest and of noble impulses, and deriving additional power from the pic-

tures presented by a well-furnished and observant mind—a mind awake to every kind of beauty—an eye kindling with rapture at every scenic impression,—a memory well furnished with the stores of historical anecdote, or scientific allusion; or the graces of verbal elegance and diction.

The preaching of Dr. Beaumont was well calculated for extensive popularity. He will ever be a popular minister who is able to interpret by ANALOGY his meaning; and Dr. Beaumont was the very prince of analogical preachers. His figures abounded throughout his discourses, but they were not mere tropes of speech; they were at once graphic delineations and perfect symbols. You felt that you understood the subject better by them; that they indeed formed a part of the subject; that they were the body containing the soul of the discourse. There are some preachers who will lighten at you, and thunder at you, and meandering-rill you, and purple-violet you. They will send forth a host of figures to buzz about you like flies, nay, to annoy you, and creep about you like yet more loathsome insects; but you feel all the time that it is labour thrown away; that you for one are certainly no nearer the mark; nay, that the dizzy noise has perhaps carried you farther away from the meaning. Nothing is easier, and nothing is more worthless, than this kind of preaching, wholly impressionless and pointless, as it ever is and must be.

A time there was in the history of speech when every figure was a thought, and had a most obvious meaning. The time perhaps was, when there was no speech without figures; every word was synonymous with some natural sound, and all words again shaped themselves into simple and clear analogies with natural things. If you cleave any word down to the heart of its etymology,

you will find a similitude and a parable. The first style of oratory is, and must be, eminently figurative. As we enter the council circles of primeval tribes, we find how they abound with illustrations, drawn from what is observed in nature; and even the ordinary speech of everyday life is full of the rich and abundant imagery of the waters, the woods, and the sky. In the advancement of the human mind these words become combined with more abstract moods and dispositions; and words, therefore, and sentences, are needed adapted to the more thoughtful. There are then two classes of speakers: the first appealing to the senses, and through them to the imagination, and through the imagination to the passions; the second appealing to the inner world of introspections, of volitions, and emotions, and through these to the æsthetic or reasoning faculty. This explains to us the reason why the audience of the first must ever be so much larger than the audience of the last speaker. How few auditors in a large assembly have passed beyond the life of the sensations! The lowest life is the sensational life; the lowest mind-life is sensational. Intelligence in its lowest regions draws analogies, and argues from the thing seen to the thing unseen. How popular, therefore, will he be as a speaker, who can command stores of figures! This is the secret of the Fabulist's power,—hence the mighty influence of the Parable,—hence, sometimes, the force of an allusion to some well-known object in nature, or to some household circumstances. To such a mind, to one disposed to lay itself out for such illustrations, the whole world is a mighty gallery crowded with objects. Every history, every science furnishes them; every room presents them; no day can pass without them. The greatest of all lips have seized upon these methods to convey truth, and

this method is so simple, that it is not denied to the humblest to be somewhat expert at it. The truth itself was perhaps distant and ideal, and only remotely perceived; but the figure was truly at once a mirror and an interpreter. We started with pleasure and surprise to find a difficulty melting away.

The master of rhetorical analogy we have called our dear, good, meek-spirited Dr. Beaumont, or shall we call him BISHOP HALL the Younger? We have often heard him quote the quaint and beautiful gems of that sweet old contemplatist; and his mind appears to be fitted in similar scenes to indulge in similar lucubrations. It is his method not to put things after one another, like a logician, but by the side of each other, like a painter. Nature is to him the great museum of symbols and figures. He reads, as we have said, the moral significance behind all things visible. We know of no preacher who could with so much propriety adopt the famous saying attributed to Hermes Trismegistus:—"Omnia quæ sunt in cœlo, sunt in terra terrestri modo; et omnia quæ sunt in terra, in cœlo cœlesti modo." To him all the things of heaven have earthly forms, and every earthly form is capable of some spiritual interpretation. How can we manage to procure for illustration two or three instances? Here is, first, a fine figure on the mysteriousness of the destiny of the human soul after death:—"All that we know is, that the soul never, *never*, dies. Like a mighty river, the track of which you can follow from region to region, and from soil to soil, but which, at last bewildered, you lose by the river entering into a deep and embowered wood—you can follow it no farther. The wood is so thick, the forest is so dense, you cannot go after it, but you hear it dashing on by the furiousness of its roar. So is it with

the human soul. You cannot follow it after death, but you know by the intimations which reach you that it is immortal." Again, "You cannot touch the deep foundations of the Christian's peace. When the winds are up and raving loudly, you see the trees torn up by the roots, the waves of the sea boiling, and ships dashed to pieces upon their surges; you are, perhaps, inclined to say, How tempestuous it must be below, a thousand fathoms down! Ah! the winds have never reached those waves, there all is peace. There is a large mass of waters the wind cannot reach—it is all on the surface. And so let wealth depart, let political influence decline, death come, let all the winds from hell be unloosed, you cannot touch the deep foundations of the Christian's peace. You have only seen the surface; in the deep within, all is peace, peace." But without searching through memory's lumber-room now, other illustrations to the same point will presently come to light.

A plain-spoken man is the Doctor, too; did ever anybody misunderstand him? We should think not. Did anybody ever think him misty or dark? Surely not; for his figures always appear to be the very figures just needed to make the matter plain. We smile sometimes at the rough earnestness of the man,—“I know,” said he, once, “that it is the order of nature for parents to teach their children; but I know that it is an order, that the God of nature and grace often smiles upon and blesses, for the children to teach their parents. I do not mind how the matter goes on, so that it goes on. It is with this, as it is with the Dew; some say that the dew falls down—that it comes from the sky; but according to the most abstract and recondite philosophers, dew rises up from the earth—it ascends, but does not descend. I do not care whether it is down or up, or up

or down, or down and up, or up and down, or both, so that it does but come, and enough of it to refresh all the waste places of the earth. So with regard to knowledge, I do not care which way it is; whether it goes from the parents to the children, or from the children to the parents, or both ways, any way, every way, the more the better." Yes, there was through all the talking of the preacher, a most daring bluntness. Our good friend, Thomas Beaumont, Esq., the very eminent surgeon of Bradford, in Yorkshire, and the brother of the subject of our present sketch, is one of the most accomplished speakers in England. We have heard him in his own town, in Exeter Hall, in Covent-garden Theatre, and in many of the towns of the north; but he, unlike his brother (who, however, it may be remarked, was a physician, and not a Doctor of Divinity) in this, is one of the most polished and graceful of speakers; you are astonished at the ease, the fluency, with which volumes of Ovidian, or Virgilian derivatives come flowing over your tympanum. Thomas rounds every sentence—finishes it; his sentences look like stones after they have passed beneath the hands of the lapidary: Joseph hurled forth his sentences rough and strong; his stones looked like those intended for a museum—to polish them would be to spoil them; since even their very detractions and uncouthness were a part of their history. It may be noticed again, that the one brother chooses words pleasing rather by their tone; the other, chose those pleasing by their power of awakening poetic suggestions.

We have often been delighted and instructed with the repetitive fulness of passages of the Doctor's sermons. We quite wonder what sort of hand we shall make at transcribing from memory passages which,

when delivered, startled and touched all who heard them by their condensed and yet most ample beauty. The text for exposition was, "Jesus stood in the midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you; and when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side."—"I suppose if you were to take all the Figures, Types, Shadows, and Symbols, prefiguring the coming of Christ—all the sacrificial altars and bleeding lambs of the Old Testament, and all the services and offerings of Faith, prescribed in the New—if you could take them all, and put them under an exhausting receiver, nothing more would be left than this, 'He shewed them his hands and his side;' and could you take all the methods by which the sinner comes to God—all his conversions, vows, prayers, and sacrifices, and put them under an exhausting receiver, you would find this left alone, the reaching hither thy hand, and putting it into the side; the recognition is here of the two elements of our salvation, the water and the blood—'Out of his side came blood and water. He that *saw* it bare record.'—*I saw* it, said he—not blood alone, but water with the blood; not water alone, but blood with the water; the blood *and* the water—the water *and* the blood—*I saw it*, says Saint John."

We have spoken of the manner as repetitive: words are frequently used, perhaps comparatively synonymous, and yet every word conveys another meaning, or rather a higher meaning. Thus, speaking upon the pain of our Saviour's Crucifixion, and alluding to the hand—"The nerves," said he, "are the centres of feeling, the rivers of feeling, the canals of feeling, the railroads of feeling, the telegraphs of feeling; but the source of feeling is more remarkably placed in the hand; there are bundles of nerves, families of nerves, congregations

of nerves." The inference then was, how great must have been the pain of the Saviour. Thus we notice how our preacher piles expression upon expression ; yet we do not remember that we can charge him with the utterance of expletives, or with a tautological mode of speech. Those who would sacrifice instruction to the nicety of rhetorical taste, may nibble at this method ; but to us, whose plainer and less learned judgment would prefer the useful, these figurative and verbal climaxes seem to be the very riveting points of instruction.

We do not know that we ever beheld the Doctor in the heat and full tempest of his power ; but from what we have seen, we judge that would be a sublime spectacle. We are, we will confess it, fond of unclothing our men in the pulpit ; we are fond of forming, from what we see them performing, a judgment of what they are capable of doing,—we are fond of plucking a peacock,—heartily fond of pulling off the mental feathers which have been mounted for the occasion. Do our readers know Holywell-street in the Strand, of solemn and melancholy notoriety ? that street whither the followers of the ball and the masque go to procure their false dresses, their japan and varnish ; their tinsels and fluttering rags of finery ; whither the stage actors go to procure their tin coronets and plush robes, in which to strut forth for a night, the mock kings of an hour. It is very terrible, but very true ; there are religious and mental Holywell-streets, where coxcombs of the pulpit procure false visages, and purchase or borrow their feathers, with which to trick themselves forth in the guise of eagles ; but you may with half an eye detect the borrowed wing ; you say immediately—All this is unnatural ; this man could not talk thus by the fireside,

—these ideas? this language? His? No! No! it is the old fable of our long-eared friend in the lion's skin. So there are other men—honest men, who do not always appear to us as they are capable sometimes of appearing; the sails only swell when the winds blow toward the haven.

Our preacher has delighted us, has instructed us, has elevated us; but we have ever thought of him, as we indeed could conceive him, and as we have heard of him; for he can raise a tempest, or hush it into silence. His power is great; he can breathe out his pure, beautiful, quiet, and blessed sentences and emotions, and figures softly as a summer gale at twilight, or he can hurry his words along, and brood over the pulpit like a very storm spirit; while every breast heaves beneath the volumes of his power. We have seen him when the waters of his eloquence flowed and fell like a clear, cool, and refreshing spring; and we have seen him when they boiled and shot forth like the brilliant jet of an Iceland Geyser. We have been pleased to notice too, for we have seen him upon some such occasions, that the moments of the greatest rapture and passion in the minds of the audience, were those when he was most collected: he just hovered and fluttered above the people like an eagle dipping his wings in the sunny cloud or rainbow; or if you prefer the simpler figure, say a skylark skirting the fringe of the distant cloud,—every eye was upturned to the distant wing,—you heard the voice, you saw the wing up there, there, beating about in the deep blue of the heavens, a thing of glory and beauty. Will it pass out of sight? will it enter the infinite and travel away? Wildly, wildly wanders the winged voice; breathless is the silence as the notes flow on, it is rapture, rapture; for it is nature flying to the bosom

of the Father and the God; and suddenly you are relieved, for the beautiful singer is on the sward, in the nest, at home. So suddenly did the speaker in his best flights, drop from the most elevated regions, releasing his audiences from the deep and wrapt attention with which they had followed him in his flights.

After these remarks, then, it is almost unnecessary to say Dr. Beaumont was a glorious platform-speaker, for his humour was happy, and flowed along cheerfully without a ripple or a current. There was a time when the impediment to his speech, resulting from the roof of his mouth, was very seriously felt. In consequence of a surgical operation, he had a silver roof, and about sixteen years since, this appeared much to interfere with the freedom of his utterance, and perhaps, as most would do in similar circumstances, he used proportionate physical exertions to deliver himself. We remember he once spoke at an immense Anti-Slavery meeting, at which we were present, and over which Lord Brougham presided. The exertion he used was prodigious, and the audience became somewhat impatient of it. Large audiences are not usually remarkable for their perceptions, and in this instance the defects of delivery wholly blinded the hearers to the beauty of several of the figures; we remember one unusual and touching in its significance—the likening of freedom to the ranunculus blooming at the foot of the Alps, beneath the snow, sheltered and guarded even by unkindly and inclement elements. But he had conquered lately, for the most part, the difficulty experienced then, and the impediment rather lent to the impression of his oratory than deteriorated from it. Who shall say to what extent James Parsons is indebted for his fame, to the combination of a voice so singularly fitted for ideas,

tinged with most funereal associations? We have never been able to sympathise with those who think that during the latter years, the impediment at all deteriorated from the impression of Dr. Beaumont's speech; it added rather a truly wonderful variation to the tone; we do not remember any voice capable in the pulpit of sinking to so deep and thrilling a bass as his voice.

Dr. Beaumont was singularly felicitous as a platform speaker; yet he was almost the only speaker whose style upon the platform did not materially differ from the style of the pulpit; the same love of the play of fancy, the same proneness to anecdote and illustration; he played over his auditors, not like forked but like sheet lightning; you saw power, but power in perfect good humour; there was no strut, no attempt, no cant; all was so easy and natural, and yet the voice rising and rolling; for, whatever we may say about impediments, it had compass. As the lightning plays it brings innumerable things to light—dews hanging upon the petals of flowers, or raindrops trembling on the thorn; brings, at the same time, into bold relief, the tall dark mountains, and makes the stone lying at the foot sparkle with unwonted brilliancy; or lights up, with strange loveliness, some tarn among the hills, or river winding on its way. Was not this the character of the platform-life of Dr. Beaumont? Here lies an illustration: we did not hear it, but we will use it; it is from Exeter Hall, and few speakers who stood upon those most cosmopolitan boards created more excitement, or brought about them the peelings of more deafening applause. The following extracts are from a speech at one of the May meetings of the Sunday School Union:—

“We must all surely admit the value of Education.

Everything is the better for being educated; every person is the better for being taught. If you *educate a stone* * * * * * what a very great improvement you make in it! Before you educate it, it is nothing but a hard, offensive substance, against which, perhaps, your foot strikes as you walk, and from contact with which you experience a very uneasy sensation; and, pushing it from you, hope you have done with it. But educate that stone; let the mineralogist get hold of it; let the lapidary set to work upon it, peel off the incrustations, the enveloping laminæ, and come down upon the hidden virtue. Give the stone the true cleavage, and out comes its real beauty; and that which before was a rough, uncouth, noxious, and offensive thing, becomes a beautiful, sparkling gem, fit to adorn the finger of a nobleman, or to glitter amidst the gems which grace the diadem of the monarch of a free country. * * * * *

And all this comes of educating a stone! * * * * *

* * * * * Educate a vegetable, and what an extraordinary improvement you bring about! what a revelation of beautiful colouring matter! what an innumerable assemblage of delicate tinting! what a large gathering of odoriferous essences! and all this in what used to be regarded as a common weed, and so slighted that scarce even a sparrow would condescend to peck at it! Educate it, I say, and out comes a delicate flower, flooded with beauty, flashing with lustre, and fit to be held in the hand of the Queen of England, when she meets in the Crystal Palace the representatives of the population of the world. * * * * *

So much for education even among inanimate things; but come to Mind—the immaterial substance of mind—come to that gem, that wondrous product of Omnipotence and benevolence—educate *that*, wherever you find it, in America, or

England, or Africa, under a black skin, or under a white skin, for mind is always the same :

“ ‘ Skins may differ, but affection ’—

Ah, and intellection too !—

“ ‘ Dwells in black and white the same.’

* * * * *

Well, but this is a Sunday-school Union. It is delightful to find union somewhere now-a-days. * * * * *
 * * * * * It is a perfect Elysium to find union here—real union, not nominal ; actual, not shadowy ; positive, not professional. I say it is good. * * * * *
 That which has very much puzzled philosophers is the dew-point. I mean that particular temperature of the atmosphere, and that particular moment of time, in which the rank, rhymy, ropy, noxious vapours of the night are turned into the beautiful, rich, fruitful, dew of the morning. There is, however, some point of time and some temperature of the atmosphere when this happy transition is effected, and when the rank, clammy, thick, viscid, vexing vapour of the night is transmuted into the delicate, lovely, pellucid, heaven-manufactured dew of the morning. * * * * * It was thought, Mr. Chairman, some time ago, when an attempt was made to form a union under the name of the ‘ Evangelical Alliance,’ that perhaps we should there find the dew-point ; and we certainly have groped for it, and sighed for it, and sometimes almost imagined we had found it ; but somehow or other it has eluded our grasp, and we have yet to discover the delicate dew-point of Christian union. Well, I really think I have found it here.

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“When I think of Sunday-school teachers and their work—their quiet, their unostentatious labours—and compare them with the labours of some others whose operations fill a larger and more important place in the public eye, I confess that the former rise before me invested with an extraordinary charm and interest. Some grow old in dropping buckets into empty wells, and only drawing nothing out, or classifying butterflies, or arranging shells—all beautiful in their way, and intellectually interesting! but not touching the moral character—not reaching to the crystal within. Each of these adornments of a secular or philosophical kind which we gather about us on earth, are of value whilst we are here; they shed a charm about life and sweeten our lot; but they do nothing for us as heirs of immortality. Regard, then, the moral and spiritual character of your Sunday scholars, remembering that you are indeed working for eternity; so that when you come to stand before Christ you may hear him say, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these little ones,’ in doing so, ‘ye did it unto me.’”

We will quote also a missionary speech, very illustrative of his figurative style:—

“Perhaps the meeting might have heard of a certain prince, who had a general exceedingly successful in victory, and whose sword was predominant wherever he used it. The prince sent a message to the general, begging that he would send his sword to him, in order that he might minutely examine it. The officer complied, and the prince tested it in every way, its temper, its qualities, and its character, after which he returned the weapon with a message, stating that he did not believe it was invincible. To this the general replied, that though he had sent the sword, he had not also sent

the arm that wielded it. So the sword which they as Christians used was invincible within, for it was connected with Omnipotent rule. The instrumentality of men was employed to conduct its designs, but the efficiency was of God. 'The treasure was not in earthen vessels,' which might break and perish, but was immortal and imperishable. They were connected then with an immortal cause, and they derived interest and dignity from their association with it. There was a fragrant essence about it, and, to use the similitude of an eastern allegory, it was that fascinating, sweet, and beauteous odour which issued from an earthen vessel, and which, though composed of common clay, yet having stood near where a rose had been planted, had absorbed its fragrance and imbibed the sweetness of its odour. He was reminded of a Persian fable which related that some learned philosophers once assembled to settle the question as to which of the elements was most valuable. This occurred long before the doctrine of gases and other elementary principles was promulgated, and therefore the decision of this erudite conclave was to be on the four elements of fire, air, earth, and water. One set maintained that the earth was the most important, because it took in the seeds, gave aliment to the roots of trees, and afforded food for animals. Another upheld that the air was the most necessary element, because the branches of trees

which waved in the atmosphere dispensed a salutary principle throughout creation. Another said that fire-heat and caloric, as it pervaded all substances and brought out so many changes in the physical economy, was the most essential of all. Another section advocated the claims of water, saying that without it the earth could not cherish the seed in its germination and fructification; and after other arguments it was settled by this corps of illuminati that water was the most important of all. In the present age some men advocated infidelity, and others Christianity; and the meeting he then was addressing believed, like himself, that the great desideratum was that living stream of Divine truth—that bright transparent river descending from the throne of God and the Lamb, which came bubbling up from the immense abyss of Divine mercy—water pure, genial, and refreshing. * * * * * Wherever the gospel was preached, its adaptation to the condition of mankind was fully demonstrated. In India and Africa—at the north and at the south pole—on every hill and every vale, its music had the same prevailing influence. Orpheus, the son of Apollo, played upon his lyre with such a masterly hand, that at its sound the most rapid rivers ceased to flow, the beasts of the forest forgot their rapacity, and the very earth moved forward to listen to the tones of his melodious strings. Aye more, it was said that when Orpheus descended into the regions below, and played his enchanting strains, the wheel of Ixion stopped, Tantalus forgot his perpetual thirst, the Furies relented of their ferocity, and the stone of Sisyphus stood still. Such was the poetry and fiction of the lyre of Orpheus, which history had placed upon record; but what insignificant harmony was his when compared with the mellifluous songs and melodies of Isaiah and of

Paul, and with the irresistible power of the gospel lyre, by the influences of which the lion became a lamb—‘instead of the thorn there came up a myrtle tree, and instead of the briar there sprang up an olive branch!’

* * * * * It had been said by one of the previous speakers, that the Methodists were not the only persons engaged in this holy work, and that it would be a very suspicious thing if they were the only small portion of the Christian world who were instigated by the missionary fire, and they only had the missionary apparatus. He (Dr. Beaumont) was very glad to say that there were many other bodies similarly engaged both in England and Scotland, and he was glad to find that in addition to the Established Church of Scotland, they had a Free Church as well, and all the missionaries had gone over to that Free Church. They had been galvanised altogether with the spirit of voluntarism, seconded by the truth of God. * * * * *

One fine morning, in endeavouring to take long, full, and deep inspiration, the ministers of the Scotch church found themselves pinched across the breast, and the pectoral muscles could not play freely. The short inspiration was said to have harmonised with the coat they wore; but a long, full, and deep inspiration brought on an uneasy sensation across the chest, and therefore they applied to the State to let the coat out a little—they asked that a stitch might be taken out. * * * * *

Now he (Dr. Beaumont) was not one of those who blamed the state tailor, for his notion was that the Scotch church had germinated, and in germinating no coat of the state tailor could suit them. It had been like seed at the time of germination, when it did not care for any little enclosure around it; they might put it in a box or iron case, but when germination com-

menced it would burst through the box, and force a way even through the iron. These gentlemen were unwilling to take any steps in the matter, but at length being tired of wearing this coat, they applied to the State ; instead, however, of getting it made easier they were pinched across the right arm. They again begged of the State authority to loose it, but the reply they got was, that if they would not wear it, there were others that would ; and, in short, another stitch was put in, so that they had a stitch in the side whenever they breathed. In order to remove this impediment to the free use of their respiratory functions, they determined to put off the state-coat altogether, and walked abroad one fine morning the Free Church of Scotland. * * * * *

They were now, too, making proper use of their freedom, and there was more preaching in Scotland in the present time than there had been since the days of Knox."

Now, have we succeeded in presenting to our readers any idea of the character of this recently departed eminent preacher ? Every citation has, surely, abundantly justified our high estimate of him as the master of rhetorical analogy. To speak, with him, was to utter a figure ; and usually our readers will see a figure which answered two purposes ; first, from its being usually so instructive in itself, and from its conveying so perfect an idea of the topic to be illustrated—a mind eminently observant and reflective—seizing the outline, especially, of a fact, or of an event, and investing it with a lovely and altogether unexpected light. You saw, in all that he said, it had passed so entirely through his own mind. In every picture he sketched, so graphic ; in every narrative, so clear ; in every figure, so perspicuous ; you saw that he beheld all he painted from within ; the copy of the picture was upon his own soul.

Great is the utility, in a discourse, of a happy image—clear and sharply defined to the eye. As Fuller has said, images and similitudes are the windows of thought. In their power to open the avenues, for light to stream into the understanding, we have often been reminded of the beautiful, the happy verses of Bishop—a truthful and thoughtful old poet, almost forgotten now :—

“ When through a chink a darken’d room
Admits the solar beam,
Down the long light that breaks the gloom
Millions of atoms stream.

In sparkling agitation bright,
Alternate dyes they bear,
Too small for any sense but sight,
Or any sight but there.

Nature reveals not all her store
To human search or skill;
But when she deigns to show us more,
She shows us beauty still.”

Images and similitudes are the pictures of the soul, and memory hangs them up in her long gallery, and frequently reads the history of some abstract thought, some recondite argument, by the light they afford. The structure of a syllogism may be easily forgotten; the pathway of a discourse may easily be lost to the memory, but a happy, and felicitous, and graphic picture, it will abide. Elder and younger will alike bear it away, refer to it, and repeat it again and again. The apposite figure with which you entertained your Sunday-school class may chance to be repeated by its members, and children beyond them, to generations to come. Logic may be an admirable lantern; but a parable—a similitude, is the light within the lantern, without which its usefulness must be very questionable. Prize the teacher who has the gift of parable.

Minds of this character do not reason ; they are impatient of the long process ; they are faithful to their impulses and their instincts. Thus the features of the style of Beaumont are those we have described ; vivid picture-painting--rousing appeals to duty and to conscience—bold and manly statement. His action was sometimes vehement : always considerable, sometimes not a little eccentric. Strange were the freaks we have known him play in moods of apparent unconsciousness with both Bible and hymn-book, and equally strange the freaks with his own hair. He sometimes thumped the cushion not a little ; he sometimes and often folded his arms upon his breast : yet he did not strike you as extravagant. True he was vehement, but his manner and his matter weighed each other, and all looked so natural ! You saw nothing of the priest in all this. You saw a soul alive. You saw—you felt certain that you saw—a simple soul full of bright things, made brighter by piety. You did not meet profound thought,—you did meet strong, good, common sense, illuminated by the coruscations of genius and poetry.

It may be perhaps quite unnecessary now to say that Dr. Beaumont was for many years the almost isolated leader of the opposition in the Conference of Methodism : there he was a black sheep, a marked man, a brave great man, because fulfilling, loftily and heartily, duties devolving upon him by the delegation of his own conscience, amidst an amount of insolence and calumny of which we could only form some idea from the rumours and hints reaching us on the outside. Dr. Beaumont, however, had a far larger share of sympathy through the more liberal denominations of England than any other minister of his own body, and he well merited that sympathy. We know that we compare

great things with small when we say he was the Hampden of Methodism in England. We are where we cannot see much of what goes on, and we are of a temperament not to feel a great deal of interest in the cabals of sects; but we can venerate a lofty conscientiousness everywhere. We sometimes fancied we could understand and weigh our friend better than wild reformers could—our brave Doctor.

“You are very laudatory of this man,” says a good old gentleman, with spectacles on nose, who supposes there can be no such thing in the world as disinterested affection—“do you know him?” Not at all: once, and once only, we met him and shook hands with him, and drank a cup of tea with him. We thought he rather wished us away, and that we imposed a little upon his interview with some dear old friends of his—beloved friends of ours. We respect the sanctities of a tea-table and of social interviews. The next most atrocious thing to murdering a man is to Gilfillanise him; but then we found in this Doctor such a quiet, unaffected, simple-minded soul—so full of easy goodness, and happy, quiet humour—that we could not but yield our love where before we had yielded our admiration. No airs, no nonsense, no starch, no condescension: no—a plain, simple man, who was yet obliged to say some good things because they were in the way to be said. Look at his likeness, then—it is to be seen often enough: yet his face is more childlike than that—more simple, less constrained. An eloquent tongue in the pulpit, a warm hand out of it, has our artless Doctor.

And was not his a glorious death? was not that, then, the moral sublime—fine in effect, but how much finer in fact!—that death arrests the heart and the eye like a martyrdom? Standing there—all his feelings inflamed

with the ardour of a lofty devotion, inspired and ready for the spring of sacred eloquence—his memory ranging amongst the fields of selectest and most holy imagery, and all his passions on fire with love to his Saviour and to man—he stood before the vast and waiting crowd, ready for his word of power. Ah! they did not see how the heavens were parting, and, softly radiant, the angel of death—no terrible presence, no stern-browed, darkly-clad, and unkind form—was rapidly approaching! they did not know that all around him, before their eyes there, the airs were becoming chill, chill, chill—that rings of gelid cold were contracting round the loved and honoured form: they did not see over the pulpit the pressing anxious figures of angel-forms—loved old relatives departed into light, whose strong sympathies were attracted by that hour, and who whispered in their spirit-language, “He is coming to us.” The spiritual throng was all unseen—the angel who struck the blow all unseen: you saw only that raised eye—you only heard that voice, and those last, last words ever to roll from those lips their melody on this side of the new world.

“Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his head behind his wings.”

It is done!—hush!—hush, rolling voices!—there is a sound of “harpers harping with their harps.” He has burst into the infinite—the blaze of the unveiled is around him—he has been wafted on the wings of earthly music and devotion—from the temple crowded with worshippers, to the dear, dear city where there is no temple nor light of the sun. Hush!—hush, shrieking voices!—wail not, oh widow, oh child, over the fallen form; there is nothing to scream over here. This is

true, true glory. The prophet has only passed from Nebo to Pisgah. The brave heart has only burst its ceremonial shroud, and has gone home.

“God,” says the quaint old Thomas Fuller, “sends his servants to bed, when they have done their work:”—

“He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts its starry floors,
And strows its lights below,
And deepens on and up!—The gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide,
A light upon the shining sea,
The Bridegroom with his bride.”

JAMES MARTINEAU.

“ But in another sermon Adam Lyttleton says that every man is made of three Egos, and has three selfs in him, ‘ and that this appears in the reflection of conscience upon actions of a dubious nature; whilst one self accuses, another self defends, and the third self passes judgment upon what hath been so done by the man.’ This he adduced as among various ‘ means and unworthy comparisons whereby to show that, though the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity far exceeds our reason, there want not natural instances to illustrate it.’ But he adds, most properly, that we should neither say or think aught of God of this kind without a preface of reverence and asking pardon; for it is sufficient for us, and most suitable for the mystery, so to conceive, so to discourse of God, as he himself has been pleased to make himself known to us in his Word. If all theologians had been as wise, as humble, and as devout as Adam Lyttleton, from how many heresies and evils might Christendom have been spared.”—ROBERT SOUTHEY, *The Doctor*.

WELL! thought we as we entered the pew in the costly temple where James Martineau ministers; this is a strange contradiction; we have usually believed that the architecture of men and churches grow out of their creeds; but this does not look like it. This Unitarian temple is the richest piece of mediæval building we are acquainted with,—certainly in connexion with dissenting dogmas and peculiarities. We noticed before we entered, that, added to the church, the vestry formed a kind of chapter-house, and the schools a sort of monastery, preserving in miniature the idea of the middle-age building, but within, although so small, how rich and costly!—in the form of a cross—the altar-piece at the nave—the arch with an inscription, wreathed with green and gold, “ God is a Spirit, and they that worship

Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The lights also hung round, as they depended from the roof, with trite inscriptions from the Saviour's sayings:—"Learn of me"—"Come unto me"—"Fear not, little flock"—"It is I, be not afraid:" these, or short sentences such as these, are placed also round the organ; the clock and the pulpit occupy side-places in the chapel; the pulpit stone, and lit by a cresset or ring of light over it, which when we have been there has been also lit in the morning without any need, we supposed a symbolism in the appearance of the light at such a time; and the furniture of the chapel is as comfortable as the style is ancient; of course there are no pews, but the seats are far more pleasant than pews ever were or can be; and the aisles and the seats are all carpeted and furnished, apparently whether rented or not, with all the books necessary for the service; and that service is very beautiful, but very cold; it is really like worshipping neither in a cleft of Sinai, nor a cave in Horeb, nor on a crag of Calvary—no, it is certainly a temple in Iceland. It is beautiful; the wail of the organ is touching; Mr. Martineau's selection of hymns is very sweet, very pure and lyrical; he reads his devotional service, and it is characterised by much that pants to the things which are above, where Christ sitteth; but somehow the whole thing looks like and feels like the beautiful stencillings of frost-work. The temple is the Temple of the Intellect—the service is a cloud of fragrance from the censers of the intellect, wreathing communion table, and pulpit, and organ-loft, with the pomp, the incense, the spice, the myrrh and frankincense of poetry and philosophy—a chaos of richness, indeed, compounded of the poetries and philosophies of all ages—brilliant Orientalisms—Scandinavian Ygdrasills—firmamental Pla-

tonisms, rock-ribbed and star-vested, phantasmal Pantheisms—the mystic dart of the Greek—the dew-fog of the German—the Ram and the Quipos of the Aztec—the hard, bright, glittering zinc of the Celt—Necessity and Idealism—Hobbes and Berkley—Spinozistic cloud-paintings—Cartesian Scepticisms—Lockeist Sensationalism—Fichtean Rationalism—Comptean Positivism—Puritan Predestinarianism—the orthodoxy of Augustine, the heterodoxy of Origen, the cobwebs of Aquinas, the phantasmata of Campanella—gleaming lights from Shakspeare and glooms from Dante—the characters of all history—the substances, the lights and shadows of all science, mathematics, and logic—the poetry and humanity of Christianity—the poetry and humanity of man in all ages:—these in Mr. Martineau's pulpit are all fused down as in the furnace of a mental chemistry heated seven times hot, till, as we have said, they float up like a rich cloud, prismatic with ten thousand dyes—fragrant as a Vale of Kashmere—cold as a night-wind among the tombs. We are not, it will be seen, of Mr. Martineau's faith, but we wish to speak of him with something more than profound respect—our respect partakes in some measure of affection and love. Who are we, and what is our father's house, that we should speak in any other tones than those of respect for genius so singularly gifted, for attainments so singularly varied, for a mind so singularly alive to every beautiful impression, for a tongue able to instruct so much? His writings abound with traces of magnanimity, though we do think a magnanimity rather mental than moral. We can only rise with unfeigned admiration before so richly various a being—albeit our homage is not paid to him so much in his character of preacher as of genius and man. We cannot but think

that in some measure he lost sight of his vocation when he entered the pulpit; especially we think so when we see him standing halting between the, to him, two syrens of Logic and Poetry. We venture to think withal that he has done injury to his nature by his use of dialectic weapons. Nature baptised him for a poet. We must think that the pulpit of his denomination clothed him in the mail of a logical and theological Abelard. When we have seen James Martineau in the pulpit we have thought we saw "Spiridion" there. It would be easy, one might suppose, for him to write that extraordinary book—that wild and fierce assault on the stone-bars and walls of sectarianism—that passionate revolt against the fetters imposed by the understanding on the will. For our parts we do not know whether in any other book there could be found such an apothecary's shop of the conserved sweetmeats and spices of heterodoxy; of all the books we have read, that is most like the forbidden fruit served up in the form of confectionery. And Mr. Martineau is fond of the forbidden fruit—fond of cracking occult nuts; the Caves of Mystery have a charm for him; the workshops of cabalistic alchemists fascinate him; and should he find over any one the inscription, "No admission except on business," that would be the very reason why he would pertinaciously knock and force his way; and if on no other terms he could be permitted to stand by the furnace, he would become an adept and an alchemist too. As you hear him preach you feel that he has in one way or another intermeddled with most departments of knowledge. We can even now see him in his study, with books innumerable, conversing with those four awful sisters, Mystery and Scepticism, Faith and Inquiry.

How far our readers competent to form an opinion

will coincide with our judgment it is not possible for us to say, but to our minds there has often seemed a great mental and some moral likeness between our preacher and Tennyson. As far as such a likeness can exist between a poet and a preacher, so far in this case it seems to be found; nay, in the very physiognomical appearance there is a likeness: do not both faces reveal the same capacity for moral suffering?—beneath the same shock of black hair—the same black eyebrows—is there not the same face of abstracted woe? It has been very interesting to us to sit and look at the face of the preacher: no lights and shades ever seemed to us to play over it; we never saw it kindle into sunshine; there is about it the glory and the beauty of a mountain-tarn; it reveals solitude of thought, if not of life; it is a life cut off from the ordinary crowding of human feet, although echoing often from its surrounding crags the rush of mountain-winds, and stirred into strife by its own black mountain-shadowed waves. The ‘*Endeavours after the Christian Life*’ bear to us a great resemblance to the ‘*In Memoriam*:’ we meet with many things in each book that either author might have said. In both books the shadow of a great sorrow falls over every page, and seems to guide each pen. They are both solitary spectators of life from a church-turret; they have both drunk hearty draughts of the black wine of sorrow. Poem and sermon are the inspiration of sorrow. Both seem to have felt how hard a thing it is to believe; on both the burden of the mystery of life has pressed heavily; and the preacher, like the poet, has pressed the music out of the pain. If you have any intimacy with both of these men—and it is very certain that your capacity for any intimacy with one will depend on your capacity for intimacy with the other—turn to your

‘In Memoriam,’ and how truly you can conceive music like the following ringing a mournful Æolian wail round the study of the author of the ‘Endeavours after the Christian Life:’—

“ I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world’s altar stairs,
 That slope through darkness up to God.

 I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff; and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger Hope.

 * * * * *
 So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night,
 An infant crying for the light—
 And with no language but a cry.

 * * * * *
 I wage not any feud with Death
 For changes wrought on form and face;
 No lower life that earth’s embrace
 May breed in him can fright my faith.

 For this alone on Death I wreak
 The wrath that gainers in my heart :
 He put our lives so far apart,
 We cannot hear each other speak.

 * * * * *
 So fret not like an idle girl
 That life is dash’d with flecks of sin.
 Abide : thy wealth is gather’d in
 When Time hath sunder’d shell from pearl.”

In a word, a most visible, painful self-consciousness haunts both men, and to all men so haunted life is for years, if not for ever, a deep and profound sorrow. The good people who go to class meetings and tread in their round of means and of ordinances, make light work of all this; it all seems very sad and naughty work, and

they ask fifty questions in a moment. Why, if you are so unhappy and wretched, why not quit that wretched habit of colloquising with self? why not believe? Believe, and quit the perplexing ground. Why not front these ghosts of self, and consciousness, and memory? All which questions only prove the perfect ignorance of the questioners. "Believe!" such agonising spirit would reply, "Believe! why, mystery of mercies! that is the very heaven my aching heart desires; you don't suppose, do you, that the Unrest of Unbelief is the happy island that heart would wish to anchor on? It is no land of Luz, no place of an almond-tree that for weary Jacobs. Its hot sirocco breath, its threatening hurricanes and tornados, and black thunder-clouds, are not pleasant to look on, we can assure you. But you never saw them, good people; you enjoy what you are fitted to enjoy; you see what you are fitted to see. Our Kirguelin's Land of Desolation you have never seen. You have never rounded the Cape; you have never crossed the tropic line; you have never attempted the North-West Passage through the arctic regions of doubt. Ah! should you ever set out on that perilous voyage, you will know you cannot return the way you came; you will only be able to reach the south once more by sailing right through the north. Enjoy your heaven; we sometimes almost envy you it. We do not look with contempt on your still domestic piety and every-day experience, but believe us you know nothing of our life; you cannot offer consolation to us; you do not know us; you do not know our moral latitude or longitude. It may be we have tasted more freely than you of the forbidden fruit of self-consciousness. The tempter came to us, we could not resist him. Our eyes are opened; we see the nakedness of ourselves and of

all things as you can never have seen ; and we still eat that fruit, for in the end it brings its own remedy as well as its own disease. No, dear good people, you must let us alone ; your answers to no one question will satisfy us. Could the ploughman, ignorant of navigation, satisfy a chartless and compassless mariner in the dreary Atlantic where we are fascinated and becalmed ? Know you not that horrible legend of ‘The Ancient Mariner’ is told entirely of us and of our wanderings ?—

‘ Our ship it is that drives so fast,
Without or wave or wind ;
For the air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.’ ”

“Whoso can look on death will start at no shadows.” The perpetual fronting of those vast questions and awful forms which give to the future life so much significance ; the habit of constantly looking at time from the stand-point of eternity gives a daring to speculation and expression which sometimes marks the wandering step on the dizzy cliff. “Thinking only of this earth as it floats beneath the eye of God, a speck in the blue infinite, a precious life-balloon freighted with the family of spirits he has willed to come up and travel in this portion of his universe.” Thoughts like these so sublime the mind, that what to men and women unaccustomed to realise vividly the topics of their faith, would be extraordinary and questionable daring, becomes only the expression of unfaltering and high-toned devotion. There is an instance of this in Mr. Martineau’s sermon on the loss of the Lexington, in which Dr. Follen perished. That sermon abounds in all our preacher’s peculiarities,—daring of thought and speech, originality in the combination both of language and sentiment. It rings both the deep bell of sorrow and strikes

the triumphant but subdued tones of joy over the victories of faith. There are passages in it from which we recoil, not so much dissenting from the sentiment as marvelling at the boldness that could assert, as when he says that "the hour which declares human annihilation will be not only the end of all things, but the death of God." And what a bold conception is that in which the preacher indulges when he supposes, on the theory of the annihilation of the soul, our world like a vast and mighty vessel to be sailing through the awful spaces, and the Eternal Father of all things standing at the head of the great world-vessel, and throwing out as worthless wealth of lives, plunging them headlong into the abyss midway on their voyage through eternity, the image derives a most affecting strength from the circumstance of the loss of the vessel. The power of the artist is displayed in every line of that fine composition; before the eye of the hearers there is vividly present the spectacle of that burning ship; the wild shriek that ascended as the first stars appeared; the bubbling groan of the last two hours after midnight; the shivering and crying of one hundred and seventy mortals to God between frost and flame, the cold heavens looking serenely down and gliding on as if they enclosed nothing but peace; that ship, with its unburied dead, its travellers returning to their distant home, lips of venerable wisdom and fond affection, a freight of transcendent worth. "Does any one believe, exclaimed the preacher, that all this sorrow, and thought, and hope, and moral greatness, and pure affection, were *burnt* and went out with flame and cotton-smoke? Did HE say, in answer to the agony of prayer, as no man or angel would have done, 'Down, begone for ever into darkness,' and did He so answer with the full knowledge of his Omni-

science, that many a survivor would return this awful frown with the sweetest and most unconscious smile of resignation, hiding his mourning head with him as in the bosom of his Father? Sooner would I believe that the fire consumed the less everlasting stars." Even for the purpose of plaiting the crown of faith for the brows of the sufferer, we recoil from imagery so daring as this; but while it illustrates the boldness with which the wing of our preacher will even dare to enter the thick darkness of the halls of thunder, it illustrates, not less than his moral daring, the grandeur of his mental conception.

Did you ever, in your hearing, hear of the angel Uriel? how in the far-off spaces and splendours of eternity he became afflicted to his own soul with the idea of night? How the idea of night could enter the mind of an archangel I know not, but it did; it haunted him with the thought that somewhere in the deeps and limbos of the universe there was a realm of night, and in quest of it the foolish archangel started from heaven, from its golden pavements and its clear skies, and its rivers and fountains of living water, bright ever in the splendour of a world lit up without a sun—he left all, and wended his way through the universe, groping amidst the glory of things for the realm of night; how he wandered and roamed, but he could not find it. Every kingdom had its gates of pearl and its turrets of diamond—everywhere the doors of the worlds rolled on hinges of light, and the pathways of the planets in that old time were paved with sunshine, and Uriel, as he passed along, sped through files and ranks of radiant pinions; but within him—within him lay the dark idea. Yet the most ancient archangel with whom he conversed could not direct him to the kingdom of night. It was a strange unhappiness in an angel, and

beyond our comprehension. At last he reached one of the firmaments in space, whence, looking down, he beheld the shape of a world with a shadow on it. The heart of the angel knew its world—he hastened down and entered the empire of the kingdom of night. It was but the realisation of himself; but what was his horror and dismay—what spasms shot through his spirit—as the lonely archangel found himself, in that lonely and awful world, he looked up and found only a canopy of blackness above him, save one bright point in space, and he knew that to be the Infinite Eye then for the first time burning on him,—for the angels who have the light of God within them do not see his dreadful presence and robe of lightning. In those worlds it holds that the angels who see most of God without feel and see least of him within. All round the angel spread night, dark night, and the worst of all was, he had lost all clue to the pathway by which he came. How vainly Uriel mourned over the past, how vainly he attempted to return! He sighed for the light and the sunshine—in vain, he cannot return; he belongs now to the empire of night. Did you ever meet the angel who has lost his way on the darkness fringing our planet? I think I have sometimes seen him trailing his dark garments and uttering his wail of despair over lost beauty.

There is with minds, as with flowers and trees, an organic power in virtue of which the light is absorbed and radiated again. The leaf is in truth the vital lung of the tree or the flower. Wonderful is it to see in the pure white water-lily, in the rich pansy, in the golden laburnum, in the dark and powerful oak, in the rich rose, that every one is what it is,—beauty of colour and of form in virtue of its power to appropriate to itself

light. But how peculiar is the action of light! it is true that all seeds want shade, and that some need darkness for germination and development. How strange the action of actinism on the plant! Thus in the formation of individual minds, each mind has an organic power to absorb light, and its power of radiation and the character of its radiation will be measured by its power and character of absorption. Some minds, too, grow in darkness, moral and mental actinism, mental seclusion, moral agony and endurance. Who has not heard of the power of these? Has not Christianity been called the deification of sorrow? May you not say of the highest order of Christians what has been said of poets, that they

“Learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

In every discussion to which we devote ourselves, we carry along with us and impart to the subject we discuss the quality of our own mind; things become light about us from the degree of light in us. We cannot say of the mind of Mr. Martineau that it conveys light. But some minds are fascinated by mystery; some prefer umbrageous glooms and dark shadows; there are some who prefer a theology which leaves things unsettled and cloudy; there are moody Manichæans who love to see rather the gods at war than to behold one bright zodiacal lustre, comprehending within its clasp all things, and making even the “dragons and all deeps” to shout forth from their hells a compelled Hallelujah! We love what is in harmony with our own nature. The children of light walk in the light—the children of the darkness walk in the darkness. Christian in the Pathway of the Pilgrims, while he strayed pleasantly with the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, saw beneath and beyond

him the Mounts of Error, where at the bottom were seen men dashed all to pieces by a fall they had from climbing too high. The history of the church is full of the memories of those daring and adventurous spirits—and “their bones are with us to this day.”

This is what is meant by German literature; this is what is meant by being tainted with German. Most of those who talk against the German writings and German mind do not know what they talk about, but unconsciously they mean this:—the disposition to inquire into the dark, the dread, the winding, and impossible labyrinth—to throw the plummet down into the fathomless—the disposition to live and breathe amidst the mephitic airs and marshy stagnations which are not only found in the fens and lowlands of stolid ignorance, but which are also met with in the highlands of knowledge, and more foetid and unhealthy there, because away from the possibility of all drainage and human sympathy. The search for knowledge is great. The necessities of man's existence now compel him to search, and with the great saying of Lessing, in our present humanity, we must now accord: “Did the Almighty,” says he, “holding in his right hand Truth, and in his left *Search after Truth*, deign to proffer me the one I might prefer; in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request *Search after Truth*.” Yes, we should all prefer that prayer, but we should never find truth if we did not hold in our hand the lamp of reverence, and walk with modest caution. But ah! what a curse is it to be haunted for ever and for ever by the desire to take things to pieces—to take society to pieces—to take men to pieces—to take minds, and thoughts, and feelings to pieces! It is so much easier to take things to pieces than to put them together again.

Critical Analysis—philosophy—that is, in the modern acceptance of the term! Some men seem to be born into the world with the imperative necessity laid upon them to dissect all things: it is the morbid faculty. As long as it is on a man, how can he be other than what we call an infidel? He cannot see things in wholes, he looks upon them as parts. He cannot see the circle, he only sees the segment. You may define a sceptic to be a man who cannot walk round his own circumference; and whether the circumference be large or small, it is all the same; he must be unhappy—he must be a doubter. Hence the world to its deepest heart is sick of the word philosophy; for what has it come to mean? broad, clear, intelligent views of things? quite the reverse: it has come to mean, low, narrow, ignorant views of things; it is not occupied so much with a telescope to survey glorious constellations, as a mallet to break in pieces the rocks, and explore for dead fossils.

Certainly we, dissenting from so much in the writings and speakings of Mr. Martineau, have no idea that we are the men to set him right; we have no idea that we have any word to say to him which has not been already said a thousand times better to him a thousand times over by a thousand far nobler teachers than we can ever hope to be. His teachings are most beautiful, but they have no anchorage. In fact, a

“Pagan suckled in a creed outworn”

would find

“Glimpses that would make him less forlorn,”

than those gorgeous pieces of stained glass which reflect the subjects and objects of our preacher's thought.

The beautiful 'Endeavours after a Christian Life' contain no more than could be found in Plato, nor so much. Teaching like this is only refined Deism, is it?—in what sense can it be called Christian? We speak with the deepest respect of Mr. Martineau, and hope no word of ours may be interpreted as discourteous or unbecoming; but he has himself said, "there exist *in fact*, and should exist *in name*, two classes of persons, one of which assents to the supernatural origin of Christianity, and the other refuses assent to this notion; and while words descriptive of these two classes are needed in common parlance, the easiest arrangement is to maintain in currency the appellations *Christian* and *Deist* for this purpose, a purpose to which the prevailing usage of centuries has consigned them. The obloquy which attends the employment of the latter name should not be permitted to banish it if it answers well the purposes of language. The best way to tame the sting of evil terms, which ought to carry no reproach, is for good men to take them up and wear them." We would not say a word that would lead our readers to any erroneous impressions of this most beautiful genius and tender teacher; but in a word, what we are compelled to feel prominently, whether we hear his words or read his writings, is, that it is for the most part natural religion to which we listen—natural religion which is evolved before us—this and no more. We will neither attempt to find, nor suppose that there can be found, among the words of Mr. Martineau, any tending to favour the Hegelianisms, or the Manichæanisms, with which he has been charged. We do not say we find either Pantheism, or Atheism—the ideas of Compt, or of Oken. We suppose that he really does hold and cherish the truth of a personal Godhead; but we cannot see that

there is in the quality of his teaching, or his truth, anything to set it above natural theology.

At the risk of shocking our readers, we must say we give to natural theology, and to the doctrines and utility of natural theology, the very smallest possible portion of our faith. Of course we believe in the deductions of the unity, personality, beneficence, and wisdom of God from the fields of Nature; but it is very clear to our own minds that neither of these inductions would be possible without Revelation. Perhaps it would be possible to prove from the Book of Nature the converse of the unity, personality, beneficence, and wisdom of God. Nature says very contradictory things. The light is cheerful, but the lightning is terrible—the rain freshens, but the hailstorm frightens. We can wish to walk upon the wings of the wind, but who would wish to walk through the halls and secret places of the thunder? The ocean is calm and glorious, but I saw last night a brave vessel go down, it melted like a snow-flake, and every soul perished. The vintage of Italy is gay and merry, but the fires of Phlegrea are fierce, and the legends of Vesuvius are neither few nor mild. Nature is a great contradiction. I cannot but fancy sometimes I see some spiteful demon destroying her intelligence and her beauty. Walk into your garden, and look at the blight upon your bean-stalk—the rot at your potato-root. If I fly to the arctic realms, I perish in huge empires of ice. If I make my hut beneath the rich gums and trees of the south, the tiger leaps on me from the cave, the cobra or the constrictor from the tree. All creatures are at war with each other. Sometimes the whole world seems to me a drop of stagnant water in the great universe, or a great spider's web. I look and behold a huge Midgard serpent coiling around the whole

planet. It is plain that there have obtruded powers into our world, not divine. On the whole, I do not thank Nature for her consolations. I have tried them; they end in turning me into a Stoic, or a stone. I have interrogated Nature; I see how much she will give me. Go to a weeping widow or husband by the side of the dreadful coffin, and, carry your volume of natural theology! If you brought it to me, mad and frantic I should throw it into the flames. Go to a cottage in a famine, and talk natural theology! Go to the poor in the workhouse, and talk natural theology! Read a lecture on natural theology on a battle-field! Why, it is one of those horrible pieces of cold-stone mockery that would drive a brave heart deaf—dumb—frantic—mad! *Beautiful! beautiful!* Read some pages of Seneca, or Boetius, or Paley, when your house is in flames—your wife dying—your only boy lying dead!

And yet we cannot say that Mr. Martineau ever seems to us to rise much beyond this ethical stoicism. With a heart tender evidently as a woman's—a pious, holy, devout, reverent man, capable of saying brave things of love and gentleness to the tearful and the despairing,—yet they are cold. If we say a word to wrong him, we would willingly say any word of atonement or compensation, for we will confess our obligation to him—the rich delight with which we have perused his works. But, it must be said, God, in these sermons, seems to sit on a throne of glaciers. Immortality looks like a pathway seen girt and gleaming but through Alpine snows. Christ stands before us like a marble statue in a church, hoary with the frosts of ages. Religion is chiselled down to duty; devotion to thinking about God. The human race welter before us like a world full of helpless idiots, shipwrecked on the

frozen zone ; and the Gospel, to mend all, is a messenger of which it may be said—not to the poor is it preached, but to the rational—the polite—the frigid scholar, “is the word of *this* salvation sent.”

Mr. Martineau always reads his sermons ; we fancy that he does not feel much interest in what he reads. The interest he feels in his opinions is not that interest which would lead him to feel the necessity either of their publication or reception. He is so thoroughly eclectic ; he preaches as a professor might be supposed to speak from the professor’s chair to students. It does not follow because a man reads, that he should not be an orator—that he should not feel, and feel deeply himself, and also take captive the feelings of his auditors. Dr. Chalmers read, Dr. Harris reads ; and mighty as was the voice of the one, so sweet and irresistible is the voice of the other. But Mr. Martineau deals so much more with the realm of mental than with that of moral conviction. You feel that it is what is usually denominated an intellectual treat ; and it is an intellectual treat of the highest order, if you be accustomed to the arenas of metaphysical disquisition, or to the heavens of a rapt and starry fancy. But all those mighty and overpowering passions of the soul which sweep into their circle language, feeling, thought, and compel their utterance in tones which startle and which awe—these he seems to be an entire stranger to.

We have felt as we feel in reading Shelley’s poetry, or the Curse of Kehama, or Thalaba, or the Angel World : the human is not near enough to us ; it may be the humanity of the intellect, but it is not humanity in its wholeness ; there is no shade of his mind that reflects at all Elijah, or Isaiah, or Paul, or Peter, and we think not even John. He would not waylay

Ahab, or dash his harp in frenzy and in fire, till the chords shook with the thunder of his words "Ho! every one that thirsteth come to the waters." "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." He would not sneer; we doubt even if those serene lips could ever sneer at any one; but he would not admire the passion of the man who could gird himself for the tempest of speech, and say, "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel." And of all men, he could never talk to little children, or find in his study milk for babes. He lives in the realm of abstractions, all of them glittering like stars on a frosty night—most of them as remote and as cold. Preaching seems to him an easy intellectual gladiatorship, with mental shadows and phantoms; in which he sometimes sets the children of fancy to disperse the children of thought.

Thus we can in no sense speak of Mr. Martineau as an orator; he has few, scarcely any words for the multitude; his thoughts, his tones, his sentences, can only be the property of men of taste, and reading men, endowed with a more than ordinary share of intelligence; the imagery he employs is exceedingly select, and every performance bespeaks the most polished individuality, not polished like the verses of Pope, or the essays of Macaulay, but like the compositions of a man in whom strong feelings, large knowledge, and fastidiousness of taste, struggle for the mastery over the style. These pulpit discourses are essays, unquestionably; but essays such as make nearly all other pulpit compositions, bearing that name, to look tame and cold; indeed they are by no means themes, written and spoken as specimens of what the author or preacher could do in that way; but they are real performances. Such as they are, they are the life-lava of the man. There is fire in these words,

but it is the fire rather of Hecla than Etna or Vesuvius; it comes to us through the ice and the snow—there is a cold iron-grey sky over, and a wintry snowy waste around, these most beautiful and affecting words.

The following passages will give the reader some idea of the manner in which Mr. Martineau expresses himself, both in his thought, his feeling, and his rhetoric; and first for his sentences,—and they will illustrate the peculiarity of his imagination, and its power to seize upon figures of speech and illustration, which would usually be thought not only unusual, but, we fancy, to ordinary hearers occult.

Society.—“The moral structure of society partakes of the character of those huge machines which have done so much to make at once its wealth and weakness, each man being but as a screw or pinion of the whole, locked into a system that holds him fast, or whirls him on, and having no longer a separate symmetry and worth.”

Eclecticism.—“We are not all alike, and God does not exist for any miserable egotist alone. We are all, indeed, set in one infinite sphere of universal reason and conscience; but scattered over it to follow separate circles, and attain every variety of altitude in faith. Like stars upon the same meridian, whose culminating points cannot be alike, we touch our supreme height at different elevations: and the measure which is far down on the course of one mind, may be the acme of religion in another.”

Silence.—“There are also things too high to be spoken of, and which cease to be high by being made objects of ordinary speech. Language occupies the mid-region of our life, between the wants that ground us on the earth and the affections that lift us to the skies. Religion in the soul is like a spirit hiding in enshadowed

forests: call it into the staring light, it is exhaled and seen no more; or as the whispering of God among the trees,—peer about behind the leaves and it is not there. Men in deep reverence do not talk to one another, but remain with hushed mind side by side.”

Freedom and Necessity.—“Man himself by the highest will is inserted between things of which he is lord, and obligations which he must serve.”

Weakness of the Human Will.—“There is nothing vainer or more hopeless than the direct struggles of the mind to transform its own affections, to change by a fiat of volition the order of its tastes, and the intensity of its love. Self-inspiration is a contradiction; and to suspend by upheavings of the will the force of habitual desire, is no less impossible than by the writhings of the muscles to annihilate our own weight. But if Christianity presents the perplexity, its spirit affords the solution; it sends each faculty of our nature to its proper office, our veneration to Christ, our wills to their duty. It precipitates us on action as the proper school of affection.”

Great Words.—“When speech is given to a soul holy and true, Time, and its dome of ages, becomes as a mighty whispering-gallery, round which the imprisoned utterance runs, and reverberates for ever.”

The Education of the Affections.—“God only lends us the objects of our affection; the affection itself he gives us in perpetuity.”

Old Age.—“Certain too it is, that to the open mind fresh gleamings enter to the last; strange stirrings of diviner sympathies; waves of thin transparent light flitting through the spaces of the aged mind, like the Aurora of the North across the wintry sky.”

Content.—“Of nothing may we be more sure than

this ; that if we cannot sanctify our present lot, we could sanctify no other."

The Infallibility of the Divine Mind.—"All except the atheist will agree that there is infallibility *somewhere* ; a mind, that is, all whose ideas are in the order of truth, and all whose emotions in the beauty of excellence. The supreme intelligence of God, within whose immensity the scheme of creation was projected as a magnificent picture ere it was executed as a living reality, can mistake nothing in its circuit. Every leaf in the immense forest of events was present to his view ere the first seed was dropped in the bleak mountains of time. Those material forces which the collective genius of man is toiling for centuries to compute, are, with all their vastness and all their subtlety, for ever pierced by his solitary intuition. The far spaces of which science labours to reach some faint vision, the theatre of other worlds, the regions of stellar light, lie, with ourselves, as a vivid point within his consciousness. Our minds, the minds of all created beings, their rapid glances, thought, their successions of emotions, their flutterings of desire, their silent sorrows, their aspirations of duty, their order of progress, and speed of ascent up the heights of the future, are unforgotten scenes in the great drama, whose evolutions he is leading on. God, indeed, the primal cause of all, does not discover truth, but invent it ; does not perceive relations, but devise them ; does not admire the beautiful, but create it ; does not admire goodness, but originate it. Yet it is in the process of discovery that fallacies creep in ; in the perceptions of relations that errors find a place ; in the estimate of beauty that perversions of fancy intrude ; in the verdict of moral sentiment that the judgments of conscience mistake. He whose nature

can receive no impressions, for He is the source of all; He to whom the very universe is not an external thing, but an object of introspection, for his mind embraces it; He to whom neither past nor future are distant obscurities, for they consist of events stirring within his present thought, is by his own nature without possibility of error. There at least, in that inaccessible abyss of glory, infallibility exists."

Silence.—"All beneficent and creative power gathers itself together in silence ere it issues out in might. Force itself, indeed, is naturally silent, and only makes itself heard, if at all, when it strikes upon obstructions, to bear them away as it returns to equilibrium again. The very hurricane that roars over land and ocean flits noiselessly through spaces where nothing meets it. The blessed sunshine says nothing as it warms the vernal earth, tempts out the tender grass, and decks the field and forest in their glory. Silence came before creation, and the heavens were spread without a word. Christ was born at dead of night, and, though there has been no power like his, 'he did not strive nor cry, neither was his voice heard in the streets.' Nowhere can you find any beautiful work, any noble design, any durable endeavour, that was not nurtured in long and patient silence ere it spake out in its accomplishment."

The Coming Hours.—"The coming hours are open yet—pure and spotless receptacles for whatever you may deposit there; pledged to no evil, secure of no good, neither mortgaged to greedy passion nor given to generous toil. There they lie in non-existence still, ready to be organised by a creative spirit of beauty, or made foul with deformity and waste. Perhaps it is this thought, this secret sense of moral contingency, that gives to so simple a thing as the beat of a pen-

dulum, or the forward start of the finger on the dial, a solemnity beyond expression. The gliding heavens are less awful at midnight than the ticking clock. Their noiseless movement, undivided, serene, and everlasting, is as the flow of Divine duration, that cannot affect the place of the Eternal God. But those sharp strokes, with their inexorably steady intersections, so agree with our successive thoughts, that they seem like the punctual stops counting off our very souls into the past—the flitting messengers that dip for a moment on our breasts, then bear the pure or sinful thing irrevocably away—light with mystic hopes as they arrive, charged with sad realities as they depart. So passes—and we cannot stay it—our only portion of opportunity: the fragments of that blessed chance which has been travelling to us from all eternity are dropping quickly off. Let us start up and live: here come the moments that cannot be had again; some few may yet be filled with imperishable good.”

These citations will show that, in a word, the lamps of Mr. Martineau’s pulpit are Poetry and Philosophy, and both are trimmed with the oil of nature. We are compelled to say Revelation has done little here; we say it most respectfully, he might as well take texts from the Greek tragedians, from the Republic, Phædo, or Phædrus of Plato. We dare not say to what extent Mr. Martineau has travelled the road of moral experience and consciousness, but from his sermons we have gathered little but the light of Nature. Once we heard him preach such a sermon that it seemed to us to border on the very edge of the most advanced orthodoxy:—“The carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.” There is a wide difference between the writings of

Channing and Martineau in this particular—Channing's seemed to be much more interpenetrated with the truth of the Gospel Revelation—Nature will give to us a lamp bright enough to show the darkness in which we are immured; she will not, she cannot, give a light sufficiently bright to show the pathway out of the gloom: she can show to us sin, she cannot show to us "the propitiation for our sin." Did you ever read Schiller's *Diver*? Did you ever descend with him for the lost vase, into the boiling, seething, howling abyss? Did you go down into the pathless obscure—into the silent horror of the unfathomed and unfathomable deep—among the dreadful beings of the waters—the salamander, the snake, the dragon, the dreadful reptiles that glided through the dark, the terrible hammer-fish, the shark, the hyena of the ocean? Is it not a picture of the vision that opens to a man when for the first time he knows sin—knows it not by committing it, but by perceiving its infinite relations and its horror? What intensity it gives to the moral vision!—the sense of sin, the perception of the Saviour deepens even that sense, if the *Diver* can come back from his terrible descent and can sing:—

"Methought as I gazed through the darkness, that now
 It saw—the dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey,
 And darted—oh God!—from the far-flaming bough
 Of the coral. I swept on the horrible way;
 And it seized me,—the wave with its wrath and its roar:
 It seized me to save. King, the danger is o'er."*

But the doom of Nature seems to be much more visibly imprinted on Mr. Martineau's mind than the light of Grace. As we have already said, his mental conscious-

* Bulwer's translation. Tholuck has made a similar application of this noble ballad.

ness lies in much closer relationship to him than his moral. His delights are intellectual and emotional; he does not, we fancy, need to utter Sir Thomas Browne's complaint that there are not impossibilities enough in religion for his faith; he cannot say, "I love to lose myself in a mystery;" it is not his solitary recreation to pose his apprehension with the "involved riddles and enigmas of the incarnation;" he would never say with Tertullian, "*Certum est quia impossibile est*"—"It is certainly true because it is quite impossible." Dearly fond of paradox as is our preacher, he is not so fond of it as that. Adopting Mr. Coleridge's celebrated distinction between reason and understanding, defining the reason to be "the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves;" and the understanding to be "the faculty which judges according to sense;" while we give to Mr. Martineau a place of eminence in both domains, his power unquestionably lies in closer relationship to the first than the last; he sees truth more in its reflection from the sense than from its own light; but he is himself a living paradox, since he insists on dwelling in the neighbourhood, and availing himself of the light of pure reason. Nature sent him into the world, as we have before said, to be a poet, and he insists upon it that he should be a philosopher: she gave to him fresh, vivid, and vigorous instincts, and bade him use them; he would fain part with them, and use the tools of logic and metaphysics.

He looks like a man to whom time and space are burthens too grievous to be borne; he looks like a man who is roaming up and down the world in quest of the unconditioned. "Is there no private doorway by which I can step out of time—is there no Fortunatus' cap by

which I can translate myself out of space?" He reads his papers from his pulpit even like a man who winds his way along the sands, the rocks, the pebbles, and the shores, and diverts rather than amuses his mind in picking up the curious shells, impatiently waiting for the ship to convey him from the desolate and desert island where he can learn so little. With humble, pious heart he seems to live in the region of perpetual wonder, and walks amidst the mysteries of theology, his pathway illuminated rather by the shadows of fear, than of faith. Sometimes he seems like one who impatiently leaves the shore and haunts the mountains, startling their solitude by his voice, and wondering that the fairy people of the echoes do not come. His words convey with them to our mind the sentiment of humble unrest—a submissive surprise—even as if the wail of an organ, reflected from the column of a minster, started at its own tone of awful solitude.

Immortality.—"It is a perilous, and even fatal concession to the power of the grave, to admit that it holds anything in non-existence, and absolutely cancels souls; swallowing up every trace of their identity, and necessitating the creation of another, the corresponding series. Once let an object of deep love drop into that abyss, and sink in its privative darkness, and how shall I recover it again? Faith stands trembling on the awful brink, and with vain cries and broken supplications, owns herself unequal to the task: for between *being* and no being, who can fathom the infinite depth? The very creature that has really fallen through it, scarcely can Omnipotence bring back, though it produce another like in every feature, giving us the phantasm and not the essence. But neither to God's power, nor to our faith, does death present any serious perplexity,

if it be only the migration of a spirit that does not cease to live. Thus regarded, it interposes nothing but physical distance between us and the objects of our affectionate remembrance, while we are poor wayfarers still, with hot and bleeding feet, along the highway and dust of life, our companions have but mounted the divergent path to explore the more sacred streams, and visit the diviner vales, and wander amid the everlasting Alps of God's upper province of creation. The memorial which our hand affectionately raised when they departed, is no monument to tell what has been and is no more ; it is no symbol of hopeless loss ; but the landmark from which we measure off the miles of our solitary way, and reckon the definite though unknown remnant of our pilgrimage : and as the retrospect is lengthened out, the prospective loneliness is shortening to its close. And so we keep up the courage of our hearts, and refresh ourselves with the memories of love, and travel forward in the ways of duty with less weary step, feeling ever for the hand of God, and listening for the domestic voices of the immortals, whose happy welcome waits us. Death, in short, under the Christian aspect, is but God's method of colonization ; the transition from this mother-country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration. What, though no other passage thither is permitted to all the living, and by neither eye nor ear we can discover any trace of that unknown receptacle of vivid and glorious life ? So might the dwellers in any other sphere make complaint respecting our poor world. Intensely as it burns with life, dizzy as our thought becomes with the din of its eager passions, and the cries of its many woes, yet from the nearest station that God's universe affords,—nay, at a few miles beyond its own confines,—all its stormy

force, its crowded cities, the breathless hurry and ferment of its nations,—the whole apparition and chorus of humanity, is still and motionless as death; gathered and lost in the circumference of a dark or an illumined disk. And silent as those midnight heavens appear, well may there be among their points of light, some one that thrills with the glow of our lost and immortal generations; busy with the fleet movements, and happy energies of existence more vivid than our own; where, as we approach, we might catch the awful voices of the mighty dead, and the sweeter tones, lately heard in the last pain and sorrow of our own departed ones.”

The Fall of the Year.—“However constant the visitations of sickness and bereavement, the fall of the year is most thickly strewn with the fall of human life. Everywhere the spirit of some sad power seems to direct the time: it hides from us the blue heavens; it makes the green wave turbid; it walks through the fields, and lays the damp, ungathered harvest low; it cries out in the night wind and the shrill hail; it steals the summer bloom from the infant cheek; it makes old age shiver to the heart; it goes to the churchyard and chooses many a grave, it flies to the bell, and enjoins it when to toll. It is GOD that goes his yearly round; that gathers up the appointed lives; and even where the hour is not come, engraves by pain and poverty many a sharp and solemn lesson on the heart.”

Consciousness of Guilt in the Christian Dispensation.—“So deep and solemn did the sense of guilt become under the influence of Christian thoughts, that at length the overburthened heart of fervent times could endure the weight no longer. The confessional arose, to relieve it and restore a periodic peace; and it became the chief object of the widest sacerdotal order which the world

has ever seen to soothe the sobs and listen to the whispered record of human penitence. Cities, too, as if conscious of their corruption, bid the silent minster rise amid their streets, where, instead of the short daily or Sabbath service, unceasing, eternal orisons might be said for sin, where the door might open to the touch all day and the lamp be seen beneath the vault by night, and the passer-by, caught by the low chant, might be tempted to interrupt the chase of vanity without, for the peace of prayer within. And so in every ancient village church in Europe there is a corner that has been moistened with the burning tears of many generations, and witness to the confessions and griefs that prove the children's conscience and affections to be such as their fathers were; and the cathedral aisle, emblem of the mighty heart of Christendom, has for centuries been swelled with the plaint of a repentant music, shedding its sighs aloft into the spire as if to reach and kiss the feet of God. In private dwellings, too, from the hearts of parents and of children, every morning and evening, for ages past, has seen many sad and lowly prayers ascend. Everywhere the Christian mind proclaims its need of mercy, and bends beneath the oppression of its guilt; and since Jesus began to 'reveal the thoughts of many hearts,' Christendom, with clasped hands, has fallen at his feet and cried, 'We are sinful men, O Lord!'"

The Piety of Poverty.—"When the great Father, in his everlasting watch, paces his daily and nightly rounds, and through these lower mansions of his house, gathers in the offered desires of his children, *where*, think you, does he hear the tones of deepest love, and see on the uplifted face the light of most heartfelt gratitude? Not where his gifts are most profuse, but where they seem

most meagre ; not where the suppliants' worship glides forth from the cushion of luxury, through lips satiated with plenty and rounded by health ; not within the halls of successful ambition, or even the dwellings of unbroken domestic peace ; but where the outcast, flying from persecution, kneels in the evening upon the rock whereon he sleeps ; at the fresh grave, where, as the earth is opened, heaven, in answer, opens too ; by the pillow of the wasted sufferer, where the sunken eye, denied sleep, converses with a silent star, and the hollow voice enumerates in low prayer the scanty list of comforts and shortened tale of hopes. Genial almost to miracle is the soil of sorrow, wherein the smallest seed of love, timely falling, becometh a tree, in whose foliage the birds of blessed song lodge and sing unceasingly. And the doubts of God's goodness, whence are they ? Rarely from the weary and overburdened, from those broken in the practical service of grief and toil ; but from theoretic students, at ease in their closets of meditation, treated themselves most gently by that legislation of the universe which they criticise with a melancholy so profound."

Nature beheld best without Science.—"We are always in the presence of God, and there would seem to be, when he forgets that we are by, and by his own nature confesses itself through all the loneliness of space, and we may apprehend its essence rather than its act. To do this we have but to look on creation as a picture, instead of examining it as a machine. It must fix our eye as a work of beauty, not as a structure of ingenuity. The simplest impressions from nature are the deepest and most devout, and to get back to these, after spoiling the vision with the artificial glasses of science, is the difficult wisdom of the pure heart. The modest flower,

nestling in the meadow-grass; the happy tree, as it laughs and riots in the wind; the moody cloud, knitting its brow in solemn thought; the river that has been flowing all night along; the sound of the thirsty earth, as it drinks and relishes the rain—these things are as a full hymn, when they flow from the melody of nature, but an empty rhythm when scanned by the finger of art. The soul as it sings cannot both worship and beat time. The rainbow, interpreted by the prism, is not more sacred than when it was taken for the memorandum of God's promissory mercy painting the access and recess of his thought. The holy night, that shows us how much more the sunshine hides than it reveals, and warns us that the more clearly we see what is beneath our feet, the more astonishing is our blindness to what is above our heads, is less divine when watched from the observatory of science than when gazed at from the oratory of secret prayer. To the one it is the ancient architecture, to the other the instant meditation of the Most High. And so it is with all the common features of our world. The daily light, fresh as a young child every morning, and dignified as the mellowness of age at even; the yearly changes, less fair and dear to our infancy than to our maturity; the weariness of nature as she drops her leaves; the glee with which she hangs them out again; the silver mists of autumn; the slanting rains of spring; the sweeping lines of drifted snow—all are as the natural language of God, the turns of his Almighty thought, to the spirit that lies open to their wonder; to others they are but a spinning of the earth, an evaporation of the waters, an equilibrium in the winds."

As we have selected citation after citation from the beautiful words of our preacher, we have allowed

nothing of ours—no criticism—to interrupt the swell and fall of their eloquent music. It is possible that many of our readers may have thought there was little occasion for any exceptional words at all; that we might have looked at Mr. Martineau in the pulpit, and there have left him. For ourselves we have only to say, that for such a man and for such a mind we desire, only to feel admiration. Of course, we must wish that he held Christian truth in its higher and more spiritual relations. We have no idea that he would merely regard Christianity, as many Unitarians regard it, as a cold temple built from the stones of Judea and the marbles of Greece, and standing—fronting, indeed, the Pantheons and shrines of Polytheism, but yet with no divine descending fire, blazing on its altars. Most Unitarians abjure the supernatural element in the Christian religion altogether. It is a compliment involving a fiction to call much of so-called Unitarianism religion. Yet we think, too, that they do not receive that courtesy and consideration from other bodies they deserve to receive. Orthodoxy weakens itself by its persecuting tone towards them. It is certain that Mr. Martineau does hold the supernatural element in the Christian religion. It is not to him merely an ethical system or a code of mental science. And we have no doubt that he has severe mental trials, and that his thrilling words and beautiful pictures are the representatives of a life of inner trial and pain. To him, no doubt, religion is a sacred reality; but without a doubt he is the great Nominalist of our modern pulpit—the Rationalist to whom we may refer as giving the highest and the purest illustration of what Rationalism is—a Rationalist, such as Descartes might have become; for he evidently not only makes human reason the judge of truth, but he makes it also, or we

much mistake his' drift, the guide in the search for it as well; and we do not doubt that he would also go the one step further, of asserting that truth must reside in ourselves, in our perceptions and convictions with reference to it. Snatching from the Druid in the Walpurgis Night—the words of his hymn—we believe we do him no wrong when we suppose that he would give them out in his own rich cathedral structure, as equally appropriate for the forest of Gothic pillars, as for the forest of Celtic oaks or cairns and rocking stones,—as fit for the wail of his organ as for the clash of the Druidic cymbal.

“FATHER *of All*, to Thee we pray
By night—in secret—insecure;
But the darkness is like day
If the heart within be pure.
What they do Thou dost permit:
We endure and pardon it.
As glows through smoke the bursting light,
Our faith thus strengthen day by day;
And then, though dimmed each ancient rite,
Oh who can take Thy light away?” *

* Anster's Translation.

DR. EDWARD ANDREWS,

LATE OF WALWORTH.

“ Well, it puts me in mind of a conversation between a complacent poplar and a grim old oak which I overheard the other day. The poplar said that it grew up quite straight, heavenwards; that all its branches pointed the same way, and always had done so. Turning to the oak, which it had been talking at before for some time, the poplar went on to remark that it did not wish to say anything unfriendly to a brother of the forest, but that warped and twisted branches seemed to show strange struggles. The tall thing concluded its oration by saying that it grew up very fast; and that, when it had done growing, it did not suffer itself to be made into huge floating engines of destruction. But different trees had different tastes. There was then a sound from the old oak like an ‘ Ah!’ or a ‘ Whew!’ or perhaps it was only the wind amongst its resisting branches; and the gaunt creature said that it had had ugly winds from without, and cross-grained impulses from within; that it knew it had thrown out awkwardly a branch here and a branch there, which would never come quite right again it feared; that men worked it up, sometimes for good, and sometimes for evil—but that at any rate it had not lived for nothing. The poplar began again immediately (for this kind of tree can talk for ever); but I patted the old oak approvingly, and went on.”—*FRIENDS IN COUNCIL, Despair.*

“ AND let me beg you to be quick about it, sir, for ministers are soon forgotten!” said Dr. Hamilton to the printer in his study as he handed him the last sheets of the ‘ Life of Ely.’ The reader will remember we quoted that significant saying some pages back.

Ah! it seems strange—and let us hope that to some amongst us at any rate it seems painful—that talent and genius drop from their stations in the pulpit and elsewhere, and that so few remember to regret, how soon our most eminent teachers are forgotten; for, indeed,

eloquence of an unusual character has been heard in our own day. Genius has flashed and lightened over entranced and enraptured audiences; learning, and piety, and diction, rousing and subduing: and now all so hushed and forgotten—forgotten, save by the select and loving few. It is but recently, or it appears but recently, that we heard the voice of HOWELL, of Long Acre, vehement, earnest, and impetuous; and FLETCHER, of Stepney, so thoughtful, so dignified, and instructive; and HYATT, of the Tabernacle, so impassioned, and earnest, and impressive, fervid as the voice of that John that cried in the wilderness—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." A day or two since, and we listened to the humour of HILL; to WILKES, so symmetrical, yet so rustic; to the pious breathings of HARRINGTON EVANS and WATTS WILKINSON; to the homely, and tender, and beautiful genius of WAUGH, to his latest day fresh as a mountain daisy; to the impetuous and gorgeous CHALMERS; the princely, the illustrious HALL; the erring and yearning IRVING, brilliant and mystic like the belt of a theological Orion: all gone! BELFRAGE and HUEGH, so hearty and loving; and CHRISTMAS EVANS; and JOHN ELIAS; and WILLIAMS, of Wern; all gone! And poor EDWARD PARSONS, well worthy of some pitying tears; and compelling from his unhonoured grave our mourning admiration for the classic fulness and elegance of his genius. And BENJAMIN PARSONS, broad, strong, rugged, and sound as an English oak; and COLLYER, graceful and pliant as a mountain ash. And ROBERT MCALL, the Cicero of Non-conformity—as Hall was the Demosthenes. And THORP, the elder; and, alas for him! THORP, the younger, too. And JAY, one of the old Puritans risen from the dead; and THOMAS ROBERTS, all gone!

“Gone! Are they gone, who brightly shone?
Oh gloomy, chilly night!
Now left alone, we deeply moan
Their much lamented light.
The Prophets, too!—the Prophets, too!
Why do they cease to cry?
Will not kind heaven the lamp renew?
Must, too, the Prophets die?”

Long is the list, and magnificent to revert to: these men had all their faults, their eccentricities; most of them, too, possessed a broad individuality of character, from which the more modern ministry shrinks terrified; they represented a state of society—or *most* did—more free and unfettered than ours; they had not trimmed themselves down to a “pale unanimity.” But whatever the breadth of their mental proportions, whatever the measure of their love or their labour: they have left us, and we only revert to their names as illustrations of the rapidity with which our eminent men depart, not only from the world, but from the memory of survivors too. How sweet it is to walk in the bye-lanes of biography and memory, and alight on forgotten names, still smiling, still fragrant, like a violet or forget-me-not, although lost sight of.

Did you know DR. EDWARD ANDREWS, of Walworth? Our boyhood’s enthusiasm was often kindled in his costly temple. Magnificent man! Endowed with all the most eminent attractions of genius, in a most affluent degree; yet who now pronounces his name? or, who ever culled the flowers to bind a garland round his headstone? At one period one of the most popular preachers of the Metropolis, his chapel, although perhaps it would not strike the eye as so splendid now, appeared in its munificence of fancies, extraordinary then;—the stained glass, and the Aaronic and Mosaic figures, the

Baptist and St. Paul in carving—the rich, loud organ, and the altar-piece—all this, and the geometrical pulpit, gave you certainly no idea of the dissenting conventicle; and once, when indeed we were little better than a boy, we ventured to doubt the propriety of all this, for our ideas were cast in a mould of the most simple Puritanism (blessings upon our dear and long since sainted instructor!). “God,” said the Doctor, “should be worshipped with the best of everything, my boy—best architecture, best painting, best music, best sculpture, best poetry, and best genius.” You may depend upon it, it was a settler; and, now we see the sophistry more, are we yet more disposed to admit the argument.

And Edward Andrews was endowed with genius. Like most men of genius, like all men of lofty genius, he held his worth too cheaply; he never could appraise himself at his proper value. There were few things, by all account, he could not do; yet perhaps there was scarce anything he *attempted* to do—musician, painter, linguist, philosopher, poet—he was a wonderfully many-sided man; a wit and humourist, he yet illustrated the strange perversity of humanity by yielding his faith to the narrow dogmas of the most cold and frigid hyperism; but the people would crowd to listen to the outshinings of his genius. His was the power that could seize the abstract fact of science and hold it up replete with the beauties of poetry, as an illustration for the pulpit. His fancy was daringly imitable; humour he could not altogether restrain, although he reined it and made it most subservient to the purposes of instruction. He blurted his sentences forth after a similar fashion to George Dawson; but then as they came they gleamed radiant from the mint of genius and deep-heartedness, which is (may we not say, ever?) the companion of

genius. Alas! for the quick glancing glory of that grey eye: tongue, must we hear it—eye, must we see it no more? Their like we have never found since, and never shall.

All London, at one time, heard of the eccentricities of Dr. Andrews. He was so perfectly free from conventionalism—so wholly a child—he did not know that what he did and said was strange. It lay upon his mind—what could he do but utter it? We very well remember one Sabbath morning, after pursuing his way through his discourse, happily and beautifully—noticing all the particulars beneath the two first heads, he came to a dead stand. “Now, look,” said he, “as I came up those pulpit stairs, I had all the parts of this sermon well written on my mind; and now I cannot call to mind this third head. Organist! strike up a symphony, or a doxology;—it will come—it will come, presently!” and then, while the organ played, as simple as a child he leaned over the pulpit, and when the tones ceased, “Yes,” said he, “yes, I have it; how remarkable!” and, instead of giving us the lost head of discourse, he branched out into a dissertation upon the laws of relative suggestion and association. He returned to the “head,” however, afterwards. So the crying of a child never produced in him any irritability; he would sometimes look at the mother and say, “Poor thing! poor thing! Better take it out—won’t be good!—won’t be good!” And it was as easy for the Doctor to say sweet, good, bright things, as for a child to pick up shells upon a sea-beach; his mind and heart were full of them.

To any one familiar with both men he suggests immediately a resemblance to HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Exceedingly alike in their personal appearance, the likeness is yet more striking in mind; their foreheads so similar;

and both covered in just the same way with the black hair grizzling into grey; their half-buried, half-lazy, shambling, shuffling, down-looking walk; their slovenly appearance of dress; their half-wild, yet wholly gentle manner, when spoken to. Then their sins were very much alike, alas! and so were their virtues; both led a lazy life, and both had offers from Frazer and other eminent publishers, by which they might have obtained a competence in a year or two. Andrews enjoyed the writing of loose fragments, like Coleridge's "Marginalia," in any sort of books, and Coleridge might have written the glorious drama of Andrews, called "Sampson." Both of them loved the fine arts in their own way; both were fountains of awful tenderness; both entranced all companies they entered; both would stay to kiss a child in the street, or take it from its mother's arms and carry it some distance, from pure love to it; and both died at the same age, and neither left behind any adequate recollection of genius or power. Andrews has gone to forgetfulness, and Hartley is fast hastening on his way thither.

Another name with which we often associate that of Andrews, was Hamilton, of Leeds; but here we give the palm to our friend of London. He was more truly free, although the disciple of so much sterner a creed, or rather the same creed, held in so much sterner relations. Like Hamilton, he has been accused of a barbarous dissonance. Like Hamilton, he could not curb in the pinions of his luxuriant fancy. Like Hamilton, his soul was larger than any sect; but he did not, like Hamilton, perpetually attempt to trim down his soul to the dominions of his sect. Like Hamilton, he bound up his beauties within small sententious circles. Thus, in an oration for a member of his church, he closed by

saying, "What can I say to describe to you a passage to heaven so beautiful and gentle as this? What shall I say but that *the spirit passed from the body as music flits from the string.*" Was not this, too, an image worthy of Hartley Coleridge? And sometimes those sentences were laden with gold, and oppressive in their sublimity. In a sermon from the text, "The King's daughter is all glorious within," he described a recent visit to the House of Lords, and strikingly told how his eye was fascinated by an illustrious personage, who had borne up the heaving continent upon his shoulders. "He looked again," said he, "and *the silvery grey of his hair was flecked with the blood-dust of the battle shower—he was not all glorious within.*" And how striking sometimes was the accompanying action! Once, we remember, the close of a funeral sermon, after a series of remarks of uncommon force and brilliancy, was electrical. The finger was turned to the vacant seat in the pew, and he uttered the word "*Absent!*" A second or two only elapsed, and the finger was pointed upwards, and the word "*Present!*" thrilled like a hymn of consolation through the chapel. And the glory of all these things was only the more perceptible, because apparently so unpremeditated. All things said and done were said and done off hand, and in a tone that might surely appear gruff, but for the music of sensibility, which turned its otherwise harsh cadences to the divinest harmony—so bluntly he shook out upon his auditors words and allusions which each was a poem. The mention of some topics seemed instantly to transport him. He could describe with enrapturing fervour the progress of a spirit through future ages in knowledge and wisdom; he could describe a cherub winged upon his mission through the infinite spheres. The most

entrancing figures of earthly association appeared to crowd upon him; he felt the difficulty of selection. No man ever revealed more plainly than he, how much more he felt and saw than he was able to utter; his eye revealed it. The figure and the phrase were beautiful, but from that rough and careless tongue, yet quivering with sensibility, they became overpowering and sublime.

The sermons of Dr. Andrews are published, but out of print; and now, doubtless, quite unknown. We shall scarcely apologize for presenting to our readers several extracts from the volume; but they give no idea of the hurrying brilliancy which glanced perpetually over these compositions in the course of their enunciation. Then, again, these sermons were wonderfully illuminated by their delivery; not that the Doctor was an orator. He spoke wholly without art; he never sought to inflame, or to enrapture: in speaking, in fact, he sought to do nothing, but just talked on; and while talking, it seemed to you as if words and ideas happened to fall, in that strange beauty of combination, almost without volition on the part of the preacher. He was fond of pictorial words, but in the spoken style of his discourse, the image was frequently far more continuous and prolonged. The written sermon has sometimes the appearance of additional finery, which, of course, deducts from real worth. Without any separate introduction, we will take, at random, a few of the illustrations of the Doctor's thought and eloquence:—

“Let us beware of charging God foolishly. The insect that flutters on the surface of a stupendous pile is ill-qualified to survey its proportions, and to offer criticisms upon the wisdom of the architect.”

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“Awful—the idea of a world ceasing! Even when a moth expires on the microscope of the naturalist, the mind becomes pathetically affected: a living being has made its exit from our world—its little heart has ceased to beat—its wings will no longer shine in the sun! But how is this thought aggrandized, when we rise to a city deserted, and sit with Marius on the ruins of Carthage; or, with Jeremiah, on the wasted plains of Judea, when the elders have ceased from the gate, and the young men and the virgins from their music. But, oh! think of a world perishing!—the music of the spheres—the moon’s voluptuous lamp—the sun’s golden flambeaux—all the decorations of heaven rent, and the mighty business of the world at an end! Then, how dreadful to have to say—‘The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved;’ suns have risen and set; prophets have harangued; miracles have blazed; the Saviour has died! the Holy Spirit has descended; conscience has thundered; the world is burnt up;—and—we are not saved!”

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“And what a hallelujah will that be!—what a meeting on the banks of the river, when our bliss is secure! How delightful our first walk in the garden, after the day of judgment is over, and we are safely received into the paradise of light! What recollections! what anticipations!—glittering angels and lofty cherubims gliding by upon fanning wings, making heaven’s odours more delightful, and flinging everlasting fragrance through all the air—flowers, bright as stars, and tremulous as a tear—trees, whose shadow is illumined with golden fruit—fresh swelling cadences from distant harps—and sudden bursts of chorus from different companies, lost in the whirlpool of praise. Oh, my soul! sit down

and ponder these things, and then tell the dull earth it is unworthy of thy love! Let Dagon already feel the shaking, and fall—immense and heavy—from his pedestal, never more to be reared! Now let the strain begin, and night, dark night, cover all the gemmed vanities that rise between us and the mount of God! Strike up, seraphs! our hearts beat in unison, and Thy Sacred Name, oh Jesus, be my song!”

The cold in temperament—the unideal—cannot tolerate this profuse outpouring of language and fancy. The preacher was essentially a poet, and he could only express himself as a poet. Look at the following:—

“The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. The Old Testament saints saw his glory in the beaming altar—in the glittering targets that were hung round the temple—in the drop of light that marked the priest’s upward eye, when he devotionally looked to heaven and blessed the people—in the many sounding silver cornets which, with one accord, were uplifted in the sunbeam, and inflated by pious breath. It was the trumpet-march of the Redeemer! Already—already they beheld the blood-stained Conqueror from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah. Embodied in the field of distant vision they beheld the Man of Sorrows—the Man of War. His adored name was written on their hearts, and they rehearsed it from the shields of their immortality.”

Unquestionably much of this appears to be in very redundant—in very bad taste; and the mind of Dr. Andrews was truly an undisciplined mind: it was crowded with every sort of learning; and his speech in public and in private abounded with every sort of allusion. Peace to his memory! Looked at now, at some distance of time, it appears to us the most extraordinary

preaching we ever heard. The thought was not profound, nor, perhaps, very original; but the analogies were so numerous and so perfect, and the information was so various and extensive; the eloquence was not of a continued and artificial character, but it was so sharp and sententious, yet so dazzlingly pictorial; and it was the word of so hearty a man—so free—so unaffected, in the pulpit ministration! That kindly, genial, sunshiny face smiles on us still; and those words, withal so humoursome, too!—Dear Spirit—Kind Teacher—Hail!—and Farewell!

GEORGE DAWSON,

BIRMINGHAM.

“ A reasonable man, therefore, would declare himself neither for nor against any catechism, any code, any system ; for he knows that they all contain a portion of truth which he would not wish to reject, and a portion of error which he would not wish to admit. He would declare himself for truth wherever he sees it, and against error wherever it appears ; in other words, he would seek in every opinion the aspect of human conscience which it represents, and assemble them all before common sense, their necessary point of departure. A reasonable man therefore would not attach himself to any school, to any sect, to any party ; but yet he would not fall into indifference or into scepticism. This mode of regarding human opinions is what we call ECLECTICISM. Eclecticism is not Scepticism.”—THEODORE JOUFFROY, *Eclecticism in Morals*, RIPLEY’S *Selection*.

THE above is a tolerably fair portrait of George Dawson, who stands in an equivocal light among preachers, disclaiming the patronymic of Reverend, and professing to be a gentleman teacher of religion ! “ Saul among the Prophets ” will be the complimentary epithet of some who glance upon the other names in the volume. There is a mutual disclaiming of acquaintance ; Gentleman George disclaims all acquaintance of the preachers—and the preachers very heartily disclaim the acquaintance of George. Yet George Dawson has been educated for the pulpit. And during the time he continued in it, he excited great attention, although very young. Since he resigned the ministerial charge of the Baptist Congregation of Zion Chapel at Birmingham, he has been constantly engaged in preaching, if taking a text and

delivering a discourse upon it be preaching; and they must be prejudiced and bigoted indeed, to the formularies of sects, who can believe that George Dawson has not been useful, or that there was no need for any teaching like his. But we confess, that we are not of the number of his idolaters; on the whole, we fancy, that we are about fitted to pass something like a calm judgment upon him—a sort of judgment that appears to have been seldom pronounced. Most critics have indulged in ridiculously hyperbolical blame, or equally ridiculous hyperbolical praise.

“A transcendental bagman,” says Mr. George Gilfillan; “a clever lecturer, made out of the elements or ruins of a second-rate preacher.” Mr. Gilfillan’s brethren in the ministry must be a very superior order of men—if Dawson is second-rate. This language, especially the last, is as absurd as it is unjust; it may truly be difficult to define what a second-rate preacher is; but we do know that during Mr. Dawson’s continuance in the pulpit he was usually regarded in any but a second-rate light; and we believe that he would, as an expositor of the more strictly religious life, and of Scripture truth, have attained a higher position, had he devoted himself more really to that post of public instruction. But we happen to know how Mr. Gilfillan contrived to write his celebrated article in *Tait’s Magazine*, on our lecturing preacher; we know that he outraged all feelings of the holiness and privacy of domestic or friendly intercourse; we know that he visited Mr. Dawson when in Edinburgh, procuring a letter of introduction to him; sat talking with him; attempting to look through him with his glass-bead eyes; then hastened away, and like a Pawnee Indian, sharpened his knife to scalp and skin. Mr. Gilfillan is a Willis in this sort of work; we say of

him sometimes, with Hamlet, "Has this fellow no feeling of his business?" Two or three years since he visited London, and gliding at once, to our thinking, feloniously and *felineously* through a set of literary circles, favoured the world in a week or so with accounts of all that had been said to him by the Carlyles, Howitts, &c., &c. What may be thought of a man who makes money this way? Certainly his judgment will not rule ours of George Dawson.

Our personal objections to George Dawson are three-fold. First, we object to his inadequate experience of mental and moral conviction; it must be remembered that he has a world-wide fame; has been highly spoken of in America; has travelled over a large part of England; has an immense auditory to listen to him in his own place of ministration;—now, what does it all come to? Is he not an illustration of the possibility of saying much of the inside life, and knowing little of it? He is a retailer of other men's mental ware; to a very great degree Gilfillan is right—he is a "transcendental bagman;" he often utters what he does not know; his perceptions are much keener than his feelings. Latterly, we have read some speeches which appeared to us to contain a deeper life; but we have met with nothing which we could not trace to Carlyle and Coleridge, to Festus and Wordsworth, to Goethe, and perhaps to Schiller; and the way in which these things are presented, has intimated to us that they had been seen, but not absorbed by the mental system; they were repeated: thus, the Lecture upon "The Characteristics of the Present Age," to which we listened, was only an utterance of Mr. Carlyle's extraordinary paper upon the same subject; scarcely was there any new expression in that lecture, and certainly no new thinking. Even

the things said were Carlyle's; men's bodies were called "Clothes-horses," and "Patent Digesters;" and the audience laughed, and many appeared to think the pleasant epigrams as good as new. We suppose to most they were new. In a teacher we need, among the foremost qualifications, profound experience; he must not lean on books, or he will not satisfy us; he must not drug us with the mere droppings from other men's bottles: we need a man who has acquired deep seriousness, from the habit of deep mental communion; the sayings of other men must have been to him suggestions only, suggestions widening out into streams of deep experience and thought.

"Dawson the Doubter," he calls himself; by this epithet we understand he takes pride in being known—that is a very good quality for an *Unteacher*, scarcely a recommendation for a teacher. The fact is, I can help myself to doubts, they grow on the branches of my soul thick as blackberries. I want my teacher to aid me to gather them, and to press the black juice out of them, and to turn them into a cheering and exhilarating wine. Yes, he must be called the *Unteacher*. But he is much more a disciple of Goethe's than of Carlyle; we must maintain that Carlyle is too much in earnest himself not to have embodied on very many matters a very clear creed. But George Dawson sneers at all things, and all ages, and all people, and defends nothing. Has he said a definite word about any great principle—any great truth? Like Thomas Carlyle and Sandy Mackaye, he will laugh loud and heartily and long, at the folly of fighting extinct devils, but there are several real live ones—not at all extinct. And when he does feel deeply, with what a world of power can the man talk, witness that truly mighty oration on "Red-Tapeism," in the Town-

hall of Birmingham. Yes, he expressed himself plainly, there and then. It was a seething, boiling, smoking, red-hot Iliad of fierce and wrathful invective. Is there in the world nothing to enlist the strength of the man's tongue save War—Downing-street—and Red Tape?

Sad, very sad is the day when any church or congregation has Goethe for the pastor. Goethe in the pulpit! oh, by no means so rare, or so impossible a thing as you may imagine. We have seen him in more than one. The man in short, with "the imagination of fire and the heart of ice." Strange people get into pulpits now-a-days. And we have among other adventures the artist of the pulpit—the æsthetic preacher; the men to whom all the graces and forms, and variations of thought, are only so many pieces of glass presented through the kaleidoscope of speech, who do not feel beauty but see it—to whom theology is a system alone, and every form which glances through the mind an object, not of the emotions and affections, but simply of the perceptions. And in truth, this style and tone of things obtains to a far larger degree than most persons have an idea of; the mind of Goethe does hold a supreme sovereignty over our age. Unfortunately, the influence of that mind is most disastrous—it has permeated through innumerable channels where the name of the great German sceptic and sneerer is quite unknown; he is the great apostle of indifference, the high-priest of cold and infinite scorn.

It is a great curse to a man when he either possesses the power to speak in epigrams easily, or when he labours to do so. Mr. Dawson speaks in epigrams; but most questions cannot be settled so, and especially such questions as those appertaining to reason and faith; he is an immense favourite with that large church in Eng-

land, which may be denominated the church of the Know-Nothings; its members all love Mr. Dawson: the gentlemen of the moustache and the beard—the gentlemen of the deep convictions, and the intuitional consciousness—the gentlemen who have left Paley and Butler, and are sailing to the delightful country of —, —the gentlemen who have picked up their opinions like beads and cowries, not knowing very well whence they came, not knowing very well what to do with them—the gentlemen who can account for everything and yet know nothing, who like—

“A certain high priest can explain
How the soul is but nerve at the most;
And how Milton had glands in his brain
Which secreted the ‘Paradise Lost.’”

Distinctly we say, we do not identify Mr. Dawson *with* them; but his negative teaching, his epigrammatic aphorisms, quoted by them as the *Aureæ Sententia* of the last of the Fathers. The Divine words of the best apostle they are capable of understanding—“the high-priest of *their* profession” of negation—this leads to his constant association with them. He has great power of speech, great influence. If our poor words could be seen by him, we would take the liberty of saying, “Use your power affirmatively, not negatively. ‘A man’s religion,’ in the language of one you know well, ‘consists not in the half-dozen things he does not believe, but in the one or two in which he does.’”

When we have beheld everywhere in our age so large a share of discontent, the restless, anxious, and fever-tossed spirit of our times, we have thought of the allegoric vision in which Quevedo, that ingenious and severe satirist, limned the features of the discontented in his time. He wandered through meadows, beautiful

beyond the fictions of poets, enamelled with fairest flowers and watered by rivers, one bitter, the other sweet, but both combining to charm the world by their music; and in the midst of the meadow a Palace—glorious with the trophies of the imagination, adorned with histories and fancies,—with pedestals, bases, columns, cornices, capitals, architraves, and friezes; and the portress at the porch was Beauty. But when she admitted the wanderer, peace fled from the heart—the interior of the palace was as gloomy as the exterior was gay; in every room and court there walked some ghostly shadow—some phantom fear, while Jealousy flitted from room to room, and spread through every heart and over every face, dread and irritating discontent. Those meadows were the fair fields of Desire, that palace the Palace of Possession. Possession the disenchanter of life; Desire its inspiration and its hope. Our age is too wealthy. We dwell in palaced nakedness. Our age is a hollow sounding “No.” *Our Palace of Possession won’t do!*

Mr. Dawson appears to us like a man who has heaps of opinions, but no convictions. For possibly, in the course of his moral history he may have travelled to the “centre of indifference.” We have no idea that he has yet reached the everlasting Yea. He retails the opinions of other men, too, and he perceives many of them which yet have never entered into and become a part of his being. He admires dead heroes—much more we fancy than living ones; he has no taste for the silent and quiet virtues; he can chant the praises of stormy Sea-Kings, and garland the tombs of the Fox’s and Cromwells, and Peter’s; but he seems to have no taste for a little domestic, homely, modern heroism. If you want his good word, you must swear by his Tephim; baptize your conscience in what holy waters

soever you please, he will call you fool, rogue, knave, or ass, if your doxy is not his doxy. Contempt, sarcasm, and measureless scorn, these are the hailstones with which he will pelt you; some of the manifestations of his spirit are far enough from the eclectic charity, "Hoping all things and believing all things." He is the cursing Balaam of the age; he takes up his parable and blurts and snorts out his contempt over everything and everybody. After all, he is uncommonly like Gilfillan,—they are our two *Balaams*.

There are certain gentlemen in our age who seem to do the work of some huge Aristophanean Frog, and shout—

βρεκεκεκεξ ΚΟ'ΑΞ, ΚΟ'ΑΞ.

Of these Mr. Carlyle is the most sublime and lusty croaker, Mr. Dawson the most popular, practical, and useful; wanting, as he seems from the platform view, in all kindliness and gentleness of manner, and indulging as he does in Byronic melancholy and mournful Jeremiads. The most disagreeable and unmusical and unreal croaker, is George Gilfillan.

Ah! that Gilfillan—our erring fingers seem to be driven on by some fate to mention him; he will surely flagellate us dreadfully by and bye.

You all know the effect of Sir David Brewster's homogeneous yellow light. You all know what a little alcohol and a little salt will do. You all know the appalling and ghastly exhibition: how before it the faces of the young will appear in one death-like yellow; how it will extract the loveliness and the light from all objects, and turn a drawing-room into a chamber far more dreadful than a funeral vault, because retaining the appearance of life with the aspect and pallid hue of

death. We have sat and listened to Mr. Dawson till he seemed to us the great reservoir of a moral yellow light, scattering death-shadows over human hearts and affairs.

“Have n’t you got a fool about here, named so and so?” said he to a friend of ours some few weeks since, when he had finished a lecture. “Have n’t you got a fool about here named —, who has been talking about the War?” The man’s combativeness is so immense. And yet stay—lest we convey entirely an erroneous impression. We never met him in private, and another friend has just assured us that he never heard him plunge through the jungles and cane-brakes of abusive speech and criticism in private like ourselves. Those who know him in private seem to love him dearly; tell you that he speaks affectionately as well as respectfully of all his fellow-labourers of every denomination. By so much does he seem better than we are; but surely from the hearing of our own ears we cannot compliment him on the gentleness of his speech. You like to hear him speak, because he pours upon your ears such a flood of good strong Saxon verbiage; but he will not lift you by it, there is no inspiration in the man. We give him credit for living greatly, if not wholly, above the fogs of modern humbug, and that is so far well. But if a man will not be a sleek villain, as Chesterfield would recommend him to be, that surely is not a reason why he should be a snarling cynical Diogenes.

If Mr. Dawson’s experience were deeper, he would not, for ever and for ever, reiterate and reiterate only “the everlasting No!” Around this everlasting No all his ideas revolve. A schoolfellow of his own told us once a story of Dawson’s boyhood:—the schoolmaster demanded some lesson or other, and insisted upon the performance of the task after his own fashion, and to

the horror and dismay of his Holofernes, he declared it to be "all stuff and nonsense." When at college, at Glasgow we believe, he refused to attend the mathematical or logic classes, and again he told the professor, dialectics were all stuff and nonsense; and as we have heard him preach and lecture, we have thought he might say—"For this cause came I into the world, to shout stuff and nonsense over its most cherished ideas." We know it is an old objection, often alleged, but it is very true,—it is a system of negations; for this purpose George Dawson has travelled over the land, to utter the word No! and it was very necessary; but, indeed, that monosyllable is now tolerably well learned; we know it, we can pronounce it; we need the other word, and the other teaching; all things of the present, all popular things, are merely negative. We have only knowledge enough to learn to undo!

Our third objection to George Dawson is his boundless audacity; this also, was perhaps needed; but it is an unhealthy mood of soul, and it begets in us the opinion of the shallowness of the man who can be so audacious. At the first meeting of the Anti-State Church Association, after the Conference had sat for three days deliberating, did he get up, and very coolly tell the whole Conference that they wholly mistook their business and their course: and wherever he has travelled, he has left behind him this impression (let us say it with all respect), that he can put on at will impudence to the extent of a ninety-horse power. His authority over his audience is great,—but mainly from the force of a powerful will; a sneer appears perpetually to haunt his lip. There are some men of whom the inferior tribes of human animals stand in awe; and yet no very consistent reason can be given for their terror;

these awe-inspirers are frequently found to be no very exalted spirits; yet from reason, without the rush of commanding language or large ideas, they hold their auditors in check, and obtain the reputation of superior genius. Does not Mr. Dawson belong to this order of men?

There is no gainsaying these objections, they lie on the surface of our Preacher's character; but then, it is probable that they belong more to his character of Lecturer than of Preacher. We have certainly profited more by his latter vocation than his former, although in no man are the two so intimately interblended together; so that, as indeed somebody has said, he makes his lecture-room a temple and his temple a lecture-room. He does the last more frequently than the first. But in his Sabbath services there is more of seriousness and earnestness. It is long since we attended his ministrations--never in his new building. (We once heard him lecture in the Church of the Saviour for the benefit of the New Primitive Methodist Chapel in Birmingham, and his platform pulpit was set off with an array of white neckcloths, contrasting very strangely with his black beard.) We do by no means admire his method of prayer, or we did not then. We thought it degenerated to a sad and irreverent familiarity; but the lack of reverence in prayer is by no means an unusual thing in ministers. Nay, it is a very customary thing. He startled us, too, on that occasion by an announcement, after a sermon, a right strange one, on the shining of the face of Moses, which was an exposition of the influence of the inner upon the outer life. At its close, he told his audience he was about to leave home for the Continent, and that the chapel would be closed for six weeks. "In the meantime," continued the preacher,

“you will each seek your own good in any temple you may choose in Birmingham; and you are not the people I take you to be, if you cannot obtain some good thing from any good man in Birmingham. Some have hinted that the closing of the doors for so long a period is a dangerous experiment; that when I return to my pulpit again, I shall find the sheep scattered. Verily, should it be so, I shall be thankful for the cause that hath scattered ye. If you can pick you out shepherds that will serve you better, as truly,—and alas! you well may,—who am I, that I should complain? Verily there is no good man in Birmingham from whom I could not obtain the good word.” Our readers, whether they would imitate or not, must admire this speech. It was faithful, noble, and catholic. ’Tis a pity that there are few men who could dare to make such an experiment. And it surely argues that Mr. Dawson is *no second-rate preacher*, that upon his return he found the crowds pressing with greater eagerness to listen to him. It surely might operate as a hint to the men who so fear the wandering of their flocks, that the people will generally find their way to the most gifted pastor.

Probably there are few of our readers who need to be informed that Mr. Dawson is yet young; we cannot speak to his age, it must be about five or eight and-thirty: his physique is also probably well known to most of our readers: a very dark face, dark hair parted in the centre, and hanging full round the head, although not long; he also patronises the beard, and with a collar turned down over a black handkerchief, a more unlikely-looking youth for a minister of religion we do not know. Turning now to his style, his mental style, it is not unlike that physical appearance—its strength lies in its Saxonism. Gilfillan uttered another good

thing when he said, it was as if Cobbett were talking Transcendentalism; it is a strong, energetic style, it is plain and grotesque; it is the Monk Bede translating Goethe or Coleridge for the benefit of his countrymen; it is like a carving of Carlyle set up on a corbel, or in a niche of an old Saxon minster. We most unaffectedly admire this style: it is the best part of our man, for it is all his own, and it reveals his true individuality; it is bold, suggestive, and perspicuous.

The following will perhaps be taken as an illustration at once of Mr. Dawson's pertinent mode of speech, and of his ideal of the union of the Christian Church. "Is it not sad to see how many things are done that ought not to have been done, and which would not have been done, were there unity instead of diversity of spirit? Do we not know some families that read none but Baptist books? others nothing but Unitarian tracts and writings? many who, in their narrow notions of sacred literature, study only the prophets of their own sect? They know nothing about others; they understand them not; they desire not to understand them. Nursed up in their own little narrow apartment, they walk wearily round it, till they have left their foot-prints upon the stone of the floor? Should a wise man be brought up so? Shall I refuse to be taught by the holy words of Fenelon, because he belongs not to my sect or creed? Shall Jeremy Taylor have written eloquently, and Chrysostom of the 'Golden Mouth' have spoken and preached in vain for me, because I belong not to their communion? Verily no! I accept with thankfulness all the good that God sends me, come from where it will. I believe in good men of every Church. I see that there is unity recognised by existing sects, though not in form. You all feel it when you admire a

man who holds friendly relations to those not of his own sect. I have found the most sectarian, when not thinking of his own sect, rejoice at anything which tends to show unity among the religious. Try him, a strait member of a strait sect; take him in detail—ask him, ‘Was Fenelon a Christian man or not?’ His answer will be, ‘A Christian man.’ ‘Was Jeremy Taylor a pious Christian?’ ‘I cannot deny it.’ ‘Was Wesley a devout follower of Christ?’ ‘Surely.’ ‘Was Calvin a holy believer?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Was Bunyan a saint?’ ‘Undoubtedly.’ ‘Was Channing a Christian?’ ‘It cannot be denied.’ ‘Are not these men all members of the Church of Christ?’ ‘I dare not say otherwise.’ ‘Are any of them shut out of Christ’s fold?’ ‘I dare not think so.’ Why, then, you admit the matter; unity is granted, all these men of diverse creeds sitting down in the holy kingdom of God, to worship him in the unity of the Spirit.”

The following, from a newspaper, may stand as a specimen of his lecture-room style:—“DIOGENES was not so sneering as people thought. There was a fund of humour in the man. He laughed at mankind, but there was a little kindness underneath; and they who say he was a surly, sneering dog mistake the man. He was an ascetic, but not for asceticism’s sake, which was an evil many were apt to fall into. Asceticism, in fact, bred a vanity of its own. If beggary became a profession, he who was raggedest and dirtiest became the prince of beggars. One man took pride in the luxury of dress and another in simplicity, and both bred their dangers. Men often made asceticism an end in itself. All through the lives of the ascetics there is the tendency to exalt self-denial into an end, whereas it only appears beautiful when it is adopted to effect a great

end, when a man shall deny himself, to work something good for another. But the thing which is called self-denying is not worth the name. Having no taste for a particular sin, we get up and boast to the world about what self-denial we have exercised in not falling into that temptation. This was not the asceticism which the great Teacher gave us to follow; it was a voluntary laying down of enjoyment not wrong in itself, for the effecting of some greater good. But the greater number of men had no idea of laying down the life to win it. There was a virtue which could not get tempted, and then boasted itself how securely it had stood; but this man's was voluntary, and taken upon him. He was not poor because he could not have been rich, but because he wished to carry out to the extreme the great doctrine of how independent a man was of what this world could give or bestow; to correct the continual tendency of mankind to be smothered by the things by which it is surrounded. But the ascetic man was simply the *factor* of a man, and the more ascetic, the more we saw that he was interpreting one law of life only. . . . There came to see Diogenes, Alexander the Great, one of those passionate, lustful, brave, daring men, who do the world's work, and enter into all its pleasures. This man, who had taken of the whole that life could give, came to Diogenes with an air of patronage, full of the 'stars' and 'garters' of ancient glory, and asking what he could do for him. Alexander suggested that another dwelling than that tub might be more convenient for Diogenes; but Diogenes loved that tub, which had sheltered him for years. Besides, it was not taxed, and was moveable at pleasure. Alexander says, Can I give you honour? No; only think of a star now upon my great, naked, hairy breast! Well, he offers him a

garter, but Diogenes suggests that there is nothing to be gartered ; and at last in despair Alexander says, Can I do nothing for you? Yes, says the man, stand out of my sunshine. He found that monarchs were opaque when the sun was behind them ; that the cold shadow of an Alexander was not warmed by the abundance of riches he had at his bestowal. Then Alexander said, if he was not Alexander he would be Diogenes. Next to having all he wanted, was the ability to do without anything. Of course, it could not be expected that he would say he was second to Diogenes, but he decidedly admitted that Diogenes was number two. He would not say which was the greater man of the two ; but he certainly did not admire a man turning poor to become righteous. It was hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, but it was noble to see him keeping to broad cloth, and even not quite abolishing champagne, and still keeping a brave soul, a well-disciplined intellect, a noble and upright heart."

We would fain dwell longer in attempting to look at the right and the wrong of George Dawson. We do not think that his views are too well known, although they have been subjected to no inconsiderable share of condemnation. We rather believe that if he were called upon to give to the world a creed, he would be somewhat puzzled to do it ; and so we presume would most men whose faith is the result of internal life, and not the transcript of external form, and show, and observance. And yet we have some reason to know that his views are much nearer to what we mean by orthodoxy than is usually supposed, and it is highly confirmatory of this impression that he has from Sabbath to Sabbath sitting round him men of all shades of religious belief and thought, who express their love and admiration for

the doctrines and teachings of Mr. Dawson. He has made an experiment in harmony with the age. Will it be successful? Hitherto it appears to have been so; there has never before been attempted so didactic and ethical a form of preaching in combination. Some have likened Mr. Dawson to Theodore Parker, but he has neither his brilliant genius nor his varied scholarship. We fancy there is very much in French and German philosophy with which he is unacquainted. But if he will but believe that he has not quite exhausted all the resources of knowledge, wonder, and reverence; if he will but go on learning himself, as well as communicating, we do not doubt that he will be of far greater use than he has yet been, although, from his acquiring a more lofty experience, he may lead a less meretricious and merely talking life.

THE LAMPS OF THE TEMPLE OF MUDDOG.

"Guess, reader, where I once saw a full-sized figure of Fame, erect, tip-toe, in the act of springing to take flight and soar aloft, her neck extended, her head raised, the trumpet at her lips, and her cheeks inflated, as if about to send forth a blast which the whole city of London was to hear? Perhaps thou mayest have seen this very figure thyself, and surely if thou have, thou wilt not have forgotten it. It was in the Borough Road, placed above a shop-board which announced that Mr. Somebody fitted up water-closets upon a new and improved principle."—ROBERT SOUTHEY, *The Doctor*.

"On Ida hill there stands a castle strong,
 They that it built call it Pantheon.
 Hither resort a rascal rebel throng
 Of miscreant wights; but if that wiser men
 May name that fort Pandemoniothen,
 They would it cleep. It is the strongest delusion
 That ever Dæmon wrought—the safest pen
 That e'er held silly sheep for their confusion :
 Ill life and want of love, hence springs each false conclusion.

* * * * *

The rabble rout that in this castle won
 Is Ireful Ignorance, Unseemly Zeal,
 Strong Self-conceit, Rotten Religion ;
 Contentious reproach against Michael,
 If he of Moses' body aught reveal
 Which their dull skonces cannot easily reach ;
 Love of the carcass ; an inept appeal
 T' uncertain papers ; a false formal fetch
 Of feigned sighs."

HENRY MORE, *Song of the Soul*.

WE have often thought it would be very interesting to attempt to present to the world some account of the religious life of the kingdom of MUDDOG. Doubtless many of our readers have made some excursions—we

hope with no design of fixing a residence—into that extensive territory. Truly it is a dark realm; the streets reek with the most primitive slime, and the heavens are covered with a perpetual black cloud. The country and its metropolitan city derive their name from the fact that all the buildings are reared of mud, and that all the light that was ever seen only came through the thick fog; the elements of faith and worship—of life and society—are mud and fog. It is a dark and filthy region, and, like all such, it breeds from its malarious marshes filthy and noxious and poisonous creatures. The light by which the poor inhabitants of Mudfog read and work does not fall from the sun, but rays up from phosphorescent and putrid exhalations on the earth. All things are made to cohere together by mud; the best mortar is mud. It has a very curious effect to the eye of a traveller from more southern climes, but they build their houses and palaces and churches of mud; the mortar and the bricks of their great cathedral are alike mud—everything is in fact essence of mud. The incense with which they regale you is otto of mud; and they have a curious kind of composite jet mud, with which they form even their wedding-rings. I stepped into their great cathedral, and found some noble pieces of statuary adorning the aisles, very elegantly designed in plaster of mud. There has been a great amount of condemnation heaped upon the citizens of this most remarkable kingdom and city, on account of a supposed badness of taste, to which I was obliged to rejoin, to all such critics, that they could only work with the materials they had. The truth is they had neither marble, nor bronze, nor stone. They had only mud—for it is in fact a kind of Delta—a drift from all sorts of modern waters, and lies especially

at the mouth of two great rivers, which we may attempt to sail up or down presently. Meantime what could the poor dark citizens of the Delta do? In mud they printed their books—in mud they reared their mural walls and tablets; and were only too glad to see some slight appearance of green, marshy, miasmatic plants springing up in the ditches and dykes which intersected and ornamented the various quarters of this beautiful metropolis of MUDDOM.

We have described the place as dark; in fact, it is only by torches carried into the city from foreign towns and of foreign manufacture, that a stranger can see or find his way through its streets at all, or save himself from falling into the immense cesspools which line the highways; though it must be admitted that the inhabitants of the place wend *their* way about with astonishing dexterity. To those interested in such ethnographic facts it may be necessary to say there is a Bishop of Mudfog, who also has a Bible specially inspired for the use of the good citizens, and which the said good Bishop has alone the power to expound and translate, through a pair of wonderful spectacles, also manufactured out of the mud of this remarkable city. Of course, in a city constructed as we have described this to be, it would be preposterous to expect a great amount of material or moral purity in the inhabitants, and they indeed make it rather their boast, that they have no fastidious ideas and notions upon that score; indeed they have a natural and filial pride in them, by which they instinctively turn to their muddy original, and find in the contemplation of their ancestry their chief delight. One circumstance is especially amusing—they can on no principle of reasoning be brought to believe that the marble and gold of other regions is superior to the slime

of theirs ; they waddle about in their realm of dirt—spurn contemptuously all idea of the superiority of other cities or climes. And very much to the amusement of those who have travelled thither, the Bishop and Mayor of this dirty city insist upon it right seriously that Mudfog is the New Jerusalem.

* * * * *

Some time since we were in Liverpool on a Sabbath evening, when, as wending our way homewards from the temple where we had been worshipping, we found ourselves passing by one of the tabernacles of this celebrated city, to which had been given the flattering title of Church of the Latter-Day Saints: so we stepped in and found probably two thousand persons gathered together. We were in time to hear the experience of one who declared that he had belonged to every sect and church. He had been Episcopalian—Methodist—Independent—Baptist ; but in no church had he found peace until he landed there—that was the ark of safety and of rest—the city of Salem. It was quite pathetic to find how eloquent he grew in describing his love to the dear temple of Mudfog.

And once when we found ourselves in a very remote corner of the Welch Principality, one Sabbath afternoon, in a most obscure village, we saw, approaching us, a crowd of persons coming from a cottage ; we inquired, and found this too was a little tabernacle of this still celebrated city—Mudfog—the glorious Church of the Latter-Day Saints.* We marked the dread presence there of the hierophant—the mighty hierarch of the district—the high-priest, who struck us wicked mockers as possessing a face uncommonly hard and brassy, and a forehead very (we skip Shakspeare's expletive adjective) low ; but even to those remote

regions had extended the fame—the doctrine—the faith—the ritual—the liturgy and the polity of Mudfog.

The worshippers and citizens of Mudfog in Great Britain are about thirty or forty thousand in number. It can scarcely be out of place in a volume like this to note the lustre of their lamps—their Bible and their creed—these followers of the modern Messiah—St. Joseph Smith—the Martyr of the Church of Mormon and the Latter-Day Saints.

The History of Heresy and Schism would form, if written, not merely one of the most ample pages of Church History; but in its wider bearing and significance it would be one of the most interesting pages of the history of the human mind. Christianity so constantly appeals to human freedom, and to our proper moral individuality, that it is not wonderful if in the course of its development it should also have originated from even its very excellency and divinity—the spirit of heresy. Heresy and schism, when they are really what they have usually been suspected of being—the mere rents in the robe of religion—are the result of human selfhood; they are the efforts the mind of depraved human nature will make—not to accommodate and bring itself to the divine order, but to bring the divine order of things to the infirmity and narrowness, and frequently to the corrupt emotions of the human heart.

It has very frequently been said, when reference has been made to the Arch-heresies and Heresiarchs who from time to time have appeared in the world, that they have only answered or responded to the call of the diviner instincts in man—that they represent a want and they fulfil a want. How often this has been remarked of Mahomet and of Mahomedanism! Indeed

the fashionable and prevailing sentiment about Mahomet now is, that he was no impostor—that he too was a divine sort of man in his way; for it is one of the happy characteristics of the school indulging in these grateful speculations, that all success is divine—that everything that can swim down the stream with flying colours is truthful. Amidst such reflections we cannot but recollect, in harmony with them, how very *un-divine* then, was the great History of Calvary, 1800 years since; and by the same test, what a divine thing Mormonism is! Such theories lose sight altogether of the fact, that in a world like this, constituted as we understand it to be—abnormal—swinging from its axis and orbit—success may indeed indicate a want, but assuredly a want of a fallen nature—a want born in corruption and gratified by corruption.

Closely allied then with these stands another subject on which one might deliver ample courses of lectures, and write many volumes—namely, this—the Romance of Successful Adventure. It is a subject needing a strong brain to read, and surely a strong brain to write. It is one of those subjects pondering which the stars seem to rush headlong—an universal mist, blackness, and death seems to sweep down over the world: it seems a poor molehill of a planet, given over to the reign of scoundrelism and rascality. Beneath the shanks of some tall Colossus, the pigmies of the race peep about to find themselves dishonourable graves. Mazarine to-day—Robespierre to-morrow. Now Napoleon I.—then Napoleon III. Here Mahomet—there Joe Smith. A few of these names intoxicate. One would drive one mad if we did not fall back upon a vast exchequer of faith, and apprehend the reason why bragging and stilted ignorance, cowardly and cruel,

will often wind its way on like a snake round a palm, or a slug on a column, while modest excellence falls to the earth, or at best fills a shadowy obscurity.

It is true that in the system of Joe Smith we meet with none of those wonderful indications of awful rapture which meet you in Mahomet. Mahomet has a power which does infallibly top the loftiest dreams of all merely earthborn rhapsodists and impostors. He imposed on himself not less than he imposed on others. We do not doubt the reality of his dreams—to him they were vital—to him they were the rending of the heavens. His mind was a furnace into which he cast all the sectarianism, the wants, the heresies, and the passions of his age and his race. And from all the babbling incoherencies so infused, that colossal and masculine spirit—strong—imaginative—philosophic—without knowing it, compacted, organized, and built up that vast system of religion—that mighty imposture—that architectonic shadow of *Nature's* best worship and best inspiration. Standing to so many before the throne of the Highest, Mahomedanism, it must be admitted, is the incarnation of man's loftiest imaginations and passions, coloured too by the true revelations derived from the scriptural story—man's most daring and least grotesque freak of temple building. Not so Mormonism. Some have likened it to Mahomedanism; it is like it as a man is like himself when drunk—it is Mahomedanism tipsy. Joe Smith would stand in the same relation to the great false prophet, in which the drivellings of idiocy or drunkenness stand to the sublime rhapsodies of madness.

There is a story told of Rowland Hill, that on one occasion he was assigning to the various sects their separate places in imaginary rooms. To the Church of

England the drawing-room; to the Independents the parlour; to the Baptists the study; to the Wesleyans the kitchen; to the Primitive Methodists the scullery; but had he continued the allegory now, he would certainly have assigned to the Mormonites the water-closet. They live and breathe and revel in an atmosphere of filth and dirt. We have never desired to interfere with any faith calculated at all to produce real spiritual happiness but with the foul orgies and Cretan rites dignified by the name of a religion,—how is it possible that any sane mind can have any sympathy, and still more, how is it possible that any pious mind can feel other sentiments than aversion and horror? It is true that in many aspects Mormonism is most ludicrous—as ludicrous as Harlequin would be sporting on the precipitous and perpendicular cliffs—as ludicrous as a Clown grimacing over the bottomless pit. There are awful consequences connected with these religious pantomimings. Some ignorant and simple souls, in darkness as to the full extent of the horrible delusion, may be saved as by fire from the spells of “these filthy dreamers;” but to most they will be only the dreadful foreshadowings of “the blackness of darkness for ever.”

It has always been a curious spectacle, that of Man Manufacturing a Religion, and of all the specimens ever given to the world of the kind of religion man manufactures Mormonism is the crown and the chief. We like to refer the apostles of reason to this great fact of our age—what can they make of it? See! this is what we have been able from human nature to build and manufacture in the way of religion in our age—this brutal pile of pantheistic beastliness—this is what we have been able to achieve in the religious life: man “going about to establish his own righteousness” has effected

this—has painted this titanic diabolic crayon, the like of which has not been spawned out of human imagination on the world since the remote days of pagan polytheism ; and this in an age so singularly enlightened and cultivated and advanced as is ours—when we have progressed so far beyond the gods of Greece and Rome. In this age of education and refinement—this time of universal knowledge and progress of the species—we are startled by *this* ghost—to put to flight all our false theories of the real inherent change of human character—to confirm in this eleventh hour of the world's history what God declared should be the curse of the serpent's wisdom in the first hour : “ On thy belly *shalt* thou go, and dust *shalt* thou eat.”

Man the Fallen Manufacturing a Religion, that is the picture presented to us in this development of the Mormon mind ; and we may be sure, when man attempts to manufacture a religion, the problem he attempts to solve is, how he may best harmonise and square together human passions and divine instincts—how he may best cause to cohere together those grovellings towards the slime and clay which are the instincts and the yearnings resulting from the fall, and those desires and aspirations which are the assurances of a divine original and a better and holier being. This has given to all the excursions and travellings of man into the realm of religion such incongruity and indeterminateness ; this has given to the best men their mixed character of dark and bright ; this has given to every sect, even when springing from Christian foundations, a mingling of horror and sublimity—of passion and repose ; this sheds over every human altar contending beams of fire and light, of burning lust and burning love ; and finally, this makes it impossible for man in any age to conceive

or build up a religion : if he attempts to do so, it is but the paltry manufacturing of the bricks of the human temple from the mud and slime of human passion, with here and there a faint micacious grain—the evidence of a better and purer crystallization.

There is a capital story told by one of our recent travellers * of a celebrated Clock at Ezerbom, which fell unfortunately out of repair, and would by no persuasion give forth any knowledge of the state of the time ; it occupied the place of importance in the tower or citadel, and although there did occasionally appear in the city a watch or a chronometer, this tower-clock was looked upon as the father of all the watches and all the clocks whatever that could make their appearance in the city. But unfortunately it came to a stand, and there seemed no possibility of repairing the misfortune—and what a misfortune, even for the barbarous people, to find Time's finger standing still, and refusing to strike the old bell. But of all the people who were perplexed, no one was so much perplexed as the Pasha, and he was the more confounded because it did not seem to him so difficult a matter as it really was to set the works of the clock to-rights, and its finger-hand moving with some degree of accuracy. To him it seemed that the man who had mastered any other art might also be perfectly master of the art of Clockmaking. How could a man be master of any other trade, and yet know nothing of watches or clocks ? It might be a Tailor. Then said the Pasha, " Take him to the tower and let him mend the clock." The tailor remonstrated that his duties were sartorial and not horological. " What !" he would say ; " Dost thou pretend to make vestments for men's bodies, and art thou ignorant of clocks ? Thou dog ! Away with him,

* Curzon's ' Armenia,'

to the tower, and if he cannot restore the clock to health, away with him to prison." Or it might be a Doctor, whose case was worse still. "Dog of a Frank, dost thou profess to expel evil demons from the bowels of mankind, and dost thou not know how to do so with a clock? Dost thou send down our throats diabolical pills, and canst thou not administer to the disorganised constitution of a watch? Hath not a clock a pulse when he is alive and in good health? Go then and see, and cure the clock. Go, guards, take him to the tower, and if he cannot cure the clock, thrust him into prison." This seems to us very funny, but it is but a parable illustrative of the ignorance of those to whom the religion of mankind is only an old clock, which every hand can touch, and for which every ignorant and inexperienced tailor and cobbler has some specific and remedy. Only the difficulty increases in this case, because, instead of any degree of hesitancy, the most ignorant and thoughtless are frequently among the very first to attempt, with their vile nostrums and preposterous specifics, to rectify the hands of the great clock of the universe.

It is difficult to recite such a story as this of Mormonism, even when recounted by the prophets and apostles themselves, and not feel that it is one of the most clumsy and impertinent taxes ever levied on human credulity. Joe Smith—Joseph Smith—the Prophet Smith—was born in 1805 in Vermont in America; of his earliest days nothing seems to be known very certainly, but the little that is known is not honourable. He was averse to any settled employment, and yet this aversion did not arise either from a disposition to study or from extraordinary piety; he was the most unlikely being in the world to become the prophet of a New

Dispensation or the Founder of a New Religion. He led a wandering vagabond life—was a mere adventurer, and went among his acquaintance by the name of “Joe Smith the money digger.” It is quite true that this new Messiah of 300,000 or 400,000 of our fellow human beings went up into the wilderness, and it is also true that he was most powerfully tempted of the devil, but we have no record that he ever pronounced the word, “Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me.” No process of washing will ever make this modern father of the Mormon church any other than a very desultory and disgraceful scamp. We are quite aware that Joseph Smith’s biographers of the Mormon church loudly demur to these allegations, nevertheless beyond all doubt the witness is true. It is unquestionable that Smith was a young man of remarkable animal energy and spirits; that he possessed great shrewdness and worldly wisdom; indeed that he was a very extraordinary man; in our own minds we rank him as on the same mental and moral level as a famous railway king, or Robert Young, or Titus Oats, the authors of the Association and Rye-House plots—a man of boundless energy and intrepidity of character, of most fearless audacity and impudence—a man who would never be dashed by the most disastrous circumstances—born unquestionably to lead men whose animal instincts required guidance—whose keen eye instantly detected the weak side of human nature, and who acted on his impressions of human nature derived from a hard and callous reading of it, but whom it would be simple insolence and wickedness to mention in the same breath with Luther or Ignatius Loyola, with St. Bernard or St. Francis, with George Fox or John Wesley, or even with Mahomet himself. A writer in the Edinburgh

Review calls Joe Smith the American Dousterswivel; * we may also not be far from the truth in styling him a Barnum spoilt.

To this interesting young gold-digger appeared, he says, so early as 1822, divine visions; he could find no consolation, no spiritual help and guidance, among any of the churches or ministers, and therefore he betook himself to the woods to pray; and to him, for his guidance and spiritual refection, appeared the vision of an angel; the vision was again and again renewed; he said certain records were deposited in a secret place, and that he was to be made the medium of their discovery and publication to the world. I am not going to ridicule the idea of the appearance of an Angel of God to any man; when a man tells me he has seen an angel, I will not ridicule him, I will rather inquire what the angel said—what is the character, what is the worth, of the angel's revelations, and how far was there fitness in the man who saw the vision to be the channel of such communications.

Well, these visions were first seen in 1822 and 1823. In the latter year he was conducted to a cave or pit, where he saw the records—the plates of gold, afterwards so famous, which had been kept there for fourteen hundred years. He saw the Prince of Darkness (which on the whole is probable and likely) at the same time that he saw the angel of the vision; but was told that they could not be delivered to him yet. Nor was it until 1827 that the golden plates were delivered to him, together with a Urim and Thummim, by means of which he was to translate these writings. He found a scribe, one Oliver Cowdery, to assist him, and the result was in 1830 the publication of the Book of Mormon.

* See Sir W. Scott's 'Antiquary.'

The Book of Mormon—certainly a most mysterious book—however regarded, it is not too much to call it the most monstrous mass of rubbish ever heaped together from any mortal brains, or written down by human fingers—it is the essence of all flat, stale and absurd things; blasphemously interlarded and interleaved with quotations from the Sacred Scriptures. It is a mysterious book; and the real authorship is claimed for one Solomon Spaulding, by his widow; the said Spaulding intending only to write some romance of Indian life. This authorship does not seem to us to be very clearly made out. To our minds the question of the author is very immaterial. One thing is clear beyond all question—we have to thank somebody for a rare mass of nonsense—in fact, for the Bible of Mudfog.

Do you know the Bible of Mudfog—the Book of Mormon? Oh, beyond all question the future D’Israelis will include it in their Curiosities of Literature. But, if you ask me to characterise it, I declare I could as easily characterise a dung-heap or a dust-cart. Perhaps half of it is composed of clumsy quotations from the Sacred Scriptures; and these are pearls on the filthy garments of a harlot, or as beautiful as diamonds on the neck of a rhinoceros. It is a continent of mud. Here is a precious specimen of this New Revelation:—

“And the Lord said, Go to work and build after the manner of barges which ye have hitherto built. And it came to pass that the brother of Jared did go to work, and also his brethren, and built barges after the manner which they had built according to the instructions of the Lord. And they were small, and they were light upon the water, even like unto the lightness of a fowl upon the water. And they were built after a manner that they were exceeding tight, even that they would hold water like unto a dish; and the bottom thereof was tight like unto a dish; and the ends thereof were peaked; and the top thereof was tight

like unto a dish ; and the length thereof was the length of a tree ; and the door thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish. And it came to pass that the brother of Jared cried unto the Lord, saying, O Lord, I have performed the work which thou hast commanded me, and I have made the barges according as thou hast directed me. And behold, O Lord, in them is no light : whither shall we steer ? And also we shall perish, for in them we cannot breathe, save it is the air that is in them : therefore we shall perish. And the Lord said unto the brother of Jared, Behold thou shalt make a hole in the top thereof, and also in the bottom thereof ; and when thou shalt suffer for air, thou shalt unstop the hole thereof and receive air. And if so be that the water come in upon thee, behold ye shall stop the hole thereof, that ye may not perish in the flood. And it came to pass that the brother of Jared did so according as the Lord had commanded," &c. &c. &c.

These are the words of the New Revelation.

We will presume that the readers of this book are no strangers to the rise, progress, and history of Mormonism. It is not our purpose to recount the story of its development here. The history of the launching of that Literary Phantom-Ship—that Religious Flying Dutchman—is a marvellous chapter in the history of the marvellous. Then the episodes connected with the appointment of the priesthood, by the revelation of a special heavenly messenger—the imposition on the poor old miser Martin Harris—with the fables of the plates. 'Tis a choice piece of religious chicanery. How revelation followed on revelation—how Joe Smith organised and reduced to coherence his infant colony—how he proceeded to the appointment of officers, Apostles, Prophets, Patriarchs, Evangelists, Elders, Deacons, Pastors, Teachers, and a twofold hierarchy of priests—the Aaronic and the Melchisedek ; so that everybody had some function. That important principle of government revealed great knowledge of human nature

from its corrupt side. How Smith fell in with a most hopeful and accomplished scamp, whose deeds have a nice smack of felony about them, and whose words are classical Billingsgate—Sydney Rigdon—and how the forger and the bully united their energies to establish their Ecclesiastical Joint Stock Company. How the prophet was tarred and feathered, and how he preached and baptized the day afterwards. How he aimed at the presidency of the United States. How the prophet and the priest desired also to be a king. How he alarmed and startled the people by his strange doctrines, and by appealing to the sense of wonder insured success with the vulgar. How he declared that the promised land—the New Jerusalem—the city of the latter-day glory, would turn out to be not in Palestine but in North America. How he proclaimed the doctrine of polygamy. How he got into prison, from whence he wrote Epistles like a true Father of the Church. How he got out of prison and formed a band of assassins called the Danite Band. How he led the varied Exodus of his ragged regiment from State to State in America, yet always relegating in some kind of prosperity. How at last he fell into prison and was murdered—an honour quite undeserved by that arch-libertine—forger—blasphemer and impostor. All these things have been written and read a thousand times. It is the most gross and ludicrous misuse of all language to call that man a *martyr*; then the convicts of Norfolk Island are martyrs—the victim of the scaffold is a martyr. We can neither acquit his murderers, nor crown him with the choice and delicate epithets attributed to him. He was a successful and sensual knave. We can express no sympathy with his fate and fall, but we can express great condemnation and surprise at that lawless state of

society which all the persecution of the Mormonites has developed, and which has only illustrated the principle unfolded in a myriad instances before—that persecution is a platform on which you may elevate the most worthless impostor to a place of influence and power.

One thing is noticeable, and our readers must draw from it the inference most in harmony with their own conceptions of what a religion is and should be, namely, this—that while it is a difficult thing to be a Christian, it is a very easy thing to be a Mormonite. If it is true that Christianity is sensual renunciation, Mormonism is sensual gratification. There is nothing to be renounced here; on the contrary, there is everything to draw within its circle the carnal heart and the darkened intellect: it gratifies the three passions which Christianity seeks most to control and to check—the lust of the world, or success in life, fortune-making; the lust of the flesh, especially in its most powerful and sensual form; and the pride of life, or the gratification of those emotions which arise from worldly place, and glitter, and superiority.

There is no other realm or association that offers for all these so instantaneous an opportunity of enjoyment—and then, most delightful and clever, to have the World, the Flesh, and Devil in our arms, and to have a mimic ceremony performed over all, by which we find that that which Christianity rudely and coarsely calls lust, is here denominated religion. This is most sweet, to land upon Calypso's isle, and to find it transformed into a Christian temple—to take the cup of Circe or Comus, and to find that its magic draughts of black wine are no longer sensual, but on the contrary, sacramental—to find religion shedding a canonizing light

over the most wild and feverish desires of the human heart—crowning passion with flowers, and making lust religious—yes, this is better than the more insane attempt to drive religion from the world!

My dear good Christian brethren and sisters, what a noise you have made about secularism and infidelity—the infidelity of Combe, and Holyoake, and Compté! What efforts you have made to resist the tides of that scientific infidelity, flowing over our country and especially through our large cities! I think all those forms of infidelity are very bad, though I do decidedly think we have not taken the right method of curing them; but they are comparatively innocuous by the side of Mormonism. There is not a vile, or vicious, or degrading doctrine of modern infidelity, from the Rationalism of Germany—the frothy and unsubstantial carbonic acid of Hegel and his race—the mythic rubbish of Strauss and his followers—the Pantheism, or Pan-atheism of Combe, or Compté, or Holyoake—or the *Pot*-theism of Owen, but you have it all in the teachings of Orson Pratt and the Mormon Apostles. And what other system of infidelity has ever had such converts? What other system of infidelity has ever numbered such a community? For this clever imposture is not merely an intellectual system—it is a mighty, comprehensive Briareus: it stretches its arms abroad, and takes in all men: it has the beautiful elasticity of the Roman Church—creed or no creed—every shade of belief, from the ceremony and pomp of the most complicated superstition, to the most bald and cold negation—it can accommodate them all. Brigham Young will minister to the first, and Orson Pratt will minister to the last—insinuating, like the frosts of winter, through every chink—absorbing and availing themselves of every

church commotion—appealing to every element of discontent—flattering discord, and using it as the untempered mortar for their own community: so while all sects and Christians sleep, their temple is reared.

The language which Parley Pratt, Orson Pratt, and Orson Spencer indulge, in reference to all bodies of Christians, is sufficient of itself to condemn their mission. “Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of,” said the Master to those who called, or would have called down fire from heaven: in reading every book of the writers of the Mormon church we have to use the same rebuke. We will select and lay before our readers some of the choice morsels of abuse, with which these works abound:—

“The gathering together of the few scattered manuscripts which compose what is now termed the Bible, was the work of uninspired man, which took place centuries after John finished his manuscript. Among the vast number of professedly inspired manuscripts scattered through the world, man—poor, weak, ignorant man—assumed the authority to select a few, which, according to his frail judgment, he believed or conjectured were of God, but the balance not agreeing, perhaps, with his peculiar notions of divine inspiration, were rejected as spurious. The few, selected from the abundance, were finally arranged into one volume, divided into chapter and verse, and named the Bible. *Afterwards a set of cunning, wicked impostors, under the name of Protestant ministers, make their appearance, who finding themselves entirely destitute of the spirit of prophecy, of visions, of revelations, and of every other power and gift which always characterised the ministers of Christ, have endeavoured to invent some cunning, crafty arguments, to hide from the people their powerless, apostate condition, and make their deluded followers think that they are really genuine ministers of Christ. The best scheme to carry out their corrupt purposes and deceive the people is, in their estimation, to tell them that God did not intend to reveal anything more—that the Bible contains all—that the*

caution not to add to the words of John's prophecy means not to add to the Bible." *

It has been our conviction that we Protestants have applied the term Harlot too frequently even to the Church of Rome, but in the pages of the Mormonites we find all our churches placed as Harlots together. The Church of Rome is the Mother of Harlots, and those Harlots are the Lutheran Church, the Church of England, and every other sect and creed.

"Modern christians, with the Bible in their hands, are in as gross darkness as the worshippers of Baal. *The god they worship is no more like the person of Christ, or the person of a man, than Baal was.* Their order of church authorities and church gifts, and ordinances of healing and anointing, are probably about as remote from the apostolic pattern as the worship of Mahomet or Vishnu is." †

The following is the language used in reference to Christianity :—

"But how long does she want to run for the prize 'of the Unity of the Faith,' &c. She has been running for the stakes nearly eighteen hundred years, and is further from the goal than when she started. When she started, 'false apostles and deceitful workers' were her champions. In order to win the prize, these shed the blood of true apostles, and the blood of saints was found in their garments. And when her followers found that she had only the form or name of apostles and prophets without the power, she said we have no further need of apostles; they have done their work and miracles have ceased. *Oh thou blood-guilty, 'lying,' Gentile christianity! thy lineage takes hold of the mother of abominations, clothed in scarlet! How great will be the severity of God's judgments upon all that are accessory to modern christianity, except they repent and obey the gospel!*" ‡

With one more quotation in a similar strain of elegant

* Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon, part i. p. 4.

† Id.

‡ Letters by Orson Spencer, p. 141.

and forcible invective against poor Christianity this section shall close :—

“Orators boast, as it has been written of them in these ‘perilous times,’ of the spread of christianity. Christianity spreading! Where is the evidence of its increase of power or knowledge? Where the least signs of approximation to ‘Unity of Faith’ and the full statute measure of Christ in manifold wisdom and power? Where the ornamental beauty and symmetry of the Bride that is preparing for the marriage feast of the Lamb? How many ten thousand years must elapse before it can be said of christianity ‘The Bride hath made herself ready? Clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.’ Surely, since her prophets have lost their power ‘to quench the violence of fire, and subdue kingdoms, and stop the mouths of lions,’ and her servants and handmaids to see visions, &c., the beauty of the Bride has failed—her breasts have diminished—her face is wrinkled—her eyes are dim and cannot see afar off; she is no longer a chaste virgin espoused to one husband—but she has as many husbands as sects, and yet none of those with whom she is now living can be called her husband.

“Now, Sir, will the Spirit join with such a *Bride*, and say to Jesus, the Great Bridegroom, ‘come! the Bride hath made herself ready!’ No, Sir, the Spirit of God will say, I never knew you; depart from me, you pusillanimous, benighted, powerless, contentious christianity. ‘Thou, Aholibah and Aholibamah, thy lewdness is in all high places; thou hast played the harlot with many lovers—yea, thou hast even hired lovers (with human inventions), instead of commanding admiration by the grace of thy seers, and the visions of thy handmaids, and the healing power of thine elders. Thou shalt be burned with fire.’” *

Now let us see after this smart onslaught on modern Christianity, what the Apostles of the Latter-Day Saints will give us. And the first most curious article of this remarkable Paganistic creed is, that it is the *Apotheosis of Matter*. It is perhaps the first instance of the elevation of physics into a religion; indeed, as we shall pre-

* Letters of Orson Spencer, pp. 71, 72.

sently see, this is made a matter of boast by some of the apostles of the faith. There is an end to all spirit—there is nothing in the wide universe but matter—immaterialism is an absurdity. God is matter, and matter is God; for matter is eternal. There is nothing immaterial—say these omnipresent and omniscient Gnostics; and they work their way to this exalted and comforting conception through a perfect *chevaux-de-frise* of logical postulates. Now it seems to us that there can be no clearer proof of the defection of the true prophetic and religious feeling than when those who call themselves the apostles of faith enter into the arena of debate upon the affairs of psychologic investigation, as if religion were a Platonic disputation. Religion must be dogmatic, or it cannot exist; it does not exist by the rule of three, but by the rule of faith. Logic cuts a way from man's heart to religion, but it does not strengthen religion; it does not arm religion; the strength of religion is within; her sayings are words of truth shining by their own light, and forcible by their own weight. And least of all does religion ever confound her evidence or her teachings with the mere dicta or inductions of physical science.

The most arrant materialism is the foundation of the whole faith—not that we have any idea that the deluded followers for the most part are even able to comprehend the positions laid down by Orson Pratt—still he loves to wall up the Deity in the prison-house of matter. Look at such positions as these:—

“It is a *necessary* truth that God *must* exist in space, and must occupy a constant amount of space, and can never by any possibility occupy a greater or less amount of space than he has always done.”*

* Great First Cause, or Self-moving Powers of the Universe, p. 5.

"Analogy indicates that the substance of all worlds may be eternal as well as the substance of which Deity consists."

"There is no evidence whatever in favour of the creation of any substance; we are justified in believing that the elements of every substance existed eternally." *

"We shall adopt in all our investigations the theory of the eternal duration of all matter." †

"All substances and forces are eternal; the probability is that they have been eternally engaged in some kind of operation." ‡

"After a substance had passed through ages of experience in acquiring a knowledge of cohesion and motion, it would be qualified to begin to exert those elementary forces systematically according to prescribed laws." §

"All the organizations of worlds, of minerals, of vegetables, of animals, of men, of angels, of spirits, and of the spiritual personages of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, must, if organized at all, have been the result of the self-combinations and unions of the pre-existent, intelligent, powerful, and eternal particles of substance. These eternal Forces and Powers are the Great First Causes of all things and events that have had a beginning." ||

Let the dwarfed Atheists and Secularists of our day learn a lesson from this bold teacher. Here is a daring Pantheism; this is, indeed, a true pantheism. God is in all substance; He is Himself proper material substance. God is matter, all matter is God, for all matter is eternal. There is nothing more infinite than the mote dancing in the sunbeam, or the sand grain beneath thy foot.

The Mormonites' ideas of God are dreadful; they are fatal to all religion; where such ideas abound they are like mephitic gases, poisoning all the springs of religious life. We have been ever careful how we dealt the word blasphemy out, either on the words or the creeds of our fellow-men. Much that would have been irreverent

* Great First Cause, or Self-moving Powers of the Universe, p. 5.

† Id., p. 3.

‡ Id., p. 5.

§ Id., p. 15.

|| Id., p. 16.

and blasphemous to us we have abstained from denominating so, because we desire at all times to feel that blasphemy cannot exist with purity and rectitude of intention, and simplicity and ingenuousness of heart ; but blasphemy certainly is the great characteristic of every Mormonite idea and expression touching God. In the pages of these books the Divine Being, the God and Father of our universe and of the spirits of mankind, is made to appear less Divine than in the pages of ancient mythologies and the rhapsodies of heathen poets. A pious philosophy has ever been glad to fall back upon the thought, and in it to find consolation and assurance, that “a God understood can be no God at all.” “To think that God *is* as we can think Him to *be* is blasphemy.” * Mormonism rears no altar to *Αγνωστω Θεω*—to the Unknown and unknowable God ; but, on the contrary, dares to tell its miserable disciples that “the time will by-and-bye come when they will not only know as much as God himself, but even pass beyond and transcend him in knowledge.” This wretched delusion boldly proclaims that there is nothing unconditioned ; that God himself is subject to conditions—is therefore the creature of Time and Space, and therefore no God at all. Every pillow for a fainting head, to be found in Christian revelation—every prop and every hope for a fallen and disconsolate world—is removed. Infidelity ignores altogether the existence of God ; Mormonism makes the God of its worship to be a creature on the level of itself. With the most perfect truth, with truth as certain as that which was spoken by the Apostle descriptive of the ancient state of the most corrupt Pagans, it may be said, “They are without hope and without God in the world.”

* Sir William Hamilton.

The chambers of imagery opening to the awed vision of the prophet Ezekiel are but a faint portrait of those glimpses which such creeds as Mormonism, such books as the Book of Mormon, and such prophets as Joe Smith give us into the human heart; upon its walls are the fearful paintings of the hideous reptiles, veiling beneath their forms all vile and horrible desires, all brutal passions, and natural lusts; the most horrible feature of the whole, being that they dare to present themselves as appropriate emblems for the walls of the Divine temple, and thus they identify the service of God with the prostitution of the powers of body and mind in a Sacrament of Sin.

At the risk of shocking our readers and incurring some condemnation ourselves for the presentation to them of rubbish so horrible and blasphemous, we have cut some passages from many hundreds of similar passages occurring in "The Seer" and "The Millennial Star," the authentic organs of the Latter-Day Saints, edited by their most distinguished apostles!! All the citations from "The Seer" are from the pen of Orson Pratt: we cite them the rather that, important as they are, no reference has been made to them by any reviewer of Mormonism as yet, either in "The Edinburgh" or "The Westminster." We hope in thus stringing together these precious cowries of Mormon revelation we may give some information in reference to the tendencies and character of a creed so wholly monstrous and abominable. We quote without comment, and leave the quotations—too sacred for humour, too absurd for any argument. Are not these then illustrations of "the depths of Satan?" Do we wrong these men in calling them "filthy dreamers?"

These men have CHURCHES (!!), some very large, in

every town in England, and followers in England to the number of about forty thousand.

“*Adam, our Father and God.*—Now hear it, O inhabitants of the earth, Jew and Gentile, saint and sinner! When our father Adam came into the garden of Eden, he came into it with a *celestial body*, and brought Eve, *one of his wives*, with him. He helped to make and organise this world. He is MICHAEL, *the Archangel*, the ANCIENT OF DAYS! about whom holy men have written and spoken—HE is our FATHER and our GOD, and the only God with whom we have to do. Every man upon the earth, professing Christians or non-professing, must hear it, and will know it sooner or later. They came here, organised the raw material, and arranged in their order the herbs of the field, the trees, the apple, the peach, the plum, the pear, and every other fruit that is desirable and good for man. The seed was brought from another sphere, and planted in this earth. The thistle, the thorn, the brier, and the obnoxious weed did *not* appear until after the earth was cursed. When Adam and Eve had eaten of the forbidden fruit, their bodies became mortal from *its effects*, and therefore their offspring were mortal. When the Virgin Mary conceived the child Jesus, the Father had begotten him in his own likeness. He was *not* begotten by the Holy Ghost. And who is the Father? He is the first of the human family; and when he took a tabernacle, it was begotten by *his Father* in heaven, after the same manner as the tabernacles of Cain, Abel, and the rest of the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve; from the fruits of the earth the first earthly tabernacles were originated by the Father, and so on in succession. I could tell you much more about this; but were I to tell you the whole truth, blasphemy would be nothing to it, in the estimation of the superstitious and over-righteous of mankind. However, I have told you the truth as far as I have gone. I have heard men preach upon the divinity of Christ, and exhaust all the wisdom they possessed. All Scripturalists and approved theologians who were considered exemplary for piety and education have undertaken to expound on this subject in every age of the Christian era; and after they have done all, they are obliged to conclude by exclaiming ‘great is the mystery of godliness,’ and tell nothing.

“ It is true that the earth was organised by three distinct characters, namely Eloheim, Yahovah, and Michael, these three forming a quorum, as in all heavenly bodies, and in organising elements perfectly represented in the Deity, as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

“ Again, they will try to tell how the divinity of Jesus is joined to his humanity, and exhaust all their mental faculties, and wind up with this profound language, as describing the soul of man, ‘ it is an immaterial substance ! ’ What a learned idea ! Jesus, our elder brother, was begotten in the flesh by the same character that was in the garden of Eden, and who is our Father in Heaven. Now, let all who may hear these doctrines pause before they make light of them or treat them with indifference, for they will prove their salvation or damnation.

“ I have given you a few leading items upon this subject, but a great deal more remains to be told. Now remember from this time forth and for ever, that Jesus Christ was not begotten by the Holy Ghost. I will repeat a little anecdote. I was in conversation with a certain learned professor upon this subject, when I replied to this idea, ‘ If the Son was begotten by the Holy Ghost, it would be very dangerous to baptise and confirm females, and give the Holy Ghost to them, lest he should beget children, to be palmed upon the elders by the people, bringing the elders into great difficulties. ’

“ Treasure up these things in your hearts. In the Bible you have read the things I have told you to-night ; but you have not known what you did read. I have told you no more than you are conversant with ; but what do the people in Christendom, with the Bible in their hands, know about this subject ? Comparatively nothing.”

“ *The Generation of Gods.*—The dealing of God towards his children, from the time that they are first born in Heaven, through all their successive stages of existence, until they are redeemed, perfected, and made Gods, is a pattern after which all other worlds are dealt with. All Gods act upon the same great general principles, and thus the course of each God is one eternal round. There will, of course, be a variety in all His works, but there will be no great deviations from the general laws which He has ordained. The creation, fall, and redemption of all future worlds, with their inhabitants, will be conducted

upon the same general plan; so that when one is learned, the great fundamental principles of the science of world-making, world-governing, and world-redemption, will be understood.

“The Father of our spirits has only been doing that which His progenitors did before Him. Each succeeding generation of Gods follow the example of the preceding ones: each generation have their wives, who raise up from the fruit of their loins immortal spirits: when their families become numerous, they organise new worlds for them, after the former patterns set before them; they place their families upon the same, who fall as the inhabitants of previous worlds have fallen; they are redeemed after the pattern by which more ancient worlds have been redeemed. The inhabitants of each world have their own personal Father, whose attributes they worship, and in so doing all worlds worship the same one God, dwelling in all of His fulness in the personages who are the Fathers of each. Thus will worlds, and systems of worlds, and gorgeous universes, be multiplied in endless succession through the infinite depths of boundless space; some teletial, some terrestrial, and some celestial, differing in their glory, as the apparent splendour of the shining luminaries of Heaven differ. All these will swarm with an infinite number of living, moving, animated beings, from the minutest animalcules that sport by millions in a single drop of water, up through every grade of existence to those Almighty, All-wise, and Most Glorious Personages who exist in countless numbers, governing and controlling all things.”**

Polytheism.—“25. In the Heaven where our spirits were born, there are many Gods, each one of whom has his own wife or wives which were given to him previous to his redemption, while yet in his mortal state. Each God, through his wife or wives, raises up a numerous family of sons and daughters. Indeed there will be no end to the increase of his own children, for each father and mother will be in a condition to multiply for ever and ever. As soon as each God has begotten many millions of male and female spirits, and his heavenly inheritance becomes too small to comfortably accommodate his great family, he, in connection with his sons, organizes a new world, after a similar order to the one which we now inhabit, where he sends both the male and female

* Seer, vol. i. 134, 135.

spirits to inhabit tabernacles of flesh and bones. Thus each God forms a world for the accommodation of his own sons and daughters, who are sent forth in their times and seasons and generations to be born into the same. The inhabitants of each world are required to reverence, adore, and worship their own personal father, who dwells in the Heaven which they formerly inhabited." *

"The fleshly body of Jesus required a Mother as well as a Father. Therefore the Father and Mother of Jesus, according to the flesh, must have been associated together in the capacity of husband and wife: *hence the Virgin Mary must have been, for the time being, the lawful wife of God the Father. We use the term lawful wife, because it would be blasphemous in the highest degree to say that He overshadowed her or begat the Saviour unlawfully. It would have been unlawful for any man to have interfered with Mary, who was already espoused to Joseph; for such a heinous crime would have subjected both the guilty parties to death, according to the law of Moses. But God having created all men and women, had the most perfect right to do with His own creation according to His holy will and pleasure. He had a lawful right to overshadow the Virgin Mary in the capacity of a husband, and beget a Son, although she was espoused to another; for the law which He gave to govern men and women was not intended to govern Himself, or to prescribe rules for His own conduct. It was also lawful in Him, after having thus dealt with Mary, to give her to Joseph her espoused husband. Whether God the Father gave Mary to Joseph for time only, or for time and eternity, we are not informed. Inasmuch as God was the first husband to her, it may be that He only gave her to be the wife of Joseph while in this mortal state, and that He intended after the resurrection to again take her as one of His own wives to raise up immortal spirits in eternity.*" †

"Next let us inquire whether there are any intimations in Scripture concerning the wives of Jesus. We have already, in the 9th Number of this volume, spoken of the endless increase of Christ's government. Now we have no reason to suppose that this increase would continue unless through the laws of generation, whereby Jesus, like His Father, should become the Father

* The Seer, p. 37.

† Seer, vol. i. 159.

of spirits; and in order to become the Father of spirits, or, as Isaiah says, 'The Everlasting Father,' it is necessary that He should have one or more wives by whom he could multiply His seed, not for any limited period of time, but for ever and ever: thus he truly would be a Father *everlastingly*, according to the name which was to be given Him. The Evangelists do not particularly speak of the marriage of Jesus; but this is not to be wondered at, for St. John says, 'There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.' (John xxi. 25.) One thing is certain, that there were several holy women that greatly loved Jesus—such as Mary, and Martha her sister, and Mary Magdalene; and Jesus greatly loved them, and associated with them much; and when He arose from the dead, instead of first showing Himself to His chosen witnesses, the Apostles, He appeared first to these women, or at least to one of them, namely, Mary Magdalene. Now it would be very natural for a husband in the resurrection to appear first to his own dear wives, and afterwards show himself to his other friends. If all the acts of Jesus were written, we no doubt should learn that these beloved women were his wives. Indeed the Psalmist, David, prophesies in particular concerning the wives of the Son of God. We quote from the English version of the Bible, translated about three hundred and fifty years ago:—'*All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia: when thou camest out of the ivory palaces, where they have made thee glad, Kings' daughters were among thine honourable WIVES; upon thy right hand did stand the QUEEN in a vesture of gold of Ophir.*' (Psalm xlv. 8, 9.) That this passage has express reference to the Son of God and His wives will be seen by reading the 6th and 7th verses, which are as follows:—

"We have now clearly shown that God the Father had a plurality of wives, one or more being in eternity, by whom He begat our spirits, as well as the Spirit of Jesus His First Born; and another being upon the earth, by whom he begat the tabernacle of Jesus, as His only begotten in this world. We have also proved most clearly that the Son followed the example of His

Father, and became the Great Bridegroom to whom kings' daughters and many honourable wives were to be married. We have also proved that both God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ inherit their wives in eternity as well as in time; and that God the Father has already begotten many thousand millions of sons and daughters, and sent them into this world to take tabernacles; and that God the Son has the promise that 'of the increase of His government there shall be no end,' it being expressly declared that the children of one of His queens should be made princes in all the earth. (See Psalm xlv. 16.)"*

Mormonites no Mystics.—"Moreover, the Saints are of opinion that the term 'fanatic,' when associated with us, is very inconsistently applied, and that it will suit any other religious professors better. Strange as the assertion may appear, nevertheless the Latter-day Saints make it a point to judge religion by the strictest principles of logic. Indeed they do what is done by no other people—namely, treat it as a *positive science*. They reduce the subtlest questions to the simplest rules of reason and revelation, believing that truth is consistent with order and simplicity. Instead of the tendencies of their religion being lawless, intangible, and unnatural, they are severely logical. Hence, at the very onset, the Saints treat as the profoundest nonsense the ideas that the Universe was created from nothing; that a Being exists without body, parts, or passions; that there are three persons in the Godhead, yet they are *not three* but *one*; and many other notions of a like nature, so universally received. Surely it is a wonder that those who are fanatical enough to call such foolishness Philosophy and Theology, should dare talk of the terms 'fanaticism of the Mormons.'"

This is the new religion. Why than this dreadful degradation of the character and nature of our Heavenly Parent to the being "altogether such an one as ourselves," the merest fetish-worship is better: the man who can bow before a crocodile, a snake, or a toad, and in the blindness of his moral vision see some sort of an Infinite there, is to be envied by these "fools" who

* Seer, vol. i. 134, 135.

have professed themselves to be so wise. We did not write these extracts—we cut them from the precious volumes in which like true black diamonds they lay embedded. This Theogony is worse than any the world has known. Ye poor wretches—the Hindoo had a bright Crishna, the Saxon had an Odin and a Thor, the Greek and the Roman had an Apollo and a Pan—nay even a Saturn and a Chronos, the miserable Red Indian had his Great Spirit, the Druid had his Hu Gadarn—but you—what have you? who have you?—a generation of Gods!! You are going on very fast towards realising in your personal history the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans already, “You are without God in the world”—better have none than a thousand.

Thus the Mormonites have struck us as presenting as singular a proof in behalf of their inspiration as the German visionary Hans Engelbrecht. “God,” says he, “made the people who were with me to smell such a diabolical, horrible, and infernal stench, whilst I was getting out of bed, which was so immeasurably bad, and such a dreadful stench, that no other stench they could think of in all the world was comparable to it; and thereupon I said, by this you are to conclude infallibly that I have been before hell!!!” It seems to us that the Latter-Day Saints may endorse that saying as theirs, both as to the miracle and the location.

Of course, as is the creed, such will be the tone and tenor of the devotion. In all the writings of these men, in all the books and tracts and pamphlets they have published, in all the rubbish they have chosen to honour with the name of poetry, I do not remember one affectionate expression towards God—I do not remember one intimation that he is the Infinite All-Father.

Religion may be measured in the heart by its feelings

of affectionate veneration to God; where this is not, it matters little what else is found—love to God is the measure of true religion—love to God, not a passion, not an impulse in the blood, but a reverent and filial instinct absorbing all other powers, and enlightening all the recesses and vaults of our being. But this Mormonism is a religion without a worship, and a faith without a God. Never in the history of hymn-books was there such a book compiled as that which is intended to lead the services of these mad enthusiasts. There is not one original hymn (?) that is not simply a ludicrous outrage on good sense. Joe Smith claims as deep an admiration as Jehovah, and California is as inspiring as the unseen world. This spiritual life is to be maintained after a different manner and by a different aliment to that which maintained the Saints of old: they could look up to heaven and say, “all my springs are in thee;” but these modern Saints find all the joys of their New Jerusalem in the springs of the valley of the Salt Lake. Every movement made by the Mormon leaders has been a movement for the best according to their showing, and now every preceding Zion yields in dignity and excellency to this last Zion. The hymns and devotional exercises of the Mormonites are curious pieces, but they express their feelings, and so we will quote some of the strains in which they embody their faith in their present Zion.

The Upper California, O! that’s the land for me,
It lies between the Mountains and great Pacific Sea:

The Saints can be supported there;

And taste the sweets of liberty,

In Upper California. O! that’s the land for me.

O! that’s, &c. O! that’s, &c.

We’ll go and lift our standard, we’ll go there and be free,
We’ll go to California and have our jubilee,

A land that blooms with endless spring,
 A land of life and liberty,
 With flocks and herds abounding. O! that's the land for me.
 O! that's, &c. O! that's, &c.

We'll burst off all our fetters and break the Gentile yoke;
 For long it has beset us, but now it shall be broke;
 No more shall Jacob bow his neck;
 Henceforth he shall be great and free,
 In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.
 O! that's, &c. O! that's, &c.

We'll reign, we'll rule, and triumph, and God shall be our king,
 The plains, the hills, and valleys shall with hosannas ring,
 Our tow'rs and temples there shall rise,
 Along the great Pacific sea,
 In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.
 O! that's, &c. O! that's, &c.

We'll ask our cousin Lemuel to join us heart and hand,
 And spread abroad our curtains throughout fair Zion's land;
 Till this is done we'll pitch our tents
 Along the great Pacific sea,
 In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.
 O! that's, &c. O! that's, &c.

Then join with me, my brethren, and let us hasten there;
 We'll lift our glorious standard, and raise our house of prayer;
 We'll call on all the nations round
 To join our standard and be free,
 In Upper California. O! that's the land for me.
 O! that's, &c. O! that's, &c.

We could disgust the eyes of our readers by quoting page on page of irreverent, blasphemous doggerel from their hymn-book; but not contented with violating all rules of poetry and piety by their senseless bathos, they have actually dared to steal and to mangle the words of Watts, Wesley, Toplady, &c., and debased the Church's noble organ strains to squeak out their impurity. Here is another gem of a hymn!!

WE ARE THE SEED OF ABR'AM.

We are the seed of Abr'am,
 And all the world shall know ;
 For while proud nations crumble,
 We will a kingdom grow.
 Once we were not a people,
 But we're a people now ;
 Our home's in Salt Lake Valley,
 Above the mountains' brow.

CHORUS.

We are the seed of Abr'am.
 And all the world shall know ;
 For while proud nations crumble,
 We will a kingdom grow.

In this last dispensation,
 The Prophets to fulfil,
 Through present revelation,
 It is Jehovah's will,
 By precept upon precept,
 By giving line on line ;
 To consummate redemption,
 And make the earth divine.
 We are the seed, &c.

These "times of restitution,"
 We learn things old and new ;
 But "settled creed" admirers
 Are puzzled what to do.
 Our souls are more expansive,
 For every truth we'll own ;
 That we may grow quite perfect,
 And know as we are known.
 We are the seed, &c.

Abr'am received the promise,
 Because he was God's friend,
 That seed in endless increase
 Should from his loins descend.

If we call Abr'am father,
 Our works must be the same ;
 Or to the promised blessings,
 We have no legal claim.
 We are the seed, &c.

The Christians are quite startled,
 And make a wondrous noise ;
 They call this all "delusion ;"
 We're "foolish,"—they are "wise."
 They say, "How strange these doctrines !"
 "Peculiarly so :"
 But we can tell the reason—
 God's thoughts they do not know.
 We are the seed, &c.

They were not "strange" to Prophets,
 In Patriarchal days,
 Who lived by revelation,
 And learned Jehovah's ways.
 They were not "strange" to Abr'am,
 The man of mighty faith ;
 Nor Isaac, Jacob, Moses ;
 For so the Scripture saith.
 We are the seed, &c.

These things may come in contact
 With prejudice and pride ;
 And those who love and keep them,
 Christendom may deride ;
 But we'll not fear not falter,
 Nor heed the frowns of men ;
 For to God's shining presence
 They'll bring us back again.
 We are the seed, &c.

We'll preach this glorious Gospel,
 And make it all our boast ;—
 Believe, repent, and be baptized,
 And gain the Holy Ghost ;
 Then gather unto Zion,
 Cities and Temples build ;
 That with all truth and knowledge,
 The faithful may be filled.
 We are the seed, &c.

Though wicked men endeavour
 This work to overthrow,
 Yet, as God lives in heaven,
 To victory 'twill go.
 For what he sets his hand to,
 He's sure to bring about;
*And those who won't believe it,
 May wait and find it out.*
 We are the seed, &c.

Every principle of Mormonism, whether religious or civil, is a return to the doctrines and practices of the most primitive ages of the world—every teaching emanating from it is founded on wants peculiar to a very low and animal state of civilization, if civilization is a word which may be used at all in such a connection. Socially it is impossible, it may be said, in large civic societies and urban populations. All its illustrations are fetched from times when men were few, and the work demanded from men lying immediately within the most coarse and simple worlds of nature. This is our most charitable verdict upon it. It supposes no growth in the human soul—it supposes no change in the current of human ideas—it takes no notice of the difference of social states—especially it confounds human life beneath a spiritual dispensation, with life and its arrangements adapted only to the rude requirements of low and animal conditions—it sees no difference between the age of Jacob and Abraham and that of Paul and John, no difference between the thinly peopled world of ancient Mesopotamia and the overcrowded populations of the great cities of modern Europe—and, in fine, appeals to Bible evidence in support of polygamy, forgetful that, without any sanction from the Book, it might adduce as good a sanction for incest from the marriage of Cain and Abel with their sisters. Hence—and in what terms of

reprobation can we sufficiently loudly denounce--all the published ideas of these men with reference to WOMAN. Ah! it is very true that she has never won the place which is hers by right and by the precept and proclamation of Christianity! but for many ages now, by the teaching of that divine system which is woman's best friend, she has held an ideal position in society, and we have not only sought to ameliorate her present, but to anticipate also her future: but the Mormonite knows no future for woman. What has he degraded her to?—why, a mere child-bearing animal. And what has he transformed his home into?—why, a mere breeding-cage. It is horrible to write it deliberately, and if you, husbands, or brothers, or wives, or lovers, or sisters, who may chance to read this page, feel a blush of indignation burning on your cheek, do not spend your indignation on the writer of the sentence, but rather on the atrocious system it is intended to denounce.

Revelations in abundance had always been vouchsafed through Joseph to the people; among others the following:—a mansion-house to be built for the Prophet and his family at public cost—"Let it be built in my name, and let my servant Joseph Smith and his house have place therein from generation to generation, saith the Lord; and let the name of the house be called Nauvoo House, and let it be a delightful habitation for man!!" It had previously been revealed, "If ye desire the mysteries of my kingdom, provide for him food and raiment, and whatsoever thing he needeth!" Again, "In temporal labours thou shalt have no strength, for it is not thy calling!" But at last came the horrible *revelation* allowing *an unlimited number of wives*. We have this precious document lying before us, and we will

dare to disgust our readers' eyes with the perusal of some portions of it, as nothing can more fully illustrate the gross animalism and impurity of the mind of Smith, and the egregious gullibility of his vicious followers. It would seem that, upon the first mooted question of a plurality of wives, Mrs. Smith, Joseph's wife, was rather refractory; it is more than probable that she had certain womanly and wifely instincts, not to say Christian principles, ingrafted in her, which rose in revolt against the sensualism of her husband; whereupon this revelation spoke, commanding her not only to behave herself well in Joseph's harem, but to treat all his other wives with affection and respect. It really seems a very hard task to set a poor simple woman. The greater part of the whole revelation is devoted to the defence of polygamy, and that it is now received and endorsed by the Mormon Church is certain, as we reprint it from the Millennial Star for 1853.

"Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself, and partake not of that which I commanded you to offer unto her; for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham; and that I might require an offering at your hand by covenant and sacrifice; *and let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me; and those who are not pure, and have said they were pure,* shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God; for I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice; and I give unto my servant Joseph, that he shall be made ruler over many things, for he hath been faithful over a few things, and from henceforth I will strengthen him.

"And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord; for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if

she abide not in my law ; but if she will not abide this commandment, then shall my servant Joseph do all things for her, even as he hath said ; and I will bless him, and multiply him, and give unto him an hundred fold in this world, of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds. *And again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses, and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses, wherein she hath trespassed against me ; and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her, and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice. (!!!!)*

“ And again, I say, let not my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands, lest an enemy come and destroy him, for Satan seeketh to destroy ; for I am the Lord thy God, and he is my servant ; and behold ! and lo, I am with him, as I was with Abraham thy father, even unto his exaltation and glory.

“ Now, as touching the law of the Priesthood, there are many things pertaining thereunto. Verily, if a man be called of my Father, as was Aaron, by mine own voice, and by the voice of him that sent me : and I have endowed him with the keys of the power of this Priesthood, if he do anything in my name, and according to my law, and by my word, he will not commit sin, and I will justify him. Let no one, therefore, set on my servant Joseph, for I will justify him ; for he shall do the sacrifice which I require at his hands, for his transgressions, saith the Lord your God.

“ And again, as pertaining to the law of the Priesthood : If any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent ; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified ; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him ; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him and to none else ; *and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery (! !)*, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him, therefore is he justified. But if one, or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed ; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to

fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world ; and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men ; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that He may be glorified.

“ And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my Priesthood, as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe, and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God ; for I will destroy her ; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore, it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word ; and she then becomes the transgressor ; and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter ; therefore, let this suffice for the present. Behold, I am Alpha and Omega. Amen.” *

The following extract from a letter is a beautiful gem illustrating the practical working of polygamy in the city of the Salt Lake.

“ But about the practical operation of *Polygamy*, as you call it. That is what you most probably want to know, and I shall enlighten you from my observation and experience. When I came to Deseret there were not many who were in the enjoyment of more than one wife, and many, or most of the new-comers, were opposed to it. But as *they saw how beautifully and harmoniously those families lived where there were two or more wives, their prejudices gradually gave way*, and among no class was this change more apparent than the women. At the present time, if a vote were taken upon the subject, I venture to say that nine out of every ten women who have lived here two years would sustain our present social system in this particular. They are more for it than the men, for upon many of the latter

* Millennial Star, vol. xv. 1853, p. 5.

it entails heavy burdens, though the truth is, our wives in Deseret make no pretensions to being fine ladies, their highest ambition being to help their husbands and their poor brothers and sisters in the Lord's Church. *There are very few men here who have more than five wives*, and a large part have but one, while some have none. *For myself, I have three.* Sarah Ann, your cousin, whom I married in York State, has the largest share of my affections, and takes precedence in the management of the household. Two years ago I married Miss S., formerly of Ohio, and she has charge of the education of the children and attending to the clothing. My other, which I took three months ago, is from near Hamburg, Germany. She is larger than either Sarah Ann or Elizabeth (the name of my second wife), and, I say it without invidiousness or impropriety, is decidedly handsome. Her person is of good size, very round, full chest, bright flaxen hair, and a soft blue eye. She enters into the duties of her new situation with wonderful alacrity, and is very happy, as are also Sarah Ann and Elizabeth. *There is none of that jealousy*—that disposition to tear out each other's hair—which you have probably imagined would show itself in such cases. We are all looking forward to the time when we shall be together constantly in our little Eden, where we can work for each other, and raise our children in 'the fear and admonition of the Lord.' You may be surprised at this; but you will be still more so, when I assure you that all of my present wives are anxious that I should get another—one who is fitted by education, and physically adapted, to take charge of the business of the dairy. With such an arrangement of my household, every department of a well-organized establishment, on a patriarchal scale, would have a head to it, and be governed in order. I have no inclination to comply on my own account, as I am well satisfied with those I now have, but if I should do so, it will be entirely out of regard for them. *My daughter, Louisa, is engaged to be married to a man from Pennsylvania, who has already a wife and three children.* It did not entirely meet my approbation, but I did not interpose a single objection, so long as she was satisfied, and the marriage would be in a high degree honourable to her, as well as advantageous in a worldly view."*

* Millennial Star, vol. xvii., No. 3, p. 34.

Enlightened Englishmen and women will read with interest the following *judicious* and important hints, at this moment they are peculiarly interesting, entitled an "ORIGINAL PROPOSAL FOR HELPING THE PATRIOTIC FUND."

" *Were this jealousy removed from the ladies of England, and the more noble and magnanimous sentiments of celestial marriage to take its place, and the law of the land to be framed in unison, mountains of misery would be exchanged for the purest happiness. Thousands of pining maidens might have the privilege of answering the end of their creation by becoming helps-meet for man, and the fearful anxiety and soul-harrowing tortures that some suffer on account of others preventing them being joined to the man they love would be swept away past return. And further, at this very moment circumstances seem to combine to make more manifest to the understanding of all, the wisdom and virtue and saving power of the celestial order of marriage, and the desirableness of that 'green-eyed jealousy' being banished from the land. Thousands of British soldiers are now 'actually rotting away' before the walls of Sebastopol, and reinforcements are lessened by disease and death one-half in a few weeks, leaving sweethearts and wives and children to the tender mercy of their country generally, and the parish officers specially. In consequence of these casualties, generous spirits are contributing largely to help to support the widows and orphans, but the maidens must take care of themselves. A way can be pointed out whereby the maiden's heart may be comforted, the widow's tear dried up, and the orphan's cry answered. If the celestial law of marriage were the law of Britain, generous British ladies could banish their jealous feelings, and invite to share their homes the afflicted maiden and widow and child; and the generous lords of British ladies could become lovers to the maidens, husbands to the widows, and fathers to the fatherless. (!!!!!) Here can be shown a nation's truest gratitude for her brave but fallen champions; here is a means, effectual beyond all others, of cheering the afflicted and binding up the broken heart; and here is the most disinterested, most generous, and most noble offering that can be made to the 'Patriotic Fund.'"**

* Millennial Star, vol. xvii., No. 3, p. 34.

If the reader will turn to the writings of Orson Pratt and the elders of this precious church (!!), he will find some delectable commentaries on the Scriptural idea of marriage; for instance:—

“The Apostolic injunction, ‘The bishop must be the husband of one wife,’ is a strong indication that there were many in the Church who were the husbands of more than one. Paul intended to prohibit single or unmarried men from being entrusted with the offices of bishop and deacon; he required that they should be married, at least to one wife, as a pre-requisite to ordination.”*

“It is for putting away wives, not for taking wives, that Jesus condemned the Jews.”

There is a curious gloss on Mark x. 28th, 29th, 30th. Orson Pratt says,

“To receive now in this time an hundredfold of houses and lands and hundredfold of wives, an hundredfold of children, &c., is certainly a great temporal reward. A man that leaves one wife for the Gospel’s sake receives a hundred wives in return for his sacrifice. A man that leaves three or four children for the kingdom of God’s sake, receives three or four hundred as a reward ‘now in this time.’”

Again,—

“*How are the overplus females to obtain husbands for eternity? We will answer this question in the words of Isaiah: ‘In that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel: only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach.’—Isaiah iv. 1.* Thus we see that the reproach of having no husband will be far greater than the reproach of seven women having one husband; indeed the latter will be no reproach at all; it will be the only means of taking away their reproach; being a divine institution, it will be sought after with eagerness, even at the expense of eating their own bread and wearing their own apparel.”

* Celestial Marriage, The Seer, p. 73.

Here is wisdom ! Here is spiritual instruction ! This is the highest and latest Gospel. And America is rich indeed in such choice unfoldings of the religious instincts. We have now lying before us an account of the "American Free Love Movement." What think our readers of a league, a society, in New York, numbering twelve hundred persons, men and women bound together by the principle of "Passional Attraction"!! for the development of "Free Love," which, as defined by Mrs. Gore Nicholls, the author of *Mary Lyndon*, "is an elevation of the preponderating sensuality, and a consecration of the whole love (? lust), nature or life, to the development of all the faculties of man and woman to wise paternity?" In this society the conjugal union is ignored, and concubinage and fornication are elevated into a bond of perfectness. A friend of ours, writing on this subject, recommends to the consideration of America, not only a Maine Liquor Law, but a Maine Moral Law. This Association of Free Love is like Mormonism, in fact, a religion consecrated and set apart to Atheism and licentiousness, an attempt in the nineteenth century to act over again the sensual orgies of Ceres or Isis.*

* It also appears that different orders exist within the League, communicating and co-operating with each other ; as, for example.—1. *The Grand Order of Religion*. 2. *The Grand Order of Justice*. 3. *The Grand Order of Charity*. 4. *The Grand Order of the Social Relations*. 5. *The Grand Order of Recreation*. 6. *The Grand Order of the Beautiful*. The grand features of these several orders are fully enlarged upon under each head, secrecy being held forth as the grand element of power, and the bond by which the system is to be held together.

Directions for the management of the social gatherings of the club also emanate from the same dignity, from which we learn that a corps of servitors form part of the organization. Each servitor is distinguished by a star of red, white, and blue, and strangers may apply to any of this "star police" for aid in procuring introductions. To a casual visitor the rooms present the appearance of an elegant lounge, some of those present

And in closing these outline views of the religion of Mudfog, it is worth while inquiring what is the cause of all these remarkable phenomena. The men who form this community of Mormonites are better than their faith, and better than their teachers. To what shall we date the origin and foundation of their success? It is the writer's conviction that we shall find some cause of personal rebuke and sorrow.—I. The first cause of success may perhaps be found in the negative state of opinion everywhere, the general absence of conviction and reality—for man will rather believe in nonsense than in nothing, rather in a stick or a stone than a zero. Man is yearning for spiritual guidance, and this should be to all true-hearted teachers a very encouraging and healthful circumstance; it should be to all a foundation for earnestness and zeal. Nothing is more clear. Look round the religious horizon, a dead blank faithlessness meets you: look to this Mormon assembly, on the contrary, there you meet with fanaticism, it is true—but it is faith—a mighty faith—it overleaps, it conquers everything; it dashes to the dust all obstacles; it is characterised by the true fire and life of

being engaged at whist, checkers, and other games—some in conversation—others dancing—and, strange though it may seem, some engaged in reciting a French lesson, and in other intellectual pursuits. The attractions of vocal and instrumental music are also not wanting; in short, nothing is omitted that will serve to heighten pleasure, or further the main object of “passional attraction.” Every effort is made to give the club a tone of thought; and in its circle may be found members of the bar, the medical profession, the newspaper press, authors, poets, artists, composers, merchants, teachers, architects, leading mechanics, and others, many of them persons of distinction in their several walks. Everything is of course intensely proper and becoming; but the novice is not long in discovering that the Free Lovers contemplate the doing away of the marriage institution, and asserting the right of persons to say what relation they will maintain to any other, and how long the relation shall exist.

belief—albeit, belief run mad; it is faith in folly; it is faith in falsehood. Our best hope of most of the Mormonites is, that they neither know nor believe most of the ridiculous dogmas that disfigure or pollute their creed. Certain we are that the falsehood of this system is as great as the falsehood of Mahomedanism, and contains a heap and pile of absurdities as dark and foolish as most of the systems of Paganism. And yet it is believed.

It is believed—and the simple and clear truth, “the wisdom of God in a mystery,” contained in the Gospel of Christ, is rejected: this is the amazing and inscrutable perversity of fallen human nature, a proof however that man cannot live without faith; albeit sometimes, and most frequently, his faith is the outbirth of a carnal and sensual nature. There is a faith which is the gift of God, and there is a faith which is the wild and dreamy illusion of man’s erring heart and understanding—in fact the gift of the devil. Faith, like every other grace, must be tested by its fruits, by its object, and by its impulses; and tried by these tests look at the faith of Mormonism. It is true there are these men, rallying round the great Messiah of their Church, their martyred St. Joseph,—and there is the great central light of their Church The Book of Mormon; but for the men themselves, do we not know them? are they not themselves the refuse of all the churches in Christendom? As their creed is assuredly the refuse of all the contending sects of Christendom too—from the theocratic absolutism of Rome, from which however we fancy there have been few converts to St. Joseph—to the wild secularistic followers of Owen or Holyoak; this is the last resort of all the thousands who have been left without a shepherd and without a faith to fight their way through the

ecclesiastical Limbo of Vanity, and their dialectic meandering pathways to the gloomy shores of Nowhere. Perhaps a Mormonite experience meeting might not be without instruction in many points of view to many pastors, and teachers, and deacons, and class leaders. We have, we confess, been latterly edified that way ourselves.

Nor ought any one to forget that the dispute between Mormonism and Christianity is quite a vital dispute—it *is* a dispute between Mormonism and Christianity. Other disputes lie between sect and sect; it is not so here. No true Mormonite can be a Christian any more than a Mahomedan can be a Christian. Mahomet believed in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, but he utterly ignored his Messiahship by the proclamation of his own mission. The prophet Smith sets aside the finished work of Christ by the proclamation of the rubbish he would have us to receive as another gospel. He declares the present Revelation to be insufficient, and standing in need of the Revelation of which he is the medium to conclude it. Horrible to behold, this knave and arch impostor, this St. Joseph, takes his stand at the foot of the Cross, and while he insolently affects to utter forth its doctrines, he crucifies the Son of God afresh and puts him to an open shame. What does he say or believe of the Atonement, and the divine satisfaction, in the ridiculous and horrible mess of theology served up to us by these teachers? We have one God, two Gods, three Gods, a generation of Gods, and no God at all. Very accommodating are they in their Theogony. But to believe Christ and to believe the teachers of the Mormon Church is impossible. Read, for instance, the following morsel on *the work of the Holy Spirit* :—

“If the *Father* possess infinite wisdom and knowledge, *why*, some may ask, *can he not get along with his work without the assistance of the Son and Holy Spirit?* We answer, the Son is necessary to reconcile fallen man to the Father: the Holy Spirit is necessary to sanctify and purify the affections of men, and also to dwell in them as a teacher of truth. *Immense quantities of this substance are also necessary in order to be present in connexion with all other substances, to control and govern them according to fixed and definite laws, that good order and harmony may obtain in every department of the universe.* The Father and Son govern the immensity of creation, not by their own actual presence, but by the actual presence of the Spirit. The union of the three does not give any additional wisdom and knowledge to either, but by the union they are able to carry on certain works which could not be carried on by one singly. One singly, as for instance the Father, could have power to do all things not inconsistent with his perfections and attributes; that is, he could act where he was present, but without the assistance of the Holy Spirit, or some other being, he being a person, could not act where he is not present. By the union of the three, each is able to act in all places through the assistance of the others. The persons of the Father and Son can be in heaven, and yet, through the agency of the Spirit, act upon the earth. *An omnipresent person is impossible; but an omnipresent substance, diffused through space, is not only consistent, but reasonable.* Persons through the medium of such an all-wise and all-powerful substance, can exercise Almighty power, at the same time in the most distant departments of creation. Without such a substance with which they were in union, they could not carry on the grand and powerful operations of universal nature; for no substance can act where it is not present.”*

We have already intimated our very clear conviction that in the dialectic brain and workshop, a religion never had birth. Dialectics are the confession of a fallen nature; dialectics are the walls of the understanding. By dialectic tools never yet did mortal exca-

* Absurdities of Immaterialism, by Orson Pratt, pp. 30, 31.

vate a way into free air and light. The dialectician never can be eminently the religious teacher. How the inspirations of Paul leap over the fences of logic! Perhaps in the history of religion there never was written so miserable an affair as Apostle Pratt's 'Absurdities of Immaterialism.' As a logical performance it is not without merit: it has so much merit that we know not how to persuade our own mind that the Apostle believes it, and several other entertaining pieces with which he has favoured and illuminated the modern world. We sincerely pity the poor souls who have to look to the epistles of *this* apostle for consolation and faith. We have no space here for the analysis of this pamphlet—it is as lamentable as it is contemptible. He enlightens us by showing in this paper that mental and mechanical forces are identical, that iron has an affection called motion, while the human mind has an affection called joy, and that these are greatly alike! Iron and mind both have states of being, therefore their being is identical! A piece of iron at rest and a mind at rest are not much unlike one another, for both are capable of motion, although we give to the motion differing names! Thus the apostle confounds what can scarcely be called an analogy—and what would not be used as an analogy by any poet, however imaginative—with a great argument, and having first fancied and conceived a resemblance, argues that it reveals identic conditions. All immaterialists, says the apostle, are atheists. "An immaterial God is a deified nothing, and all his worshippers are atheists," for all existence must be subject to space: thought exists, therefore thought must be subject to space. All spiritual substance is material: this is proved by the fact that "all spiritual bodies are capable of condensation, as is evident from the fact of

their occupying the bodies of very little infants!!!!” But we could fill pages with the lofty metaphysics of the great Apostle of the Mormons, Orson Pratt.

Thus clearly the Bible is put on one side, it is superseded. It is superseded by that hodge-podge the Book of Mormon. Yes, the Book of Mormon is the last New Testament. It is quoted as of equal authority at least, and in a matter of dispute would be appealed to as of greater authority. The Book of Mormon is of greater authority than the Bible. Do you doubt that? Why, I have lying before me five pamphlets ‘On the Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon,’ by Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints. Turn over the pages, and what do you find as the positions laid down? The following—that to expect more revelation is not unscriptural nor unreasonable; that there is prophetic evidence in favour of the Book of Mormon, and absurd beyond all description is the appropriation of prophecy. Thus “*Truth shall spring out of the earth,*” is made to be the prophecy of the finding of the Book of Mormon. The blessing of Moses pronounced on Joseph is appropriated to “our illustrious Prophet,” and the everlasting hills are no other than the Rocky Mountains, with much more of the same character. Then we have another position, that the Bible and tradition, without further revelation, are an insufficient guide. The writer forgets that the Holy Spirit the Comforter has been promised to lead into all truth every individual disciple of Christ. Then, again, we have a comparison of the evidence in favour of the Bible and the Book of Mormon, in which the Book of Mormon has most decidedly, in Mr. Pratt’s estimation, the best of it:—

.. “And as every creature in all the world, who would not

believe the chosen eye-witnesses of a risen Saviour, were to be damned, so every living soul who rejects the testimony of the chosen eye-witnesses of the ministry of the angel, confirmatory of the Book of Mormon, will be damned ; for thus hath the Lord spoken.

“27.—We ask this generation to bring one living witness that has seen even one of the original manuscripts of any of the books of the Bible. They cannot do it. There is not one solitary original manuscript of any book of the Bible now known among men ; neither has there been any such manuscript known for very many centuries. Therefore, this generation have twelve eye-witnesses of the original of the Book of Mormon ; whereas they have not even one eye-witness of the original of any book of the Bible. Therefore, if rejecting the evidences which we have of the truth of the Bible will bring condemnation, how much greater must be the condemnation of this generation, if they reject the far greater evidences of the Book of Mormon ! Oh the unbelief and inconsistency of this generation ! How can they escape the sword of justice which hangs over them ? They are drunken in iniquity, and the spirit of deep sleep is upon them, and they know not the day of their visitation ! Like beasts they will be led to the slaughter, and quickly go down into the pit !” *

Another cause of the success of this fanaticism may be found in the peculiarities of our social system, our crowded, overwrought, and anxious state, the prevalence of caste and class among us, the heaped-up condition of wealth, and the severance of the various limbs of the social body. Mormonism is Communism and Socialism under another name ; it fuses down all classes into one great body. It is a theocratic and communistic despotism, and in some such form the destiny of labour appears to be necessarily brought out. It is true that in our present complicated English society, especially society in our large towns, if men are unable to guide

* Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon, Tract 4, p. 58.

or help themselves, there is no captain, no leader, to whom they can look for guidance. No doubt the true problem of society is probation; no doubt God, our Heavenly Father, in placing us here to fulfil as hirelings our day, intended that we should develop the seeds of our future destiny by our prevision, and self-reliance, and energy; but it seems equally certain that millions in our social state are quite unfitted to disentangle the skein of life in which they find themselves enmeshed. The Age of Great Cities is a problem not at all solved yet. Like all other such problems, it must work out its own solution: it *will* work itself out not only into health, but through disease. Mormonism is no doubt one of the diseased forms of our age life—it is a confession of the involved and perplexed condition to which we are reduced—it is a declaration of weakness and incapability—it is in fact a loud and powerful voice declaring, “We know not what to do.” Alas! it does not go on to say “Our eyes are up unto Thee,” but on the contrary, “Our eyes are on Joe Smith or Brigham Young and their Grub Street revelations.”

But can it be true that society can only be saved by a horsewhip in the hands of a fool? Can it be true that the tocsin of society is a peal of bells in a fool’s cap? The side of Mormonism which has truth and common sense in it, and on which it in a great measure depends for all its success, is, that it is a vast scheme of Colonisation. What! is there no way of getting to Mecca but under the command of a scoundrel and a knave? Are we so incapable? Have we so lost all our strength that there was not found in our England men to take the crowding thousands by the hands and lead them out by some great scheme of colonisation into the distant wilderness, there to found a city, a kingdom, a thriving

and flourishing home? Somehow our Exodus to Australia does not reflect the credit on us that the Exodus of the Mormonites to Utah reflects on them. We will not listen to the cry, the Divine command, which says, "Replenish the earth and subdue it." Our crowded cities are peopled by shivering multitudes, while round all our territories of India we stretch the mighty line and fence; and while the whole earth waits through all its wilderness gardens the Adam who shall enter upon its fair territories to till it, and to make it the abode of moral and material life. The truth is, Joe Smith the scoundrel, is doing what the Christian Colonist, the princely Merchant, the Statesmen-mind of the country might have done and ought to have done. The system of Mormonism is not only emigration, it is colonisation. You may laugh at the pilots as you will, but on board the vessel there are pilots, and captain as well as mastmen.*

* We confess we felt surprise and indignation at the tone in which the 'Westminster Review' closed its article on Mormonism:—"If in the second century a commission had been appointed to investigate the origin of the Christian Church and the Christian Scriptures, it might perhaps have brought strange things to light." It is a mean and miserable insinuation, not worthy of the 'Westminster'—worthy only of a ribald—to hint an analogy between the birth of Mormonism and Christianity in the Apostolic Forms and Ages.

BENJAMIN PARSONS,

EBLEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

“ He thro’ the heat of conflict keeps the law;
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
 He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm or turbulence,
 Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes,
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray.”

WORDSWORTH, *The Happy Warrior*.

“ He dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie;
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie;
 And though he holy were and virtuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous.
 To drawn folk to heaven with fairnesse
 By good example was his businesse.
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of highe or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
 A better priest I trowe that no wher non is.
 He waited after no pompe, ne reverence;
 Ne maked him no spiced conscience;
 But Christes love and his Apostles twelve
 He taught; but first he folwed it himselve.”

CHAUCER.

A MAN who could gather around his pulpit, when visiting the metropolis, five thousand persons, is worthy of some notice in any book professing to be an exposition of the method of the religious teachers of the age. Does the reader know Sion Chapel, in Whitechapel, in

London? it is the most huge and unwieldy place of worship we ever entered—we feel almost inclined to say the most ugly, comfortless, and ungainly. The deacons of the place have told us that it contains sittings to the number of three thousand five hundred, which may be let, in addition to the immense space devoted to the free sittings; a frightful place this for a man to deliver himself in—a frightful place, unless he can so charge his words that, instead of gazing round upon vast vacancy, instead of giving forth his words to

“ Bellow thro’ the vast and boundless deep,”

they shall be so attractive as to crowd the spacious place. How many men, think you, could be found to fill this vast pit? How many preachers could attract so immense a multitude? But we have thrud our way to the place when not only the chapel was full to overflowing, but all around the chapel—around the vestry—all the entrances—main entrance and side entrance—were thronged with the pressing multitudes of the waiting and listening poor. The man who did this, almost the only man who possessed the power to do this, we believe, in the kingdom, is Benjamin Parsons.

We give you notice that we intend this sketch to be a eulogy; we give you at once to know that he was a preacher after our own heart. We do not know whether he commended himself most to our love or to our admiration; for we have not judged him at a distance: we have seen him in all moods and in all places; we have seen him in London, in the pulpit and on the platform, with the thousands about him; and we have seen him in Gloucestershire, in his own quiet and ancient house of God; and we have seen him in the

family, but of this we are not to speak now, unless we may breathe the bye hint that the family crowned all, that the earnestness and vigour, the eloquence and instruction, of the public service, all became more beautiful, and more impressive, and more real, after witnessing the quiet and unostentatious holiness of the family life.

Benjamin Parsons came from the ranks of the poor and labouring class. Like Alton Locke, he was a tailor; and, if imagination makes the poet, like that famed child of Fiction he was a poet too. For nearly thirty years he was the pastor of the little Independent Church at Ebley in Gloucestershire—Ebley, a name which has been pronounced most frequently in connexion with the name of Parsons, and which, in many parts of the world, in the United States for instance, never would have been pronounced at all but for the name of Parsons. Ebley is one of a cluster of small villages famed for the manufacture of West Country cloth. The villages are small, but a teeming population hangs all around them—a population combining in its character some of the traces of more Southern life, and some of the more Northern life of England—gentleness and courtesy, force and determination. The people are accordingly more famed for political wishings than for political determinations; but in their views of politics and religion they do assimilate to our more northern districts, while in their general manners they approach the southern. Mr. Parsons was, to a very great degree, the type of the mind, with a more resolute interblending of the Norman force of character than we look for at all, either in the south or west. You find some difficulty in conceiving that the man, so gentle, so playful in the parlour, romping with children, bearing any

amount of contradiction, is the same you beheld so stern, so dark, apparently so bold and vehement, and sometimes we have thought so intolerant, upon the platform and in the pulpit. Unconquerable Will and unconquerable Gentleness, these were the two most prominent attributes of his mind; and, notwithstanding what we have said above, the same gentleness shone out frequently in his sermons—tenderness that came down upon you like a snow-flake; it was not obtrusive; it did not want to make itself seen; it was not a fidgety tenderness, but holy, spiritual; and you felt, while you listened to your preacher, that even the very force he employed, the fervid torrents of declamation, were tinged from the fullness of a most loving heart, a heart full of

“The hate of hate,—the scorn of scorn,—
The love of love.”

From what we have said, perhaps, it may be gathered that Mr. Parsons has two methods of addressing his hearers—and he has: his morning discourses are “orient pearls,” but “at random strung:” in the evening he is always diffuse alike in ideas and in utterance—dilates, we should say, too much; but in the morning, as we have heard him, he more usually addresses the experimental life of the Christian; he speaks more pertinently; his remarks are more “like goads:” they are more rememberable; they are more suggestive; they appeal more to general information and knowledge. Perhaps something of this is usually the case with extemporaneous preachers. Morning services have more of gentleness; the audience is smaller, more Christian, and more loving. It is almost a test of a minister’s Christian life—does he find himself more at home preaching morning or evening? The holier heart will

love the morning usually the best, for it will address the nobler auditory: in the evening there is more of human passion, more of effort, more of display. John would preach best in the morning, talking to little children; Peter would preach best at night—impulsive, fervid, vehement. We love our preacher's morning hortations best; but the evening is the time of crowds and thronging multitudes; and then we can very well believe that he, unconsciously to himself, throws aside the axiom and the hint, and commits himself to a stream of declamatory fervour. He does not speak without instructing; and even in the very height of his heat and tempest of speech every word does appear to be bathed in common sense. Common sense is the great characteristic of his style: he appeals to the understanding. Does he appeal to the understanding too much? Does he leave too little for Faith to do? This we will not say; but all he says you see. Your teacher is perfectly honest with you; he does not perplex you with technicalities; every word is downright and plain. No wonder that the poor and illiterate flock to hear him. Oh, what a relief it must be to listen to a man—a capable man—who points every word so that it tells—who sees and believes himself all that he says, and who enters the understandings of all his people by a path of light.

But the sayings of our preacher are frequently very quaint, nor does he dislike the use of the weapons of wit, and occasionally satire, and he can avail himself of both with terrible power—a fearful hand at skinning an adversary—a very Sioux: in his own neighbourhood he is a ubiquitous personage, and is willing to scalp the antagonist to his views of political and religious truth, either on the hustings or from the press—this is his

attribute, a power to skin an error and lay it bare to a popular mind and audience. He does not descend to the nicer shades of metaphysic distinction, although all his published works show a power to do so. He stands by and upon the eternal principles and distinctions between right and wrong; he never passes out of the sight of his audience, and therefore to them his logic often appears to descend upon his adversary with crushing force. His hapless opponent is like an unfortunate being strapped and bound to a revolving wheel, lanced by some cruel instrument, for, as with most men of Mr. Parsons' order of mind, his satire and his logic are one. It was in this way he mangled Mr. Borthwick at Stroud; thus he sliced and crushed the Anti-Sabbath men upon their appearance in his neighbourhood; thus the supporters of Church Establishments, the defenders of Corn Laws, the upholders intact of the present political arrangements of society—in a word, all the lovers and upholders of injustice. He stands resolutely by his own interpretation of right; he can elevate his voice till it rises like a thunder-peal over the noise of a mighty mob; he can drop it till it ripples like a whisper among summer roses: figure him, then, before you, this man, with a soul all on fire with love to Christ and Christianity; figure him there, with a character of which it is mere tameness to say it is most unimpeachable. When an effort was made to crush him some years since, a clergyman said to a lady, “ The worst of it is, you see, madam, we can bring nothing against him. If we had but something, we could crush him directly.” The worst indeed! But, on the contrary, a character known, enthusiastic, genuine; a character always identified, even in its very extremes, with love to the people, and efforts for their salvation and benefit.

Must not the power of this man, in his neighbourhood, be great over the mind of his audience? Figure him there again, so calm and resolute—a human rock if you attempt to move him; a man who will laugh at all opposing clamour; a man whom opposition affects as much as petrifying waters affect a stone, clothing and casing in more determined resolution: an eye dark as an eagle's, lustrous and loving as a dove's—a complexion full of the Norman temperament—and a lip!—saw you ever a lip like that?—compressed, so full of power and satire; relaxed, so full of meaning. A terrible opponent this, where all these varieties blend to make the character—invulnerable. Perhaps we do not find our sympathies moving with every action of our subject; perhaps we do not, ourselves, like this scathing, crashing power, which Mr. Parsons can so efficiently use: our object now only is to say that they here are draped about with grandeur and dignity which remind one of a Phocion, or a Cato, converted to Christianity.

We may well call the subject of our present sketch the Man of Action; for the pulpit and the platform are the spheres in which he is least known. The press is another world in which he has moved and spoken, well and efficiently, throughout America as well as England. He is well known by 'Anti-Bacchus,' a book of considerable size, which in England, we believe, has now passed through a sale of some 15,000 copies, and for which the author only received the sum of fifty pounds; and instantly appropriated to the erection of a British school in Ebley, although but a poor man. As we did not receive these facts from his own family circle, although from his immediate neighbourhood, there is no breach of confidence in mentioning them, illustrating as they do the character. The 'Mental and Moral Dignity

of Woman' is a book also largely talked of, and is one of the most earnest appeals for the re-adjustment of woman's social position in any language. Then we have 'Education the Birthright of every Human Being;' and lastly, a work on 'The Greatness and Resources of the British Empire:' and all his works abound with the same plain, and rugged, and forcible eloquence, which makes him famous among modern speakers. A man of action, we said, pre-eminently a man of action; a man who must be doing, and who sees instantly through the meaning of the thing to be done.

Several years have now passed away since we first found ourselves in Gloucestershire, and there, in all circles withersoever we moved, we heard the name of Benjamin Parsons. We were at that time little better than a greenhorn boy, and, therefore, in reference to woman, we held very stoutly to the "Lords of the Creation" theory. Smart was the discussion we had with a lady, in the shades of the Forest of Dean, in reference to Mr. Parsons' newly published book. At Mechanics' Institutes in the neighbourhood we heard of him as lecturing on topics of science and literature. Our engagements called us much among the people, and from them we heard of his incessant travellings to talk to the working classes on temperance, on education, on self-reliance, and on politics. When we neared his residence we found that his chapel was filled with people comparatively poor; that his rich and wealthy neighbours left his village to worship in more aristocratic shrines, and to receive instruction from men who would not be suspected of instructing too much. We found a large chapel in a small village, filled with a loving people, able to do little for their pastor, who, therefore,

kept a small select school, groomed his own horse, on which he cantered off to instruct his neighbours; dug his own garden, and had then just opened a most noble British School, by the force of his own earnest endeavours. We found, in fact, an Oberlin in Gloucestershire. His was the first school established in the neighbourhood, and, as children flocked from distant villages, he hastened to them, and endeavoured to rouse them to the chivalry of education. We know no other such indefatigable worker. In no invidious spirit we say, we know no other such magnificent type of ubiquitous earnestness. We could venture to call him the model minister—a man who found his chapel with a congregation of fifty persons, and who could after a ministry of thirty years crowd it with a congregation, at his will, of a thousand or twelve hundred people, who has his galleries propped when he preaches the Sabbath-school Sermons in the summer, or stands and delivers his sermons in the grave-yard to the teeming crowds:—oh, ye, our young college friends, what think you of a teacher like this? Does it not strike you that after all his method is imitable? If we were asked to give a summary account of our preacher, we should say, in his life, and in the method of his teaching, he is Edward Miall's theory of the Christian life, and ministry, and church; not on paper and in type, but in real flesh, and blood, and spirit: and he was all that long years before the conception of that was in the mind of the writer.*

We have heard it said that Mr. Parsons is no great favourite with many of his brethren in the ministry,—but that, of course, must be a mistake. Does not earnestness ever love earnestness? Does not horny-eyed laziness ever dread contact with bold, eagle-eyed intre-

* The British Churches, by Edward Miall.

pidity? Or solve this question for us: How is it that paupers always sneer at capitalists and labourers?—that mental poverty, the Caliban, always curls its white lip, and lifts its long, skeleton, fang-like finger at mental opulence, the conquering Prospero moving by its side?—Solve for us this question, oh generation of grumblers—oh race of mental bankrupts!

In the first pages of this volume we made some remarks on the Pulpit in its relation to the People. One of the great causes of the slight hold the pulpit has on the people is in the fact that it does not clearly see what is the nature of its mission to them, and this is closely connected with the fact that the people have lost all faith in the leading and guiding power of the pulpit; yet God has always recognised and commissioned this public instruction on a large scale. We who write these pages do not unfrequently speak ourselves on public occasions, but we have no power to gather masses of people together, or to hold them when gathered. We are asked to speak, and we obey. But incapable as we are ourselves to speak so as effectively to interest, especially multitudes and crowds, we desire to feel great veneration for the man who can do it; and it seems to us to be a part of the Christian mission to attack the prejudices, to arouse the consciences, to irritate the convictions, to inform the principles, to inflame the devotions, to expand the judgments, even to kindle the passions of men.

That was a stirring spectacle when, in Judea, in the time of the Restoration, Ezra ascended the pulpit of wood in the great broad street called the Water-gate in Old Jerusalem, when all the people “gathered themselves together as one man” to listen to the reading of the Book of the Law. There were probably from fifty

to a hundred thousand persons present, bending, and straining their ears reverently to catch some of the words of the loved and glorious book—a stirring sight indeed in that lonely land, isolated in locality, and cut off from all the nations of the earth by affinities dimly comprehended, but eternally interesting to themselves and to millions on millions then unborn. It was a Sabbath-day. It is not difficult to conceive its oriental splendour;—the fierceness of the sun had not perhaps risen when in the early morning the restored dwellings were all forsaken—the city bore indeed all the traces of desolation—the houses were stained with the appearances of ruin—but nature was lovely: the tamarind and the palm and the dark cedar bent gracefully on the distant horizon. On the outskirts of that vast crowd, it is true, the sceptic, the pagan, and the sneerer were to be seen, and those who knew the temper of the Israelite knew also that in the midst of that vast crowd were many faint and faithless hearts; but the mighty nationality of their ancient faith that bright morning quickened every pulse and gladdened every cheerless spirit. The crowds of the priests were there; the sacred band of the Levites; the singers with their instruments were not wanting, and even the weary and the oppressed Nethenim, hewer of wood and drawer of water, felt that morning that he had some relationship with the land of the covenant and the promise. But when Ezra appeared in that pulpit, over the platform on which stood the priests and princes of the people, and produced the Bible—the Book of the Law—“in the sight of all the people, for he was above all the people,” then rose to their feet with a reverent joy the great audience. They stood up; and as he, the great representative of their religion, blessed the Lord, the great God of their

fathers, a loud but deep universal Amen ! Amen ! ascended from every lip in that vast crowd. They lifted up their hands—a forest of hands—and then with deep silence “ bowed their faces to the ground.” It was a sublime and affecting sight ; it stirs and affects us now after all these centuries have rolled away, and scattered to the remotest climes the dust of that amazing host. The alternations of that deep and full Amen, and the head bowed in silence in the dust until when the priests began to read the Book which had been silently held aloft—the roll simply unfolded in the majesty of expressive silence to the eye—then there was a burst of weeping through all the host that once more the Fatherland was reached—once more the oracle of Sinai was proclaimed—tears of patriotic piety welled up from their hearts as they heard the words of their beloved law. Then, the Book was read distinctly, and the priests gave the sense, and caused the people to understand the reading, till after many hours had passed ; then Ezra said to them all, “ *Go your way : eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto the Lord, for the joy of the Lord is your strength.*” Often as we have read that beautiful history, it has seemed to us to be the very ideal of a Christian service, and indeed in all ages since the truest service has approached to this and partaken of all the features of that great and memorable day. The mighty multitudes of the people animated by one impulse of devotion—the priests by the mingled desire to inflame the heart with gratitude and to lead the spirit by gentle instruction—till, when the service is broken up, each auditor feels that he has not only eaten the fat and drank the sweet for himself, but that he has the portion for whom nothing had been prepared. Con-

fined to their rooms or avocations at home, mighty is the ministry that can thus dispense spiritual food, and worthless that which cannot.

Very different was the scene you would have beheld had you at the same era of the world's history entered Athens. At the very moment probably when Ezra lifted aloft the Book of the Law to the gaze of the people, beneath the beautiful skies of Greece some of the great teachers of that august republic were discoursing. It was the age of Grecian mind and philosophy; but walk through the charmed city; stretch the imagination; let it rest on the whole of the religious and literary history of that wonderful and immortal spot, everything awes the heart and captivates the taste; the imagination is inflamed there; the senses are all entranced there. Very different those white shining marble beauties amidst the trees—those glorious pillars of Pentelicus that crown the hill—the long groves and arcades of statues that stretch out seven miles to the Propylæ—the magnificent temples—the gods in their agony or their calm;—very different this proud spot of earth to the poor deserted and tributary spot of earth we have left where the walls began to look out from their encumbering desolation; but which spot of earth has influenced most the moral destinies of the world? Step behind that grove of thick laurels and beautiful trees—that venerable and cheery old man is Herodotus reading his immortal History. Have you listened long enough? Step on. Here is a spectacle—this mighty theatre filled with all the beauty and bravery of Greece—the Panopticon of that civilization—then bending beneath the strong spell of a genius the most awful of that age and world—Sophocles is reading his *Œdipus Colonus*. Step on again; change again the scene and the age, but

linger in the same city. Enter beneath this marble portico; select, but grave and great, see them gathered round that monarch-man; it is Plato mingling and pouring forth his wonderful dialectics of light and fire. Yet in all that city, among all those teachers and auditors, there is not one scene so sublime as that we saw a little time since in the holy ruined Jerusalem, when before the holding aloft the Book of the Law the mighty thousands bowed their heads and sobbed in speechless love and reverence. And yet we fear it must be said of a great number of our ministers, especially of our rising ministers, that they imitate Greece rather than Judea, Herodotes or Plato rather than Ezra, and aim rather to produce a cold and brilliant essay than a warm and fiery emotion of love, or a useful and permanent principle of action in the heart.

This was not the case with Mr. Parsons. He spoke to the many; his aim was to reach the hearts of the many; he sought the salvation and the benefit of the many; he did not aim in vain. In a field where many teachers are doing their best, it is perhaps almost unkind to say of any one he does *the* best. But we must say that in the mission to the working classes it always seemed to us Mr. Parsons stood pre-eminent. It cannot be doubted that to work upon the minds of the people very peculiar powers and gifts are needed. A man's ability is not always in proportion to his sympathy. A physician needs not only sympathy, he needs experience, knowledge, and shrewdness. So does the teacher; it may indeed be said that sympathy in some sense includes all these, and so it frequently does. There are, however, many who attempt to aid the working classes who have no power, or but little power to do so. Many attempt to speak to them who do not understand

them. Mr. Parsons understood them; he loved them, he believed in them. He could especially speak to the mind of the artizan and the mechanic. He knew that order of mind well; he watched it, he battled for it; he rebuked it:—he knew the sins and the vices of the people. He did not, as some speakers to the people have done, disjoin duties from rights, or rights from duties. It is doubtless true that to be a missionary of the people needs, as we have said, a peculiar order of gifts and faculties. A man may desire to serve the people who cannot; some who possess the power, adopt a very doubtful method. It must also be said some ministers, and many, feel but very little interest in the masses. To be successful, a man's earnestness must be visible; he must arrest the ear; he must arrest the eye; especially he must be consistent; he must develop a lofty regard for principle; he must show himself to be heroic, daring, and self-denying; consistent, quiet, truthful. Such labour is never thrown away; it cannot become void, it cannot be in vain.

Mr. Parsons had a special power in preaching to Sceptics—not to sceptics of the metaphysical or philosophical school, the elegant Myth-Worshippers and mental and moral Epicureans—he had no taste for a gladiatorial display of sciamachy and shadow-fighting. He attacked scepticism from its stronghold in the common sense of mankind; he routed it from the fortress of the understanding. When he preached in the vast Sion Chapel in London, the place was thronged by thousands of hearers, and the vestry was often thronged after the service by men who came to thank him for resolving mental difficulties and dispelling doubts. His mode of treating sceptical questions was similar to that which we find so admirably applied by Legh Richmond in 'A

Father's Reasons for Repose,' and by Nelson in his work on Infidelity. He did not attempt to do battle with the sophistries of psychology. Metaphysical and subjective theology was no favourite study of his; he did not dispute positions either in public or in private. Occasionally in the parlour by the fireside, you might ensnare him into an argument, but he usually contented himself with declaring his convictions without discussing. Little benefit is conferred on the world by encouraging the habit of dispute.* The truth is, infidels are keen observers. Mr. Parsons undoubtedly possessed great powers of mind, and considerable attractiveness and energy of speech; but this was not the secret source of his power over the minds of men—it was the confidence he inspired—it was the feeling that his message to him was no cunningly devised fable. If you would electrify a man, you must not seat him on the ground; let him be lifted from the earth; let him be seated in the glass chair; then from that exalted position he may not only be charged with electricity, but he may electrify you. It is indispensable, your electric battery must not be too

* Can there be any doubt that many persons have been seriously injured in their faith by trifling and playing with the sharp-edged tools of dialectic sophistry and theology? We think we know many who would do well to remember the last lines of Butler's portrait:—

“He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve them in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again,
Although by *woeful proof we find*
They always leave a scar behind.”

near the earth. Do you not often wonder how it is that sermons are so powerless, yet apparently so full of power? Certainly they are eloquent, they are classical, they are rhetorical; they are more, they are full of truth, they have point, they have pertinency, they are stamped by every kind of mental power,—and yet they are powerless. You wonder that the minister who can say things so well, succeeds no better. How is it? I fear it is because he is too near the earth—he is seated on the earth—and the instincts of his auditors know it. Do you not know that a battery of small power removed from the earth is really far more effective than a large battery placed on the ground?—that simple-hearted man, with scarce any mental power, is more effective than the Rev. Cicero Canning, because the simple man's "conversation is in heaven?" Ah! if you would electrify men, you must move from the earth, and sit in your glass chair. Personal holiness—personal communion with God—these form the great stairway to the true pulpit—these are the pedestals to the preacher's glass chair. Benjamin Parsons had many qualifications for a powerful preacher; he was commanding in manner, eloquent in diction; had affluence of fancy when he chose to avail himself of it, great power of wit, great pathos, considerable reading and learning—energy—faith in truth—hatred to injustice—but beyond every other qualification was the faith he inspired in his own character and personal holiness. He electrified others because himself seated in the glass chair.

But we must close our review. Yet let us listen to him for a few moments, for it is his power in the pulpit which has suggested his name in connection with this book; and there his matter and his manner vary; we have intimated so much already. Sometimes warm,

vehement, bold, impassioned; sometimes quiet, sententious, slow; sometimes figurative, sometimes abounding with genuine humour; sometimes critical and exegetical:—"There are some souls," said he, one day, in Sion Chapel, "so small, so insignificant, that a million of them might dance in a nut-shell, and not inconvenience each other." "Thy *abundant* loving kindness," said he on another occasion, "did you ever see the meaning of *abundant*? I think I did not, till the other day walking on the sands at Hastings I saw wave after wave come in upon the shore,—and still wave followed wave; and then I thought of the Latin word *abunda*, a wave; thy wave like loving kindnesses."—"They called the chapel Zoar; is it not a little one? I notice that all our hyper friends are very fond of that name for their chapels—Zoar. They don't intend their temples for many; their hearts are small—so must their Jerusalem be; Zoar—is it not a little one?" "Wilt thou be entreated for with the king? said they to the woman in the old Scriptures: it would not be safe to put that question now—Wilt thou be entreated for with the king? And then who knows what may come about—a place at Court, a place in the Post Office, a place in the Customs, a place in the Excise; but the woman did not reason so; she answered in the language of queenly dignity and self-reliance—But I dwell among mine own people." In exposition, too, we have never heard such expositions as those of Benjamin Parsons: light and love rayed and streamed wonderfully through texts and chapters. Some of the most delightful memories of our life hang round those quiet, critical, and exhortatory readings. It was the sudden finding of a key to long-lost hieroglyphs: the old words shone forth in new and glorious beauty; it seemed strange that the meaning should lie so near, yet

never have been observed. At such times we have wondered that so obvious a method of instruction—so useful, so rememberable, should also be so unusual. When will the men of the modern pulpit return to the expository method?

Closing all these remarks by generalizing Mr. Parsons beneath one characterization, he strikes us as eminently real—a man abominating, fastidiously abominating, all show. Thus he has said in the following passages, and described himself in saying:—

“One, of course, might collect the most brilliant gems, the most beautiful shells, the most lovely flowers, the richest assemblage of feathers, and put them together in a museum, and thus produce a very dazzling exhibition; but should any one wish me to believe that this association will afford me a fair view of the world, or fit me to examine its realities, he would aim at no common degree of deception. For the more I became fascinated with this fairy world, the more distaste should I feel for things in their natural state. That gem was found in an unsightly rock, that flower bloomed in a desert, that shell shone in the dark caves of the ocean, and that plumage was worn in the wilderness—aye, and as contrasts illustrate one another, was more beautiful in the position assigned it by its Creator, than in its present state of unnatural competition. The lily of the valley never looks more delicately pure, nor smells sweeter, than in its own lowly bed. And just so is it with human character. You may select virtues from this or that particular hero or saint; you may pluck intellectual and moral flowers and plumage from this, that, and the other distinguished belle; you may associate all together the good things that fortune can bestow, and out of these construct a world of sentimental beauty, piety, and

blessedness ; but then all is untrue, for beauty has its spots, piety its defects, and bliss its sorrows."

And, again, elsewhere he says, "The Character of Man is nothing more than the outer garment which has been wrought by the spirit within. Like the cocoon of the silk worm, which is spun from its own bowels, the whole fabric of human character, both in material, design, and execution, is created solely out of the principles of the inmost soul ; and whether the garb is polluted or pure, disgusting or beautiful, satanic or god-like, the energies of celestial intellect have been spent, and perhaps exhausted, in its production." Reality is everywhere obvious in all that the preacher utters, and earnestly, therefore, he pleads for inner reality, the reality of the soul. "Imagination," says he, "is an active noun, and means the formation of images, or *image-making*, and therefore refers to the working of our thoughts. All our contrivances or inventions are the offspring of the soul, and for their production no one is accountable but the person in whose mind they exist, and who is their voluntary parent. Evil thoughts may be suggested to us by others, but still they have no power to pollute us, unless we entertain them. No sinner can show a single evil imagination which he was not either studious in forming himself, or active in receiving from some one else. Thought is very polite. It never opens our hearts and enters without first asking permission, and it would remain without for ever, unless we ourselves threw open the portal, and welcomed it. Thought knows nothing of physical force : and if not cordially entertained, very soon takes its departure." In accordance with the plan we have throughout adopted, of allowing our preachers to speak for themselves, we have presented these citations from Mr. Parsons. They

illustrate his method of thinking, of speaking, of acting too. Reality, we have said, and again say; practical, earnest, active, indefatigable. He dreams and idealises, but he does not allow his dreams to evaporate in empty hopings. He labours to resolve his efforts into real existent doings. He has a well-spring of passion and of poetry in his spirit; but he does not write his epics in words, but in deeds. All his faults are the faults of an earnest man. He has, perhaps, no sympathy with little sorrows. Like Dr. Johnson, he would perhaps be able to expend no tears on the widowed griefs of a fashionable lady, if a poor woman, left destitute with six children, claimed his attention. For most elegant griefs he would only feel insufferable and burning scorn. He has struggled so heartily with poverty himself, has so made the difficulties of life to retire before him, that he cannot feel that poverty is the chief ill to any man. He leads so truly stoical an existence, so far as world comforts go, that it is not wonderful if he should cherish a true Diogenian contempt for all mournings and bewailings over the loss of them; and those who see this in the distance, suppose a hard man, until a nearer survey reveals an eye not so full of sternness as of tenderness, a tongue gentle to every modulation of expression, and a heart an overflowing fountain of generous impulses, nor altogether cut off from the reservoir of tears.

Beautiful Ebley, the scene of our Oberlin's more constant ministrations, how the hills girdle it all round, fringed with the magnificent skirting of waving trees,—beautiful Ebley, with its ancient Meeting House, so old world-like and grotesque; its unadorned pews and pulpit, and rude organ strains; and its lovely little parsonage, so quiet and holy, and its study looking out upon the place of graves. Beautiful and serene burial

spot; a cemetery for its external beauty: a garden, breathing beauty and fragrance round the sepulchres; and the School House, with the low hum of children murmuring on the ear,—or, if the Sabbath morning has called to worship, look at the crowds winding round the chapel-walks till the time of service has arrived; and then in the temple, so rude and plain, what arrests you?—the earnest silence and love of that plain people—farmers, labourers, blacksmiths, weavers; let us breathe a blessing on the spot, let us breathe a prayer over that congregation; for, as it rises before us, it is hallowed in our eyes, not because poetry has invested the scenery in her hues of fancy, or because all primitive worship is lovely in our eyes, but because hallowed by the ministrations of unselfish apostolic earnestness and reality.*

* We have spoken sometimes in the present tense in this paper, but, like others mentioned in this book, since the publication of the first edition Mr. Parsons has gone home. His Life, entitled ‘The Earnest Minister,’ is now passing through the press, and will be published by Snow, Paternoster Row.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

“ And on another occasion Dr. Milner, the celebrated Dean of Carlisle, was so worked upon that he went to him and said, ‘ Mr. Hill, Mr. Hill, I *felt* to-day—’tis this *slap dash* preaching, say what they will, that does all the good.’ The elements of our nature remain unchanged after the highest refinement and cultivation of the understanding; and the same genuine feeling which touched the hearts of these highly gifted men in Mr. Rowland Hill’s riper age, was the secret which attracted the spell-bound multitudes who followed him in his youthful days.”—*Life of Rowland Hill*, by Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY.

“ Yet he who cannot submit to these things, however qualified for a nobleman’s domestic chaplain, or a dignitary in a rich church, can never make the less splendid but more useful minister of a parish or pastor of a flock. A *poet* may give himself airs, toss his haughty head, take snuff, and chaunt *Odi profanum Vulgus*; but the minister of the meek and merciful Jesus must not do so. He must try to take the *ton* of the poor people if he would do them real spiritual good. It will be his glory sometimes to be *rude in speech*, to conceal his abilities, to adapt himself to their weaknesses, to prefer Bunyan before Beza, Dodd’s sayings and Wright’s poems before the casuistry of Hoadley and the poetry of Milton or Young.”—ROBERT ROBINSON, *Notes on Claude*.

“ They call’d me out to work while it was day,
And warn poor souls to turn without delay.
Resolving speedily the word to preach,
With Ambrose I at once did learn and teach.
I preach’d as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
What statues or what hypocrites are they,
Who between sleep and wake do preach and pray,
As if they feared wakening the dead,
Or were but lighting sinners to their bed;
Who speak of heaven and hell as on a stage,
And make the pulpit but a parrot’s cage;

Who teach as men that care not much who learns,
And preach in jest to men that sin in earns.
They that have never learned to live and die,
Will scarcely teach it others feelingly."

RICHARD BAXTER.

WE are not disposed to close this volume without essaying some remarks on the latest pulpit celebrity that has appeared among us, and we are not certain that the task we are about to attempt is not the most difficult we have set before ourselves in the course of the volume. We believe we have read all the published sermons of this most attractive and popular preacher, although we confess not to have heard him so frequently as we have heard any other subject of our pencil; still we venture to believe that he is not a stranger to us; we think we can recognise the mental and moral lineaments; so we spread the canvass on the easel and prepare to mix the colours. It is indeed possible that we may be unable to descend to the finer shades of the portrait, but we shall have no difficulty in presenting something which we hope may be an accurate outline. It is not too much to say that this mere lad—this boy preacher—is the most remarkable pulpit celebrity of his day; it must be admitted that, amidst all the popularities, there is no popularity like his.

Very well do we remember our first visit to his chapel; it was on a Thursday evening, and we determined to be in time; we were at the doors a few moments before half-past six; at the half-hour they were opened, and by a quarter to seven the spacious chapel was crowded—crowded in every part—the people standing in all the aisles—and this was only the ordinary course of things even on every week-day service; of course on the Sabbath the crowd is far greater—the crash at the door sometimes fearful; and even when

preaching in the largest London chapels—Dr. Fletcher's at Finsbury for instance—the admission is by ticket. Visiting Bristol the other day, we were told, could he have spoken in a place holding ten thousand people, the place would have been crowded; it is amazing; at present it is a kind of madness, and a mania most extraordinary in itself, but the more so because it is certainly difficult to discover on what the excitement is based: in the course of the following remarks we shall endeavour to discover this, and analyse the furor attending this pulpit phenomenon.

Among things—remarkable or not remarkable according to the reader's ideas—is the treatment of the young preacher by his brethren—shall we say brethren?—in the ministry. We understand they have pretty generally agreed to regard him as a black sheep. His character is good—unexceptionable—his doctrines have no dangerous heresy in them—still he is tabooed. The other day a very eminent minister, whose portrait we have attempted to sketch in this volume, and whom we certainly regarded as incapable of so much meanness when we were sketching it—perhaps the most eminent of the London dissenting ministers—was invited to open a chapel in the country—at any rate to take the evening service; but he found that Spurgeon was to take the morning, and he smartly refused to mix in the affair: it was pitiable, and we discharged ourselves, as in duty bound, of an immense quantity of pity upon the head of the poor jealous man, who dreaded lest the shadow of a rival should fall prematurely over his pulpit. No; usually the ministers have not admired this advent; the tens of thousands of persons who flock to hear the youth preach his strong nervous gospel, do not at all conciliate them—perhaps rather exasperate them. It would

be easy to pick up a thousand criticisms on the preacher ; many, not to say most of them, very severe. He is flattered by a hurricane of acrimonious remark and abuse, and perhaps owes his popularity in no small degree to this sweeping condemnation. One thing is certain—Spurgeon's back is broad, and his skin is thick ; he can, we fancy, bear a good deal, and bear a good deal without wincing. Little more than twenty-one years of age, he is the topic and theme of remark now in every part of England, and severe as some of his castigators are, he returns their castigation frequently with a careless, downright, hearty goodwill. Beyond a doubt the lad is impudent—very impudent—were he not, he could not, at such an age, be where he is, or what he is. We were greatly amazed, as we stood at his chapel-doors waiting to enter, to see him, as he came and passed along to the vestry, repeatedly lift his hat and bow again and again to his waiting auditors : there was so much audacious, good-natured simplicity, both in the act itself, and in the face of the actor, that we could not help smiling right heartily ; it was evident he was not indisposed to appropriate to himself a considerable amount of personal homage. His face is not coarse, but there is no refinement in it ; it is a square face ; his forehead is square ; we were wishing, albeit we are not phrenologists, that it had evidenced a little more benevolence of character. But there is good-nature in the face—something which looks, even on so youthful a countenance, like *bonhomie* ; certainly it does not look earnest, nor does earnestness, in the *highest* sense, belong to his individuality ; that he is in earnest we do not for a moment doubt ; but at present we may doubt whether his earnestness has within it deep capabilities ; he may preach after the manner of Peter, but

he cannot doubt and suffer like Thomas, nor flame like Paul, nor love like John.

The age in which we live has been called the age of young men. It is so; and it is extraordinary that in our times the workers, and speakers, and actors in the world are characterised by singular prematurity. The politicians—the philosophers—the poets of the world are young, or commenced their career young. Spurgeon is a youth not yet two-and-twenty, but Bailey wrote ‘Festus’ before he was seventeen. Precocity and prematurity may be a sign of consumption, but they are not therefore a reason for our sneer of contempt. From of old it was said, “inspiration is given from on high;” “a multitude of years” does not always “teach wisdom.” Novalis—Frederick von Hardenburg—was in his grave by his twenty-fifth year, although he left behind him words which have been wings to greatest souls since, and still will be—texts for the understanding, altars for the heart—and temples for the imagination; and in Mr. Spurgeon’s own world it will be remembered that William Jay and Angell James had churches before they had reached manhood; and Thomas Spencer, still unforgotten and loved in Liverpool, had terminated his glorious work, and was in his “Father’s House” before he was twenty-two. We are by no means speaking in favour of this early elevation to the ministerial office; it would be well, perhaps, if no man had the charge of a church before he had reached his thirtieth year. Ordinary men need to be held in and guided by laws; extraordinary men will always make their own laws. Genius is ever a law to itself; but if it be true that some men have a most evident mission to teach the world in their boyhood from the press, surely others may have a mission to teach the world in their boyhood from the

pulpit. It is true, perhaps, that every man loses in real power by speaking to the world too early. We cannot but think that Philip Bailey must often wish that he were writing 'Festus' now; he seems to us, to have just missed—to have narrowly escaped—winning the prize-medal of his country and his age by speaking too soon; and, to descend to a lesser name, Mr. Spurgeon has lost, we believe, by starting too soon.

But this is idle criticism;—a man must do what he is impelled by stronger powers within him to do;—to our preacher we know it will seem especially idle. He will thunder pertinently in our ears, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "Work while it is called to-day."

Mr. Spurgeon is characterized rather by celerity than intensity—nimbleness rather than weight. He adroitly seizes all things, and adapts and arranges them to suit his purpose. What he is able to receive, he digests well. He gave a most impudent answer the other day to a London minister who came to hear him preach on a week-day morning in one of the large chapels of London. It is probable there was a good deal of impudence in the brother to whom he spoke, for ministers can be impudent, and some of them, when they like, insolent. "I can't make out," said the minister, "when you study, Brother Spurgeon. When do you make your sermons?" "Oh!" Spurgeon is reported to have replied, "I am always studying—I am sucking in something from everything—if you were to ask me home to dine with you, I should suck a sermon out of you!" Such replies are said to be very general; we believe in this case it was truth impudently spoken. The man to whom it was said is no favourite of ours, so we will believe it was deserved. How could he preach—boy as

he is—ten, twelve times a-week, and every sermon fresh, and all of an average power, if mentally he did not masticate everything. See here is an illustration of the way in which he will turn an incident in a newspaper to good account:—

“‘*A Stranger in the House.*’—Thus I have preached to God’s children: and now one word to the other portion of this crowded assembly. The other day there was a very singular scene in the House of Commons. There is a certain enclosure there set apart for the members. Into this place a gentleman ignorantly strayed. By and by some one raised the cry, ‘*A stranger in the House!*’ The sergeant of the House went up to him, took him by the shoulder and reminded him that he had no business there—not being a member—not one of the elect—not having been elected by the country. The man of course looked very foolish. But, as he had made a mistake, he was let go. Had he wilfully strayed within the enclosure, and taken a seat, he might not have got off so easily. When I saw that, I thought, ‘*A stranger in the House!*’ This morning is there not a stranger in the house? There are some here who are strangers to the subject we have been discussing—strangers to God—strangers to true religion. ‘*There’s a stranger in the house.*’ It led me to think of that ‘great assembly of the Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven;’ and I thought of the people who last Sabbath-night sat down to the Lord’s table to partake of the Sacrament; and the idea struck me, ‘*There’s a stranger in the House.*’ Now, in the House of Commons, a stranger cannot sit five minutes without being detected, for all eyes are so soon fixed upon him; but in Christ’s Church—in *this* Church—a stranger can sit in the house without being found out. Ah! *there are strangers sitting here*, looking as religious as other people: some that are not children; some that are not chosen; some that are not heirs of God. They are ‘strangers in the house.’ Shall I tell you what will happen by and by? Though I cannot detect you under the cloak of your profession: though God’s people may not find you out; the grim ‘sergeant of the house’ is coming—Death is coming—and he will discover you! What will be the

penalty of your intrusion, as a professor, into Christ's Church? What will be your lot if you have been a stranger in his house below, when you find that, though you may have sat for a little while in this House of Commons below, you cannot sit in the House of Lords above? What will be your lot when it shall be said, 'Depart ye accursed?' And you may exclaim, 'Lord! Lord! have we not eaten and drunk in thy presence, and taught in thy streets?' And yet he will say, 'Verily, I never knew you!'—'*You are a stranger in the House!*'—'Depart accursed one!' How can I tell who is a stranger in these pews, and who are strangers up-stairs? *Some of us are not strangers!* 'We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.' To such of you as *are* strangers, I pray you think of it, and go to Christ's throne, and beg of him that yet you may be his children, and numbered with his people. Then, after that, I will talk with you about my text, but not now. Then I will bid you say to God, 'Thou shalt choose my inheritance for me.' "

A characteristic mark of the fullness of Mr. Spurgeon's mind, and his entire abandonment to his subject, is his plunging at once into it from the first paragraph of his sermon. He does not often beat about with prepared exordiums, and yet his exordium is frequently not only very beautiful, but perhaps the most beautiful portion of his discourse. Is it not a rule with the rhetoricians, with Dr. Whately and others, that the exordium should be prepared nearly at the close of the oration, when all the powers of the mind and heart are alive with the subject, so that the auditors may have their attention arrested by those passages which will represent the orator's most inflamed and pathetic state of feeling? We can very well acquit our speaker of any slavish following of this rule; possibly, probably he may be ignorant of it, but he is the subject of it. Wrapt and possessed by his topics of thought and feeling, he frequently seems to cast over the people the state of mind induced

in him by the last impressions of his text. His words often are more calm, beautiful, suggestive, and subduing in his opening than in any of his following remarks. Here, for instance, is one of these introductions from one of the most beautiful and perfectly balanced of his sermons :—

“ ‘*He giveth his beloved sleep.*’—The sleep of the body is the gift of God. So said Homer of old, when he described it as descending from the clouds, and resting on the tents of the warriors around old Troy. And so sang Virgil, when he spoke of Palinurus falling asleep upon the prow of the ship. Sleep is the gift of God. We think that we lay our heads upon our pillows, and compose our bodies in a peaceful posture, and that, therefore, we naturally and necessarily sleep. But it is not so. Sleep is the gift of God ; and not a man would close his eyes did not God put his fingers on his eyelids ; did not the Almighty send a soft and balmy influence over his frame which lulled his thoughts into quiescence, making him enter into that blissful state of rest which we call sleep. True, there be some drugs and narcotics whereby men can poison themselves wellnigh to death, and then call it sleep ; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it ; he rocks the cradle for us every night ; he draws the curtain of darkness ; he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes ; and then he comes and says, ‘Sleep, sleep ; my child, I give thee sleep.’ Have you not known what it is at times to lay upon your bed and strive to slumber ? and as it is said of Darius, so might it be said of you : ‘the king sent for his musicians, but his sleep went from him.’ You have attempted it, but you could not do it ; it is beyond your power to procure a healthy repose. You imagine, if you fix your mind upon a certain subject until it shall engross your attention, you will then sleep ; but you find yourself unable to do so. Ten thousand things drive through your brain as if the whole earth were agitated before you. You see all things you ever beheld, dancing in a wild phantasmagoria before your eyes. You close your eyes, but still you see ; and there be things in your ear, and head, and brain, which will not let you sleep. It is God alone, who alike seals up the sea-boy’s eyes upon the giddy

mast, and gives the monarch rest, for with all appliances and means to boot, *he* could not rest without the aid of God. It is God who steeps the mind in Lethe, and bids us slumber, that our bodies may be refreshed, so that for to-morrow's toil we may rise recruited and strengthened. O, my friends, how thankful should we be for sleep! Sleep is the best physician that I know of. Sleep hath healed more pains of wearied bones than the most eminent physicians upon earth. It is the best medicine; the choicest thing of all the names which are written in all the lists of Pharmacy. There is nothing like to sleep! What a mercy it is that it belongs alike to all! God does not make sleep the boon of the rich man; he does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so that they can keep it as a peculiar luxury for themselves, but he bestows it upon all. Yea, if there be a difference, the sleep of the labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much. He who toils, sleeps all the sounder for his toil. While luxurious effeminacy cannot rest, tossing itself from side to side upon a bed of eider-down, the hard-working labourer, with his strong and powerful limbs, worn out and tired, throws himself upon his hard couch and sleeps; and waking, thanks God that he has been refreshed. Ye know not, my friends, how much ye owe to God, that he gives you rest at night."

This is so admirable and beautiful that it makes us wish it were better; but we intend quoting from this sermon again.

We hear that Mr. Spurgeon has models upon which he forms his mind and style. We think it very doubtful, but, at any rate, he does not follow them slavishly; he has in his speech true mental and moral independence. Robert Hall was charged with imitating Robert Robinson of Cambridge—in fact, there was not the slightest resemblance between those two minds. Spurgeon is said to imitate Robert Hall and William Jay. No doubt he has read them both, but his style is wholly unlike theirs; he, perhaps, has something of William Jay's

plan and method, and that is all; but to Robert Hall there is not the most remote resemblance. He has not the purity, power, nor speed of that inimitable master; he is not at all qualified to shine in the brilliant, intellectual firmament in which he held his place. We should give to him a very different location. He has the unbridled and undisciplined fancy of Hervey without his elegance, but, instead of that, the drollery of Berridge and the ubiquitous earnestness of Rowland Hill, in his best days. But it is probable that many of us walk far too gingerly in our estimate of public speech. He who determines never to use a word that shall grate harshly on the ears of a refined taste may be certain that he will never be very extensively useful; the people love the man who will condescend to their idiom, and the greatest preachers—those who have been the great apostles of a nation—have always condescended to this. Bossuet, Massillon, Hall, Chalmers, M·All, were the doctors of the pulpit; at their feet sat the refinement, the scholarship, the politeness of their times; but such men as Luther and Latimer, St. Clara and Knox, Whitfield and Christmas Evans—such men have always seized on the prevailing dialect, and made it tell with immense power on their auditors. The preacher whom we mentioned at the commencement of this paper, who refused to preach with Spurgeon, indulges himself, as much at least as the object of his contempt, in a strong vernacular dialect. And why not? If scholars are pleased with quotations from Horace and allusions to the scenery of classic life and manners, and the flow of Attic elegance, why should not the cottager be allowed his preacher, who can seize the strong points of a homely picture? and why should his preacher be accused of bad taste because he talks in language well understood, and seasons

his speech, homely as it is, with an occasional word of a more broad, and humorous, and homely character even than the rest. The popularity of Mr. Spurgeon is to be traced greatly to his homeliness of manner. The people love to see that, when it is real and not assumed; and how little we have of it! We know that at college our youthful divines read Horace and Thucydides. We have sometimes wished they were also well drilled in the style and diction of William Cobbett. It would be no bad exercise to take some book remarkable for the prolixity of its sentences and the involvedness of its meaning—even Alison or Addison—and Cobbettise the whole essay. It would not be amiss if every young student learned by heart Dean Swift's 'Letter to a Young Clergyman;' it is altogether a piece of sound and most healthy advice, as admirable and necessary now as when it first came from the pen of that great master of common sense and practical wisdom. Among other excellent hints, he says:—"I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy for perpetually reading their sermons, and I cannot but think that whatever is read differs as much from what is repeated as a copy does from an original." Again—"As to quotations from the ancient fathers, I think they are best brought in to confirm some opinion controverted by those who differ from us; in other cases we give you full power to adopt the sentence as your own rather than tell us 'as St. Austin excellently observes,' &c. I have lived to see Greek and Latin almost entirely driven out of the pulpit, for which I am heartily glad; the frequent use of the latter was certainly a remnant of popery, which never admitted Scripture in the vulgar language. Some gentlemen, abounding in their university erudition, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical

terms and notions of the metaphysical or abstracted kind, which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself." And, again, he says:—"I do not find you are anywhere directed in the Canons or Articles to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion; and, indeed, since Providence intended these should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to piety, orthodoxy, or good sense to go about such a work; for to me there seems a manifest dilemma in the case—if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe to do upon this occasion is, upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine as the Church holds it, and confirm it by Scripture. And here I am at a loss what to say upon the frequent custom of preaching against Atheism, Deism, Freethinking, and the like, as young Divines are particularly fond of doing; but I am under some doubt whether it answers the end." Here is admirable advice, admirably and most nervously expressed, and very suggestive of Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit method. For no style can be further removed from the metaphysical than this of Mr. Spurgeon's; and, indeed, for any purposes of usefulness, very vain indeed are all metaphysical teachings. De Morgan has very well likened them to "a light held by a man for the purpose of looking down his own throat!" Metaphysics, Logic, and Mathematics are like Three Blind Brothers running hand-in-hand through the world, feeling their way, and mistaking the touch of the finger for the demonstration of the eye: they all need the beautiful sister called Faith to open their real vision. The language of our young preacher is very strong and downright usually; sometimes he speaks *finely*, and then

not so well. His is not a court style ; his speech does not look well when dressed in cambric, lace, and pointed ruffles, with bag-wig and steel sword ; it is a bluff, hearty, farmer-like style, and its beauties, although frequent and very real, are rather like a wild flower, or huge rose in a farmer's Sunday-coat than elegant vase-flowers in the duchess's drawing-room or the wreath for the head of the young countess of Mayfair. Mr. Spurgeon only talks well when he talks like a plain, clear-headed, broad-hearted Saxon soul.

When we speak of speech and style we certainly cannot forget that our preacher speaks with a force of diction quite peculiar to himself, reminding us, as we have said, very much of William Cobbett—that great master of abuse and expletive : from very much of that coarseness he is purified and chastened ; still great and resolute dogmatism of expression is found in most of the sermons. When we heard him first, he came, in the course of his reading the chapter, to the words, “Judas saith unto him” (not Iscariot—not that rascal)——Here again are some illustrations of his unmistakeable strength and plainness of speech :—

“I do believe some Calvinists are the most quarrelsome set breathing. Every one says to me—‘Look there at your brethren ! I never saw such a set of cut-throats in my life. I never saw a church, where they have the gospel, where they are not always falling out.’ Well, that is nearly the truth, and I am ashamed to confess it. I pray God, however, to send a little more peace where he has sent the gospel. There are, however, strifes among our opponents which we do not see. The bishop uses his strong hand, and the people dare not disagree : the pastor has such power and authority, that the crush of his mailed hand is sufficient to put down everything, because there is no freedom. *Now I would rather have a row in the church than have the members all asleep.* I would rather have them *falling to ears*

than sitting down in indifference. You never expect dead churches to have strife, but where there is a little life, if there is error, it always begets strife. What is the most litigious denomination now existing? No one would have a difficulty in pointing to our excellent friends the Wesleyans, for just at this moment they are quarrelling and finding fault with one another, splitting up into numberless sections, and making reformed churches, and so on. What is the cause of it? Because they are in the wrong track altogether with regard to church government, and with regard to some other things. John Wesley was a good man at making churches, I dare say; but he did not understand what the church ought to be in these days. He might do for a hundred years ago, but he bound his poor followers too tightly, and now they are trying to break out into freedom and liberty. If they had been right at first, they might have gone on, and a thousand years would not have spoiled their system. It would have done now as well as then. Error is the root of bitterness in the church. Give us sound doctrine, sound practice, sound church government, and you will find that the God of peace will be with us."

Again:—

"Some say that the ordinance of Baptism is non-essential; so is the ordinance of the Lord's Supper: it *is* non-essential if we look upon it in the light of salvation. Be saved by eating a piece of bread! Nonsense! *Confounded nonsense!* Why it is too absurd for common sense to admit any discussion upon."

"I have heard men with prudish and mock modesty, who would like to alter the Bible; and (I almost blush to say it) I have heard ministers alter God's Bible, because they were afraid of it. Have you never heard a man say, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not'—What does the Bible say? 'Shall be *damned*.' But that does not happen to be polite enough, so they say, 'shall be *condemned*.' *Gentlemen! pull the velvet out of your mouths; speak God's word; we want none of your alterations.* I have heard men in prayer, instead of saying, 'Make your calling and *election* sure,' say, 'Make your calling and *salvation* sure.' *Pity they were not born when God lived, far, far back, that they might have taught*

God how to write. Oh, impudence beyond all bounds! Oh, full-blown self-conceit! To attempt to dictate to the All-wise—to teach the Omniscient, and instruct the Eternal! Strange that there should be men so vile as to use the penknife of Jehoiakim, to cut out passages of the word, because they are unpalatable. Oh ye who dislike certain portions of Holy Writ, rest assured that your taste is corrupt, and that God will not stay for your little opinion. Your dislike is the very reason why God wrote it, because you ought not to be suited; you have no right to be pleased. God wrote what you do not like; he wrote the truth.”

“If this be the word of God, what will become of some of you who have not read it for the last month? ‘Month, sir! I have not read it for this year.’ Aye, there are some of you who have not read it at all. Most people treat the Bible very politely. They have a small pocket-volume, neatly bound; they put a white pocket-handkerchief round it and carry it to their places of worship; when they get home they lay it up in a drawer till next Sunday morning; then it comes out again for a little bit of a treat, and goes to chapel; that is all the poor Bible gets in the way of an airing. That is your style of entertaining this heavenly messenger. *There is dust enough on some of your Bibles to write ‘damnation’ with your fingers.* There are some of you who have not turned over your Bibles for a long, long, long while, and what think you? *I tell you blunt words, but true words.* What will God say at last?”

“*I* and “*We*.”—“How do you spell we? ‘It is a plain monosyllable,’ say you. Yes, but do you put *I* in ‘we’? ‘No.’ There are a great many people who could easily spell ‘we’ without an *I* in it; for though they say, ‘*We* have been doing so-and-so,’ they do not say, ‘How much have *I* done? Did *I* do anything in it? Yes; this chapel has been enlarged; what did *I* subscribe? Twopence!’ Of course it is done. Those who paid the money have done it. ‘*We* preach the gospel.’ Do we, indeed? ‘Yes, we sit in our pew and listen a little, and do not pray for a blessing. We have got such a large Sunday-school.’ Did you ever teach in it? ‘We have got a very good working society.’ Did you ever go to work in it? That is not the way to spell ‘*We*.’ It is, ‘*I* will make *them* a blessing.’ When

Jerusalem was built, every man began nearest his own house. That is where you must begin to build, or do something. *Do not let us tell a lie about it.* If we do not have some share in the building, if we neither handle the trowel nor the spear, let us not talk about *our* church; for the text says, ‘I will make *them* a blessing.’”

Now this will seem to the polite circle of the Bishop of St. James’s very shocking, and we have several remarks to make upon it before we close our paper; for the present, in passing, let us remind our readers that George Whitfield said that “you might as well attempt to measure the moon for a suit of clothes as tell what denomination some people belong to;” and I dare say you remember how the Countess of Huntingdon quarrelled with him for saying that God held out and offered “salvation to the devil’s castaways”—and that was said before the polite and aristocratic circle of her Ladyship’s guests. You remember his defence too. How Horace Walpole and his clique would sneer at such vulgarity—so shockingly offensive. We have remarked elsewhere that the Horace Walpoles will never understand the Whitfields, but then I suppose you are not a Horace Walpole.

It certainly sometimes seems that we have mended our manners in these last years. Cannot earnestness in the pulpit exist without bitterness? Listen to Calvin writing to Luther: “Your whole school is nothing but a stinking sty of pigs. Dog! do you understand me? Do you understand me, madman? Do you understand me, you great beast?”* Luther himself had a copious world of

* We confess we have been unable to verify this rich morsel by a reference to the works of Calvin. But it is very like him. It is in the interesting notes to ‘The Library’ by the poet Crabbe.

expletive at his command. In later days we find George Whitfield declaring, that that most estimable prelate Archbishop Tillotson “knew no more of religion than Mahomet.” What a controversy is that between William Penn and Richard Baxter—between De Foe and John Howe—between Wesley and Toplady! There is a curious book written in the time of the Stuarts, which we have not read, called “Gangrena, or a casting down of the last and strongest hold of Satan, being a Treatise against Toleration.” The writer says: “This is the Abaddon, Apollyon, the destroyer of all religion, the abomination of desolation and astonishment, the liberty of perdition; and therefore the devil followeth it night and day, working mightily in many by writing books for it, and other ways,—all the devils in hell and their instruments being at work to promote a toleration.” How marvellous it seems to us, how these men ever could think, and reason, and feel at all, and express themselves thus! I could fill pages with extracts like this. In fact it never entered into the minds of these men that they could possibly be wrong; they never conceived for a moment that both opinions, that many opinions might be right; that some truth is absolute, and some relative; and that there may be matters of opinion, not really of conscience. To them truth *was* absolute, and they knew it and had it; of relative truth they knew nothing. There was that dear, delightful, seraphic, old crosspatch Ralph Erskine, whom we all love. When Whitfield made his appearance in Scotland, he was very desirous that the great preacher should be useful—and they met. We have often had ludicrously presented to our mind the meeting of these two sainted men. Ralph could not see that George could be of any use in Scotland, unless he could be set right in the matter of church government, and the Solemn League and

Covenant. We figure to our mind Whitfield's astonishment when Erskine demanded of him that he should subscribe immediately to the Solemn League and Covenant, and declare that he would only preach for the League and Covenant, until he had further light. Whitfield cared little for church government at all. He says, "*When I could get into the fields and preach, my soul seemed to be carried on eagle's wings.*" "Why should I sign your Covenant?" said he. "*Because we are just the Lord's people,*" said dear old Ralph. "And are there," said he, "no other Lord's people but you? If so, if all the others are devil's people, they must certainly need to be preached to, and so into the highways and hedges I go; and if the Pope will lend me a pulpit, I'll enter it to preach." One might write a very instructive volume on the Quarrels of Good Men, and a very painful and suggestive course of thought upon this curious human nature of ours would such a volume be. We have the power to quarrel still, but we do it with a far better grace. "My dear Sir, do not let me for a moment disturb your equanimity, but I must say, I have an exceeding desire to cut your throat." Sometimes we can finish off our neighbour without causing him the slightest inconvenience. We can in these days do a great deal in the way of elegant crimination, while the subject of our attack is in a happy state of entire ignorance about our antipathy. The ancient mode of quarrel was to say, "Curse ye Meros; Ye Serpents, ye generation of vipers." We act on the more courteous and courtly method of kissing our friends while we betray them; we smooth their beard and inquire, "Art thou in health, my brother?" and thrust with a hearty good will our sword under the fifth rib. It must be admitted that our polemical warfare is different from that of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Spurgeon often makes good use of anecdote, allusion, and allegory; his allegories are not wrought out with the finish and individuality of Christmas Evans; they remind one rather of those which abound in the flowing and suggestive amplitudes of Thomas Adams*—a writer whom we should rather suspect to be our preacher's model than any of those who have been suggested—a very full writer, abounding in every style and mannerism adapted for pulpit usefulness—a writer who, if his expositions do not satisfy us, opens up new worlds of hint and illustration, and bids a theatre of wilderness beauty to start up to the eye of his reader. Evans made an allegory the staple of a discourse—Adams introduced it as a pertinent and pleasing elucidation. Thus with Mr. Spurgeon—sometimes his allegory is not so homely as those which have received our commendation; there is the manifestation in them of a vivid fancy; and a little more thought would make many of the strokes of his pencil more effective.

Here is one of these beautiful little illustrative allegories:—

“The Castle and the Cottage.”—“One night I could not rest, and in the wild wanderings of my thoughts I met this text and communed with it—‘So he giveth his beloved sleep.’ In my reverie, as I was on the border of the land of dreams, methought I was in a Castle. Around its massive walls there ran a deep moat. Watchmen paced the walls, both day and night. It was a fine old fortress, bidding defiance to the foe; but I was not happy in it. I thought I lay upon a couch; but scarcely had I closed my eyes, ere a trumpet blew, ‘To arms! To arms!’ And when the danger was overpast I lay me down again. ‘To arms! To arms!’ once more resounded, and again I started up. Never could I rest. I thought I had my armour on, and moved

* Thomas Adams, on Peter, the Second Epistle.

about perpetually clad in mail, rushing each hour to the castle-top, aroused by some fresh alarm. At one time a foe was coming from the west, at another from the east. I thought I had a treasure somewhere down in some deep part of the castle, and all my care was to guard it. I dreaded, I feared, I trembled lest it should be taken from me. I awoke, and I thought I would not live in such a tower as that for all its grandeur. It was the castle of discontent, the castle of ambition, in which man never rests. It is ever, 'To arms! To arms! To arms!' There is a foe here, or a foe there. His dear-loved treasure must be guarded. Sleep never crossed the drawbridge of the Castle of Discontent. Then I thought I would supplement it by another reverie. I was in a Cottage. It was in what poets call a beautiful and pleasant place, but I cared not for that. I had no treasure in the world, save one sparkling jewel on my breast: and I thought I put my hand on that and went to sleep, nor did I wake till morning light. That treasure was a quiet conscience and the love of God—'the peace that passeth all understanding.' I slept, because I slept in the house of Content, satisfied with what I had. Go, ye overreaching misers! Go, ye grasping, ambitious men! I envy not your life of inquietude. The sleep of statesmen is often broken; the dream of the miser is always evil; the sleep of the man who loves gain is never hearty; but God 'giveth,' by contentment, 'his beloved sleep.'

And here is another, still more striking and apt:—

"*The Stone which the Builders Rejected.*"—"I have heard a story—I cannot tell whether it is true or not—out of some of the Jewish rabbis; it is a tale concerning the text—'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head-stone of the corner.' It is said that when Solomon's temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry ready cut and fashioned, and there were marked on all the blocks the places where they were to be put. Amongst the stones was a very curious one; it seemed of no describable shape—it appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried it at this wall, but it would not fit; they tried it in another, but it could not be accommodated; so, vexed and angry, they threw it away. The

temple was so many years building, that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Everybody passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solomon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones were right; but as for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for they were quite sure it was meant for nothing. Year after year rolled on, and the poor stone was still despised; the builders constantly refused it. The eventful day came when the temple was to be finished and opened, and the multitude was assembled to see the grand sight. The builders said, 'Where is the top-stone? Where is the pinnacle?' They little thought where the crowning marble was, until some one said, 'Perhaps that stone which the builders refused is meant to be the Top Stone.' They then took it, and hoisted it to the top of the house; and as it reached the summit, they found it well-adapted to the place. Loud hosannas made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the head-stone of the corner. So is it with Christ Jesus. The builders cast him away. He was a plebeian; he was of poor extraction; he was a man acquainted with sinners, he walked in poverty and meanness; hence the worldly-wise despised him. But when God shall gather together, in one, all things that are in heaven and that are in earth, then Christ shall be the glorious consummation of all things.

Christ reigns in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Our readers do not need to be told that Mr. Spurgeon is what is usually called a Calvinist. It is the sign of a mighty re-action in religious opinion to find a man obtaining great fame by a bold preaching of what are called the Doctrines of Grace. The opinions most generally held and preached, and which obtain popularity, are Arminianism, and Rationalism, which is the very legitimate child of Arminianism. It has usually been said in these later days that there is great danger in preaching the doctrines of Calvinism. "An ignorant Arminian preacher," says an eminent writer, "blunders through

his system in a tolerable manner; but ignorance in a Calvinist makes dreadful work."* The truth is, Arminianism is far more plausible than these elder doctrines of the church, and, like most plausibilities, it is very shallow and unsound. For our part we do not know why we apply the word Calvinism to these doctrines. Why not Augustinianism? Augustine held all these doctrines in far greater and wider relations than Calvin; and who, comparing the lives of the two men, does not love the great Romish Doctor more than the Geneva one? Mr. Spurgeon seems to be aware of this, and he does not fail to mention the name of that illustrious prince of the early church with respectful homage.

For us, whose faith lingers with reverence and awe around the tremendous and fearful problems of the Divine prescience and immutability, and who would rather read the Gospel through the atmosphere and teaching of those two great masters of theology, we delight in this plain and fearless presentation to the masses of the people of a higher and bolder truth than they have listened to lately from most pulpits. Rationalism is only a step beyond Arminianism. Has not Arminianism in its teachings degraded the idea of the Divine Being, and made a pathway for the Sceptic and for the Rationalist? It is a topic in which we must not linger—it may seem foreign to the purpose of this sketch.

We are often amused at our Baptist friends in their uncommon earnestness on the subject of Baptism. Even the glorious Robert Hall beheld everything through the reflection of light from the waters of the Baptistry. "We reached," says Mr. Green, "Pen Polé Point about seven P.M. It was a fine evening about the latter end of May; the sun was setting in the waters of the Severn in

* Bogue and Bennett, History of Dissenters.

all its majesty and glory. Mr. Hall was in raptures : ‘Only look, Sir, on that mild silvery light shed upon the expanse of waters ; how inviting ! Why, Sir, it looks as, if they were preparing for a magnificent public baptism ; and that the one hundred and forty-four thousand, described in the Revelations, were about to descend into the waves, Sir ; what a sublime sight it is !’” All our Baptist friends are Baptists—Spurgeon is a hearty Baptist. When we first heard him preach, he baptized before us seventeen persons, and in the company Churchmen, Wesleyans, and Independents. That evening in the sermon we thought there was too much of the Baptist, and we find that he frequently digs a Baptistery before the Cross ; perhaps we ought to say, he *seems* to do so, for we are certain he holds the Gospel too clearly and broadly to make it to depend on any ordinances, and some of the quotations we shall yet present to the reader prove this.

The following are a few, and but a few, of Mr. Spurgeon’s striking and admirable sayings :—

“*Human Instruments.*—Grace is not spoiled by the hollow wooden spout it runs through. God did once speak by an ass to Balaam, but that did not spoil his words. So he speaks now not simply by an ass, which he often does, but by something worse than that.”

“‘*Althoughs.*’—The Psalmist says he had *sorrow in his house*, ‘Although my house be not so with God.’ What man is there of all our race, who, if he had to write his history, would not need to use a great many ‘althoughs’? If you read the biography of any man, as recorded in the Sacred Word, you will always find a ‘but,’ or an ‘although,’ before you have finished. Naaman was a mighty man of valour, and a great man with his master, *but* he was a leper. There is always a ‘but’ in every condition, a crook in every lot, some dark tint upon the marble pillar, some cloud in the summer-sky, some discord in the music,

some alloy in the gold. So David, though a man who had been raised from the sheepfold, a mighty warrior, a conqueror of giants, a king over a great nation, yet had his 'althoughs,' and the 'although' which he had, was one in his own house."

"*'My life is hid with Christ in God.'*—If I had my spiritual life in my own possession, I should be a suicide very soon; but it is not with me; and as I cannot save myself, as a Christian I cannot destroy myself, for my life is wrapped up in the covenant; it is with Christ in heaven. Oh! glorious and precious covenant!"

"I suppose if the Scribes had given a definition of Peter and John, they would have called them 'impudent fellows.'"

"*'Crab-tree Christians.'*—In our churches we have an immense number of crab-tree Christians, who have mixed such a vast amount of vinegar and such a tremendous quantity of gall in their constitutions, that they can scarcely speak one good word to you. They are like isolated icebergs, no one cares to go near them; they float about in the sea of forgetfulness until at last they are melted and gone; and though, good souls, we shall be happy enough to meet them in heaven, we shall be precious glad to get rid of them from the earth."

"*The Spirit of Christ.*—Lastly, as the best advice I can give, seek more of the Spirit of God, for this is the way to become Christ-like. Vain are all your attempts to be like him till you have sought his Spirit. Take the cold iron, and attempt to weld it if you can into a certain shape. How fruitless the effort! Lay it on the anvil, seize the blacksmith's hammer with all your might; let blow after blow fall upon it, and you shall have done nothing. Twist it, turn it, use all your implements, but you shall not be able to fashion it as you would. But put it in the fire, let it be softened and made malleable, then lay it on the anvil, and each stroke shall have a mighty effect, so that you may fashion it into any form you may desire. So take your heart, not cold as it is, not stony, as it is by nature, but put it into the furnace; there let it be molten, and after that it can be turned like wax to the seal, and fashioned into the image of Jesus Christ."

“*Ambition in the Churches.*—The next enemy to peace is *ambition*. ‘Diotrephes loveth to have the pre-eminence,’ and that fellow has spoiled many a happy church. A man does not want, perhaps, to be pre-eminent, but then he is afraid that another should be, and so he would have him put down. Thus brethren are finding fault; they are afraid that such an one will go too fast, and that such another will go too fast. The best way is to try to go as fast as *he* does. It is of no use finding fault because some may have a little pre-eminence. After all, what is the pre-eminence? It is the pre-eminence of one little animalcula over another. Look in a drop of water. One of these little fellows is five times as big as another, but we never think of that. I dare say he is very large, and thinks, ‘I have the pre-eminence inside my drop.’ But he does not think the people of Park Street ever talk about him. So we live in this little drop of the world, not much bigger in God’s esteem than a drop of the bucket; and one of us seems a little larger than the other, a worm a little above his fellow-worm. But, O how big we get! and we want to get a little bigger, to get a little more prominent, but what is the use of it? for when we get ever so big we shall then be so small that an angel would not find us out if God did not tell him where we were. Whoever heard up in heaven anything about emperors and kings? Small tiny insects; God can see the animalculæ, therefore he can see us; but if he had not an eye to see the most minute he would never discover us.”

“*A thought of God.*—The next time you rise to some elevation for viewing the starry floor of his magnificent temple above, strive to compel your contemplation to this thought—that the same mighty hand which rolls the stars along, puts liniments around the wounded heart; that the same being who spoke the worlds into existence, and now impels those ponderous globes through their orbits, does in his mercy cheer the wounded, and heal the broken in heart.”

“*Trials.*—Then, again, *trouble exercises our graces*, and the very exercise of our graces tends to make us more comfortable and happy. Where showers fall most, there the grass is greenest. I suppose the fogs and mists of Ireland make it ‘the Emerald Isle;’ and wherever you find great fogs of trouble, and mists of

sorrow, you always find emerald-green hearts : full of the beautiful verdure of the comfort and love of God. O Christian, do not thou be saying ‘Where are the swallows gone? they are gone : they are dead.’ They are not dead ; they have skimmed the purple sea, and gone to a far-off land ; but they will be back again by and by. Child of God, say not the flowers are dead ; say not the winter hath killed them, and they are gone. Ah ! no : though winter hath coated them with the ermine of its snow ; they will put up their heads again, and will be alive very soon. Say not, child of God, that the sun is quenched, because the cloud hath hidden it. Ah ! no : he is behind there, brewing summer up for thee ; for when he cometh out again, he will have made the clouds fit to drop in April showers, all of them mothers of the sweet May flowers. And oh ! above all, when thy God hides his face, say not, that he has forgotten thee. He is but tarrying a little while to make thee love him better ; and when he cometh, thou shalt have joy in the Lord, and shalt rejoice with joy unspeakable. Waiting exercises our grace ; waiting tries our faith ; therefore, wait on in hope ; for though the promise tarry, it can never come too late.”

“ *The House of Feasting.*—So, throughout the whole history of nations, I might tell you instance after instance where a feast has been a real funeral ; for the most terrible calamity has followed. There is, however, one instance, which I must not pass by without mentioning more at large than those I have briefly hinted at. There was a feast once, such as I think scarcely ever was seen. Ten thousand lamps lit up the gorgeous palace ; the king sat on his lofty throne ; and around him were his wives and concubines. They ate, they drank, the bowls were filled to the brim, and merrily the hours danced on. Loud was the Bacchanalian shout, and loud the song. They drank deep ; they drank curses to the God of Jacob ; they took the sacred wine-cup, and they poured in there their unhallowed liquors ; they drank them down, and drank again, and the merry shout rang through the hall ; the viol and harp were there, and music sounded. List ! List ! List ! it is the last feast that Babel shall ever see. Even now the enemies are at her gates. They come ! they come ! Oh, Belshazzar ! read that writing there—‘Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.’ Oh, Belshazzar !

stay thy feasting, see the shaft of God. Lo! the death-shaft! It is whizzing in the air! it has pierced his heart! He falls! he falls! and with him Babel falls! That feast was a feast of death. 'Better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of such feasting' as that. Here is a melancholy proof of the assertion that I made, that most of the terrible calamities that have ever happened to men have happened in the house of feasting. I have read thy record, O mistress of the house! I say, woman! I have read thy record, and it is enough. I need not cross thy threshold; I do not want to see thy magnificent temple; I never wish to sit in thy splendid halls. It is enough! I am satisfied. Rather would I sleep nightly in my shroud, and sit on my coffin, and have my gravestone in the wall of my study, and live in a vault for ever, than I would enter that house of feasting. Good God! may I be kept from sinful mirth! may I be kept from the house of sinful feasting! may I never be tempted to cross that threshold! Oh! thou young man, who art enchanted by its gaiety, charmed by its music, stay! stay! for every plank in the floor is rotten, every stone that is there is dug from the quarries of hell; and if thou enterest into that mansion, thou shalt find that her steps lead down to hell, and go down to the chambers of everlasting woe. 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting.'

“Striking Picture of a Deathbed.—But just to close up the advantages of remembering Christ, do you know where you will have the benefit most of all? Do you know the place where chiefly you will rejoice that you ever thought of him? I will take you to it. Hush! Silence! You are going up-stairs into a lonely room. The curtains hang down. Some one stands there weeping. Children are around the bed, and friends are there. See that man lying? That is yourself. Look at him; his eyes are your eyes; his hands are your hands. That is yourself. You will be there soon. Man! that is yourself. Do you see it? It is a picture of yourself. Those are your eyes that soon will be closed in death—your hands, that will lie stiff and motionless—your lips that will be dry and parched, between which they will put drops of water. Those are your words that freeze in air, and drop so slowly from your dying lips. I wonder whether you will be able to remember Christ there. If you do not, I will

picture you. Behold that man, straight up in the bed ; see his eyes starting from their sockets. His friends are all alarmed : they ask him what he sees. He represses the emotion ; he tells them he sees nothing. They know that there is something before his eyes. He starts again. Good God ! what is that I see—I seem to see ? What is it ? Ah ! one sigh ! The soul is gone. The body is there. What did he see ? He saw a flaming throne of judgment ; he saw God upon it, with his sceptre ; he saw books opened ; he beheld the throne of God, and saw a messenger, with a sword brandished in the air to smite him low. Man ! that is thyself ; there thou wilt be soon. *That picture is thine own portrait.* I have photographed *thee* to the life. Look at it. That is where thou shalt be within a few years—aye, within a few days. But if thou canst remember Christ, shall I tell thee what thou wilt do ? Oh ! thou wilt smile in the midst of trouble. Let me picture such a man. They put pillows behind him ; he sits up in bed, and takes the hand of the loved one, and says, ‘Farewell ! weep not for me : the kind God shall wipe away all tears from every eye.’ Those round about are addressed : ‘Prepare to meet your God, and follow me to the land of bliss.’ Now he has set his house in order. All is done. Behold him, like good old Jacob, leaning on his staff, about to die. See how his eyes sparkle ; he clasps his hands : they gather round to hear what he has to say ; he whispers, ‘Victory !’ and summoning a little more strength, he cries ‘Victory !’ and at last, with his final gasp, ‘Victory, through him that loved us !’ and he dies. This is one of the great benefits to be derived from remembering Christ—to be enabled to meet death with blessed composure.”

Surely you have not forgotten, among the masters of the pulpit, the wonderful achievements of the public-house-boy of Gloucester, the son of the landlord of the Old Bell—a very unlikely birthplace that for the greatest preacher of his age. There can be no doubt, certainly, that he was pre-eminently the master-mind of the modern pulpit. He was not Hall, nor Irving, nor Chalmers ; but I suppose it will be admitted that he

did in their own world—the world that made them noted and celebrated—a work they never could have effected. Certainly neither Bossuet, nor Massillon, nor Saurin could ever have attained his triumphs. He was no classic; he had no especial beauty of arrangement; he had no rolling swell and point of diction; he did not, we believe, possess those graces of graphic description by which a scene, a painting, is stamped upon the soul, and stamped for ever; he had not even those frenzied eccentricities by which some obtain and hold a place in the public eye. We fancy he only had a passionate soul, alive with love to man—a soul in perpetual activity—a soul whose intense earnestness flamed through all the powers of his body, and flashing through his own senses shot and struck down by the lightnings which blazed through his eye and quivered through his whole frame his auditors,—and since his day he has spoken not less than when he lived. He has passed, and left no visible mark of his greatness behind him; but although we have no records surviving of his power, by every hand the palm of pulpit oratory is assigned to George Whitfield. He did wonderful things; but he did all by a flash of nature. Do you believe Garrick when he says that his sermons had to be repeated forty times before they told with their amazing effect and power? He possibly preached from the same text forty times and followed in some measure the same outline, but it was *the flash* that told. Step into the Tabernacle: what a mass! what an audience! Do you see who are gathered together here this evening? Behind, yonder, in the gallery—that face in which a philosophic calm seems to struggle with imaginative sensuousness, the sceptic lip fastidious and cold—there is David Hume, master of English diction, apostle of atheism and fatalistic neces-

sity, the historian of England, who has a whole web-work of theologic impossibilities in his brain! Yonder, elegantly lounging, is the Epicurean sneerer, Horace Walpole, the Earl of Orford, novelist and virtuoso, who somewhat too rudely affects indifference to the preacher, and especially disgust to the place. And see! there is our old burly friend Samuel Johnson in yonder aisle, leaning on his staff; he arrives somewhat late, and has to pay the penalty,—the leviathan of literature, the monarch and dictator now to the whole world of letters, attracted hither by the fame of his fellow-student; and, unless our eyes sorely deceive us, by his side his companions Sir Joshua Reynolds and dear old Goldsmith, to snatch lessons which may serve them for a very different world. See, there! intensely interested, are two whom you ought to know;—that short man, straining forward through the press, is the English Roscius, the greatest master of mingled tragic and comic emotion the stage has known—Garriek; by his side the prince of comedy—Shuter, who has confessed to something more than curiosity, who has acknowledged affectingly the power of the preacher in striking light through his being, but who cannot cast his world behind him, and say “Thou art an offence unto me.”—Did you ask if bishops ever came to hear him? Yes. There is Warburton yonder, who has left his wig and apron behind him, impelled by irrepressible curiosity, and not a little savage is that bad-tempered prelate to find a work done which throws all the pomp of his truly vast scholarship into the shade. Those pews to the right of the pulpit are, however, thronged by a circle wholly aristocratic. You should notice that old lady in the plain and quite unfashionable, but very neat, head-dress beneath her unpretensive bonnet, and her invariable black silk,—who? Oh! it is

the Countess of Huntingdon, who has compelled a large party this evening to listen to her chaplain. The old gentleman in the corner opposite to her is always here—this chapel is his constant place of worship—but he has a name in history—it is Pulteney, the celebrated Earl of Bath, Walpole's great antagonist; and by his side the Earl of Dartmouth, to whom dear John Newton owes his episcopal ordination and his rectory of Olney; and there is a brilliant cluster of court beauties—Lady Fanny Shirley, Lady Chesterfield, and, for this time, that arch old plotter, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. It is not wonderful that the man who has brought together all these strangely incongruous elements of literature and fashion, should also have brought William Romaine, Augustus Toplady, and John Fletcher. But what can have brought Chesterfield here, the high-priest of artifice and politeness, the cold and courtly author of those volumes of letters which, if we be not depraved when we begin to read, will effectually give to us so much forbidden fruit, that depraved we certainly shall be ere we close?

The singing is over—and there is Whitfield. And does that slender, middle-sized man know the auditory to whom he speaks? Does he know that he speaks in the parliament of letters, of fashion, of theology, of statesmanship? Does he know that before him are hundreds of men and women whose words are law on all matters pertaining to their own worlds? Yes, he knows it; he is amazed at their presence, but he cares not for it. The masters of taste find that this man obeys none of their laws and canons—his lightnings leap over their narrow boundaries; and the masters of fashion are compelled to admit that the innkeeper's son has somewhere learnt a grace and harmony not to be acquired from the

schools of Paris. "I would give a twelvemonth's income," whispers Garrick to Shuter, "to be able to lift my handkerchief like that." "It is worth going forty miles to hear him pronounce the word Mesopotamia."—Hush! But you need scarcely say that,—the whole audience is hushed, breathless:—the madness, the folly, the blind depravity of the sinner—that then is the subject. He is describing the wanderings of a poor blind beggar—not a very attractive subject for the Humes and Walpoles and Chesterfields—a poor blind beggar led by a dog in a dark wild night, through cold, and rain, and tempest—the poor wanderer wends his way till at last he reaches the edge of a fearful cliff and precipice—he does not know the dread and danger beneath—he does not know that death is there. His dog is not faithless, but he is lost; *he* does not know his way—the night is very dark—and the dog has taken the fatal step—he is over the cliff!—but still the poor blind man holds on—another step—another step——

"GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S GONE! SAVE HIM, WHITFIELD!"

Where did that come from?—those words that thrilled and rung through the chapel, and broke the peroration of the description—whence? From a rustic—and all these scholars and peers smile contemptuously? Not so: from Chesterfield's pew! from Chesterfield himself! that cold and heartless follower of fashion, whose prime article of creed it was, and is, to school and discipline the passions and feelings, so that they should never be observed. He was quite oblivious! he knew not where he was!—but, carried along by the pathos of the speaker, he too was in the dark and lonely night near to the blind beggar on the cliff! Ah! is it not sad that he did not see himself, in the blind beggar, and cry to Whitfield's Master to save the wandering and worldly peer?

Or, follow the crowd winding their way along from Stroud, from Ebley, Stanley, Stonehouse, to Rodborough Common or Stinchcombe Hill—thousands on thousands are pressing along—till at last with the preacher—the same we saw just now in the dark chapel in London—about twenty thousand persons are present. Can he make them hear? This is his own world; he loves, he says, to “mount his field-throne.” Two or three thousand persons are a great number in a chapel; but it would need a Coliseum to hold this immense and mighty mass—a sea of souls—this is the place from whence he can especially indulge in those flashes of lightning which are his empire and his power—and they have the same effect on the people that lightning and thunder have: they not only startle, they appal: they not only terrify, but they pierce to the spirit like a sword. See! they are drowned in tears—bitter cries ring to the ears of the preacher over the heads of the people from the remotest edges of the great crowd. Look at that man struck pale as death—transfixed! See those persons lying on the ground, smitten down by the tempest of the orator!

“Meantime,” says the preacher, who afterwards described the scene, “I could think of nothing but the last day and the wrath of God.” You see that young man yonder: he has come, he thinks, to mock—in reality he has come to be converted and to be made a minister of the New Testament. I heard Whitfield (he said) afterwards, and for a long time I held out. He described the Sadducees—that touched many, but it did not touch me. He described the Pharisees—that did not touch me. Suddenly he broke off—burst into a flood of tears, and lifting up and wringing his hands, he cried with a loud voice, ‘*Oh! my hearers! the wrath is to come!*

—*the wrath is to come!*’—Those words followed me (says he), they haunted me wherever I went; I could think of nothing else—the awful words, ‘*The wrath is to come!*—*the wrath is to come!*’ Those flashes, like sudden lightning in a cave, seemed to illuminate all parts of the vaults of a sinner’s soul. Just at this very moment clouds, which had been for some time gathering, covered the sky and swept in dull, shadowy masses over the wonderful scene,—he seized the figure—there was a shadow over the field—‘Look!’ said he, as it veiled the brightness of the sun; ‘Look! your lives are like that cloud—so swift, and short, and dark! You must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ!—all this vast assemblage will behold the Judge! Strive to enter in at the strait gate! My blood runs cold to think how many of you will seek to enter in there and will not be able. Where will you be? What will be your plea? Can you say it has been your whole endeavour to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost. You, O false and hollow Christian! of what avail will it be that you have done many things; that you have read much in the Sacred Word; that you have made long prayers; that you have attended religious duties and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy? And you, rich men, wherefore do you hoard your silver? wherefore count the price you have received for Him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that, when you are too poor to buy

a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot, pillowed and cushioned around him.’—His eye gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till towards the close it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.—‘O sinners!’ he exclaimed, ‘by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. *See there!*’ said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit—‘’Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! *Hark!*’ continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the crowd: ‘It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger.’—As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, ‘*Look upon the rainbow, and praise Him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it.*’ ”

We suppose it will not be doubted that the sublimest sight in this world is a spirit swayed by mighty passions—by passions guided by Divine instincts and affections. In all ages these mighty impulses—passions leading us, or rather forcing us on right and wrong pathways—have ever been held to be the most certain certificates of our descent from, and alliance with, celestial and infernal powers. The cold-hearted—the prudent—the people who never do wrong—the beings whose pathway is skirted ever by the borders and phy-

lacteries of worldly wisdom, whose highest love is prattling fondness, and whose deepest misery is a fit of indigestion, cannot make allowances for the stormy-hearted. And it is perhaps well that it is so. It is safer to err on the side of prudence. Nevertheless, let us remember that great men are the pillars of fire who guide through the wilderness their comrades. It is that infinite tide of passion in man that frightens and awes us: it is those words of passion which change the destinies, and the fates of empires and of worlds. A great passionate heart will drop a word like a ball of fire from a cloud, and that word will set the whole of a people or a continent in a flame. Luther was such a man: his words, it has been said, were battles. "Because," said he, "my manner is sometimes gay and joyous, many think I am always treading on roses. God knows what is in my heart. There is nothing in this life that gives me pleasure. I am tired of it. May the Lord come quickly and take me home! Let him come to his final judgment—I await the blow! Let him hurl his thunders, that I may be at rest! Forty years more life! I would not purchase Paradise at such a cost!" "How gloriously," said his friend, Dr. Jonas, "does St. Paul speak of his own death! I cannot enter into this." "It appears to me," said Luther, "that Paul, when meditating on this subject, could not have felt all the energy which possessed him when he wrote. I preach, write, and talk about dying with a greater energy than I really possess, or than others ascribe to me." Yet how he roused men too, by his words, to activity. "The birds must fly over our heads," said he, "but why allow them to roost in our hair?"

"My lads," said Napoleon, "you must not fear

death! When soldiers brave death they drive him into the enemy's ranks!" What fire there is in that speech! That oratory must ever be considered the highest which knows the moment of inspiration—that moment which to behold we all would travel so far!—that moment which can never be imitated, but which so many seek to imitate, and in attempting which all imitation ever breaks down! True oratory is like that which affects you in the 'Paradise Lost,' when you behold Satan standing in the centre of the sun, surrounded by that blaze of wonderful glory! So the man who can experience and impart that, seems to be circumfused by a haze of glory and magnificence. It does not seem to us to be necessary that the orator should use words of great pomp. True oratory may be defined to be true words suited to great occasions. The deaths of Sir Thomas More, of the great Duke of Argyle, of Latimer, all seem to us to partake of oratory; they move us, even in the record of them, as powerful and wonderful speech induced by high and great feeling always does. How strong feelings break down all natural obstacles! Of all great men, probably there never was one so wholly unlike an orator—so unfitted for all formal eloquence, as CROMWELL; but you see what he became when the strong spirit wrought within him—when passion was up, and the moment of inspiration was upon him. Speaking in a company, even when he desired to be understood, it seems to us it must have been sometimes a difficult task to follow him. His speech went sauntering along, and sometimes it seems to us to get into the hedge on one side, and sometimes into the ditch on the other. He seems to us to have been gifted with a secretiveness so wonderful, that he used public speech as a means for feeling his way to

the state of his auditors' minds. But if you want to see the inspiration of speech, look at him on any of his great battle-fields! Especially look at him at Dunbar—look at all the mingled fire and cloud in that rugged face, as its eye watches the false movements of the Scots on the hill yonder!——“ Ah!——the Lord hath delivered them into our hands! ”——while the sea moans, and the dark clouds roll, and the roar of cannon breaks on the ear! Hark! over the regiments, that voice—the voice so savage—so earnest—inflexible—cruel!—the voice as of David charging at the head of the Israelites against the Philistines—“ THE LORD OF HOSTS!—THE LORD—THE LORD OF HOSTS! ” And while the battle rages, and the shrieks and screams rend the air—as the glorious sun shows his front over the scene, scattering the night clouds, and the twilight clouds, see that wild warrior, hurrying along from rank to rank, through the thick storm of the fight, pointing his baton and his sword to the rising sun, and shouting—“ NOW LET GOD ARISE, AND LET HIS ENEMIES BE SCATTERED; AND LET THEM ALSO THAT HATE HIM FLEE BEFORE HIM! ”

We can for our part well believe, that the spectacle of such a man as that fiery soldier struck a panic into the hearts of opposing hosts. His voice must have been like a tolling bell, ringing doom and dismay over the hosts against whom he thundered, shrieked, and screamed.

Eloquence is a most amazing—in truth, we only express a fact when we repeat what in these pages we have said before, it is a magnetic—power; and when great interests are at stake, and there is a foundation for a personal and direct appeal to consciences, and souls, and individual understandings, amazing things have been and are effected; true, some occasions are clearly

and visibly great; there are moments charged with future history—moments on which the whole future seems to hang,—moments which seem to contain the destiny of a nation—almost the destiny of a world: when Demosthenes hurls his tempests on the head of Philip—when Cicero strikes his polished spear into the very heart of Catiline's conspiracy—when Bernard invokes the nations and kings of Europe assembled before his eye to guard the sepulchre from indignities—when Burke and Sheridan impeach Warren Hastings in the name of all India and all humanity—when Patrick Henry utters in congress his celebrated war cry, "*we must fight!*"—when Brougham defends the Queen of England from the savage fangs of her brutal husband, or throws himself on his knees before the House of Lords, and entreats them to pass the Reform Bill. Great moments like these inspire great words.

Finally, it may not be out of place to insert the following.

There is a strange legend in the Romish Church, that once on a time the Devil himself did in truth turn a Christian preacher, and converted souls; and, in truth, it is not impossible that such a punishment might be inflicted as one of the most terrible and severe penalties on a lost spirit, bent only on designs of evil and mischief, because he had dared to enter into the communion of Saints to harass, and to tempt, and annoy; because he had scattered dismay over the hearts of many of the contrite ones, dissipating their piety and disturbing their peace; therefore a commission was given, that for a time the Evil One should be led captive. He had broken up a Church, he had thrown it into disorder and confusion, and to teach him a lesson, his demon passions, his daring and hateful will, his intense energy, were all

clothed with a human frame—girt with a priest's robe—and he made to assume the name of Obedientes Obligatus, and compelled to go among the brethren, and through the neighbourhood he had harassed, and to preach; all the amazing powers and resources of Satan were made to turn against himself. So amazing a preacher! he startled the world; the streams and torrents of his eloquence amazed. The good simple souls who had indeed loved and served God long, but who never possessed the gifted tongue, were amazed at this strange and mighty being. The poor and miserable Satan found that he was made to assist in the dismemberment of his own kingdom; he was made to visit the dying beds of incorrigible and incurable sinners, and to speak such words, that they were torn from his own power, and plucked by the arms of light “as brands from the burning.” Poor old souls were amazed to find such words of consolation from the lips of the strange preacher. Of all the agonies Satan ever suffered, it is said he never suffered such agonies as when he was made to utter words of warning, consolation, and hope; to feel his demon spirit warmed with a strange celestial love, and to see, by his own efforts compelled and coerced, his victims passing from his power. Is it not terrible to think that God may use these means now, and that men may be made sometimes the compelled servants of the Highest? that they may be warned and animated by a life never their own; work as beneath a mask, operated upon by a spirit they do not understand nor indeed feel—never assimilating with theirs—and at last leaving them in their own state?

Perhaps these remarks and illustrations may seem out of place, more especially as they are immediately illustrations of a power which Mr. Spurgeon does not possess;

he cannot, it appears to us, wield the flashes of eloquence which strike; he has not those mighty gifts and graces of rhetoric which in Whitfield enchanted, as we have seen, the courtier not less than they arrested the sinner. His mental power in many of its directions is of a larger sweep than Whitfield's, and his moral force does not seem to be inferior; but as we have often had occasion to know, the power of vision will frequently interfere with the power of speech—the possession of many faculties balanced and equalised prevents the intense development of any one; the loss of sight quickens the sense of hearing or of touch, and so frequently the absence of power in the mental perceptions sometimes quickens and accelerates the force of moral or even of animal enthusiasm. No remark is more common, than that the sermons of George Whitfield are barren of any especial mental brilliance of any kind, there are no such passages as we have quoted from our youthful preacher; but we have also seen that they were in a most eminent degree effective. We are not only certain that Mr. Spurgeon's are not so effective, but we do not believe they ever will be—and we will hazard the remark, that their efficiency is of a higher and a better order. He addresses himself more to the twofold nature in man—the understanding and intelligence, not less than the feelings. A question repeatedly asked by many persons when they have either heard, or heard of, this young man is, will he last, will he wear? To which we have always replied, Why not? There is apparently no strain in the production of these discourses, they bear every appearance of being on the whole spontaneous talkings. The preacher speaks from the full and overflowing spring within him, and speaks, as we have said, many times during the week. Some of his sermons

are characterised by great mental poverty; some, and most, by a great mental wealth: so with all preachers—with even those who consume the midnight oil, and make it their boast that they can only produce one sermon a-week. This power of spontaneous speech is now-a-days marvellously unusual. Why is it that the great full heart finds it so difficult to pour itself out? The Fathers of the Church were ever talking—Augustine, Francis, Bernard, Bunyan, Fox. We have fallen upon a sadly stereotyped utterance; we carry our sermons about, and read them or recite them again and again, until we laugh in mockery at so foolish a thing as our sermon being “given to us in the same hour to speak,” or at the proverb not wanting in sacred authority, that “out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” But preparation: why, surely, if the head be full of ideas—the heart full of love—and the tongue charged with words, a man may be said to be prepared. It is a marvellous thing that of the myriads of preachers now in England, there is scarcely one who dare trust himself to speak to an audience for half an hour without a most nervous preparation; and in the course of the preparation almost every student is thinking of his subject solely in relation to himself, and not at all in relation to his audience. Our preacher’s fullness and readiness is to our minds a guarantee that he will wear, and not wear out. His present amazing popularity will of course subside, but he will still be amazingly followed; and what he is now, we prophesy, will on the whole remain: for polished diction we shall not look to him; for the long and stately argument we shall not look to him; for the original and profound thought we shall not look to him; for the clear and lucid criticism we shall not look to him;—but for bold and

convincing statements of Evangelical truth, for a faithful grappling with convictions, for happy and pertinent illustrations, for graphic description, and for searching common sense, we shall look, and we believe we shall seldom look in vain. In a word, he preaches—not to metaphysicians or logicians—neither to poets nor to *savans*—to masters of erudition or masters of rhetoric; he preaches to men. Fastidiousness holds up its hands horrified. The Intelligence of the Age is quite shocked. If Oxford should hear of him, and condescend to listen, it will sneeringly compliment dissent by saying, it's just what it thought of the horrid thing. The young B.A. of the London University will regard him as a dreadful apparition, and will hasten into his study to compose an elaborate essay for the congregation at the rising watering-place of Smalltoothcomb, "On the foolishness of Preaching." The religious Beau who would wish to pass muster among Christians, if he may be allowed his cigar, his glass, and his seat midway between the chapel pew and the chair of the scormer, will look into Park-street, but pronounce the discourse decidedly "Vevy vulgar." The 'Christian Wasp,' the organ of the large and influential body of Arminian Rationalists will purchase one of the Preacher's sermons in the 'Penny Pulpit,' and construct an elaborate review to prove that looking at God as we look at the sun, through a logical telescope, is the best test of religious life and truth; and that as man is free to be good whenever he likes, Spurgeon is shockingly wrong because he intimates that man is as free to fly to God as a stone to the sun. Meantime, our preacher will pursue his way, we trust, entangling himself with none of their criticisms, but saying the word in all plainness which God shall give to him to utter.

CONCLUSION.

HERE abruptly we close a volume greatly extended beyond the original design. Some Pulpits have not been represented at all, but from no ill-natured want of Catholicity. It is not impossible that we may attempt yet another series from our Portfolio, in which other Denominations shall receive more attention; especially, we will in that case hold up to view some Lamps of a most mild and beautiful lustre we have observed in our wanderings, on dark landings.

Meantime, what we have, successfully or unsuccessfully, intended all along in the present volume, is, not to point merely to this or that man, but to the man as the representative of a method of dealing with minds in the Pulpit; for the only point of interest we have been able to see in any preacher, is his power over mind to rouse and awaken or control it, as the body of any man is interesting only as it is the representative of the spirit within. Who is the most successful minister?—what is your standard and test of success?—who is most capable of meeting spiritual wants and necessities?—who is most fitted to give the aliment and food to train up to mental and moral manhood? who is felt to be the most simple yet lofty in his conceptions and his teachings? who exercises the most durable influence over the faith

and the life?—This man, wherever he is, is the most successful teacher; his is the most honoured pulpit; he is the most capable instructor. So far as we have been able to speak, our protest has gone forth against a stereotyped ministration. Our settled conviction is, that the Pulpit lags behind the age. The Pulpit is too dignified, is too fastidious, is too polite, too pedantic, too nonchalantic. How many Pulpits are there in the land? Upon a rough calculation say thirty thousand. Is their influence corresponding to their numerical strength? They are not earnest, especially in honest zeal; they have, in common with the age at large, too much faith in the intellectual letter, too little in the moral life. There is mighty faith in worn-out and threadbare technicalities. The writer believes that the people of the land are waiting for a Christianity warm from the Cross of Jesus—such a Christianity will not be in vain in its preachings. But new colleges will not aid it much; for what is needed, is not intellectual sympathy and training, but moral sympathy—moral discipline; these are the only mighty teachers, these are the unfailing professors. We would inquire of our minister—Have you suffered? Has God made you capable of suffering? Have you had to bear a very weighty Cross? In reality, have you seen Jesus? In reality, have your experiences been deep and agonistic? No man has any right to preach, who has not, in deep, terrible, awful reality, known the affirmation of all these questions. No man has any right to preach, who has

not had the impress of the finger of God and the Cross of Jesus burnt into his soul.

And, after all, the book is written with a real, a deep, a most hearty conviction, that yet the Pulpit needs, not only one or two, but a race, of master-men; aye, indeed, baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire,—clear, bright-eyed men, able to look through the heart of error,—strong-hearted men, upon whom the weak and the sorrowing may lean for support; men of the gifted eye and gifted tongue; men of the self-denying frame, who shall be able to convince the world, the trading, huxtering world, that conscience is not a chattel or a commodity, but a magnet and a life; these men must come;—whence will they come? Come they from college or from cobbler's stall, forward will we press, and say,—BROTHERS, ALL HAIL!

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